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THE DOCTOR'S
RECREATION SERIES

CHARLES WELLS MOULTON
General Editor

VOLUME ONE

The DOCTOR'S LEISURE HOUR

FACTS AND FANCIES
OF INTEREST TO THE
DOCTOR AND HIS
PATIENT . . . .

THE PRIDE OF THE FAMILY

Charles Wells Moulton

ARRANGED BY

Doctor Shuffle, M.P.

1904

The SAALFIELD PUBLISHING CO.

CHICAGO AKRON, O. NEW YORK

The DOCTOR'S LEISURE HOUR

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Porter Davies, M.D.

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The
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THE PREFACE

THE preface to a book, like a diagnosis of a disease, is but introductory to the treatment. This volume is the product of a *doctor's leisure hour*, who has been engaged in general practice for nearly a quarter-century, beginning as the student, graduating as the young doctor, and is at present the professor himself.

By the judicious use of wit and humor, I have always found the remedy better than the disease, and should consider it a desperate case indeed where the patient was not benefited by perusing the following pages,—in other words I should deem the gentle reader a fit subject for an inquest, when it required an operation in order that the point of any joke contained herein might be appreciated. In this I am sure the famous doctor as well as the country doctor will agree, not to mention the doctor's wife.

Having called the reader's attention to several departments selected from the Table of Contents, I would impress upon his especial attention the character of the articles themselves. They are by no means confined to the funny side of physic, but include many pages of weighty and instructive matter.

Perhaps some things have been said that will displease the quack, and that other specie of quackery, the believer in Christian Science; but our friend the apothecary, the oculist, the dentist, the chemist, and

Madame la Docteur will find nothing but what has been selected with a sympathetic fellow-feeling.

What is to be said to the family, is appropriately left to the family physician. In that capacity it has been my duty to attend the young-hopeful, the father and the wife, and serve at the beginning of many joyful events.

As the workman is worthy of his hire, the physician is worthy of his fee. To all my fellow practitioners I extend a cordial invitation to spend a leisure hour in my waiting-room, that we may talk it over among ourselves.

PORTER DAVIES, M. D.

For copyright and other privileges the editor returns thanks to the publishers of « Life,» « Puck,» « Judge,» and « Punch,» and to the Century Company; Charles Scribner's Sons; Dodd, Mead and Company; Harper and Brothers; S. S. McClure Company; Curtis Publishing Company; Dr. S. Weir Mitchell; John Kendrick Bangs; Opie Read; Tom Masson; Jerome K. Jerome; Edwin L. Sabin; Alice Morse Earle; Rev. John Watson; Mary E. Wilkins; Mackenzie Bell; Dr. Andrew H. Smith, and Ruth McEnery Smith.

THE STUDENT

Ignorance is the wet-nurse of prejudice.

MR. MUFF'S INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE TO THE MEDICAL STUDENTS

T WILL be perfectly useless to give any minute report of the oration delivered by Dr. Wurzel to his pupils, because all introductory lectures, at whatever school they may be given, always end in the same thing, *viz.*, persuading as many students to enter to the classes as can be talked over. He told them that they had made choice of a very harassing profession, in which the pleasure derived from alleviating the sufferings of their fellow-creatures would be far beyond any pecuniary recompense they might expect, which of course he mentally agreed in, as well as in the following confession, that he and his colleagues, who formed the teachers of the school, were actuated solely by a love of their noble calling, and no affection for commonplace coin. Moreover, he indulged his hearers with an history of all the eminent medical men down to the present time, from the very celebrated people who never existed except in musuem portraits and Lempriere's Dictionary. And having said all this, and a great deal more which our reporter cannot recollect, inasmuch as he had been fast asleep for the last half hour, the worthy professor concluded as the clock of the hospital struck three, to the great relief of his audience. Of course there was

violent applause, although, generally speaking, medical students are quiet young men, averse to anything like noise; and then a violent rush took place to the dissecting-room.

When they had collected therein, Mr. Muff sent Randall round with the top of an earthenware jar, to collect filthy lucre for half-and-half; and then, having publicly announced his intention of saying a few words to the new students, he commenced as follows:—

"Gentlemen!"

"Don't call names," interrupted Manhug.

"Order!" bawled out Mr. Rapp, thumping the table with a stick, which he snatched from a new man standing near him, until a glass preparation-jar danced off upon the ground and broke to pieces, when it was immediately concealed in the flue of the fireplace. "Order! and hear Mr. Muff."

"Gentlemen," continued our friend, by no means disconcerted, "you have heard a very vivacious discourse from Dr. Wurzel, in which he told you all he thought necessary for you to attend to, in your wish to become leading members of the agreeable and not-by-any-means-over-done-by-numbers profession you have decided upon choosing. Now, I have to beg you will forget everything he said, and listen to me; for I am about to tell you what will be of a great deal of use to you in your future career. Jack Randall, be good enough to poke the fire, put on the leg of a stool to make a cheerful blaze, and pass the fermented."

These orders being obeyed, Mr. Muff continued.

"The knowledge you will gain, gentlemen, during your studies, will be useful, inasmuch as it will enable you to pass the hall and college; but these points once achieved, you will be anxious to forget all you have learned as soon as you can. Your grand study must then be *human nature* and the *habits of society*. Be assured that at all times a

ready tact and a good address will bear down all the opposition that can ever be offered in the shape of professional knowledge and hardly-earned experience. You will do well to take a few private lessons of the nearest undertaker in the necessary art of fixing your looks and assuming a grave demeanour; and your spare half-hours may be well passed in learning the most abstruse names of the most uncommon diseases; by the display of which you will flabbergaster other practitioners whom you may be, from time to time, called upon to meet in consultation. Leave vulgar common-place affairs, like measles, whooping-cough, croup, and colic, to monthly nurses and small apothecaries; but when you have once written a treatise on the exhibition and beneficial effects of Sesquicarburet of Sawdust in the early stages of Megalanthropogenesia, be assured your fame will soon extend. Gentlemen, I beg a moment's pause in order that I may indulge in a modest drain of the commingled, to wash down that last hard word."

The example set by the lecturer was speedily followed by his hearers, and when he had recovered his breath, after a protracted deglutition, Mr. Muff went on again.

"You will find depreciation of brother practitioners of immense service, but this must be carefully done, to avoid ever being found out. When you are shown their prescriptions, shake your head, and order something else; which take care to make of a different colour and taste. In the great world, the term making one's fortune, implies ruining somebody else's; and as we all attain eminence by clambering over one another's shoulders, do all you can to push down those above you for stepping-stones. An illustration of this theory may be seen in the Chinese collection at Hyde-Park-Corner, only it is half-a-crown to go in. Wait until it comes to a shilling, and then imbibe the philosophy there

taught. There is a picture of a duck-boat, and we are told that the ducks are called in every night in an incredibly short space of time, hustling over one another like the pittites of a theatre on grand nights. This race for superiority is rendered thus animating, because the last bird who goes in is always beaten by the owner. My beloved bricks, recollect that the world is a large poultry-boat, and be careful, even to cracking your fibres and heart-strings with exertion, *never to be the last duck!* Should this happen, the beating will probably maim you, and you will never be able to recover your lost position. . . .

"Having given you some wholesome advice upon various portions of the studies you have come up here to pursue, or which your friends think you have—being all the same thing, provided they have furnished you with the money—I will now offer a few remarks upon your education, and I am sure you will feel wonderfully better after them.

"Private lessons in practical chemistry you will find very advantageous, if they only enable you to watch the evaporation of nothing from watch-glasses on hot sand, or discover arsenic in stomachs where it is not. I had a course of private instruction myself; when it was finished, I could blow a glass jug almost as well as the man at the Adelaide Gallery, and poison a sparrow with chlorine gas in a manner marvellous to behold. All this must be learned to enable you to pass; but when that triumph is achieved, burn your notes, sell your books, and buy a grave morning-gown; and a brass door-plate; furnish your surgery at the expense of five pounds, and have put up a night-bell that can be heard all over the street; get some convivial friend, whose habits lead him to be about at unreasonable hours, to give it occasionally a good pull. If they sold potted assurance as they do shrimps and bloaters, you would do well to lay in a good stock: but

as it is an article usually manufactured at home, take a few lessons in getting it up, from the leading members of your profession, and become great, even among the Tritons. But even then do not relax in your endeavours to insure a good practice; but recollect, it is far more difficult to keep a position than to attain one.

"Whether you dissect or not, always tell your friends in the country that you do; and then, when the tin runs short, you can often draw upon them for the price of an extremity, varying it as occasion may require. You will not find that minute knowledge of anatomy which you are expected to acquire of any use to you. Great accidents in London, always go to the hospitals; and in the country, are always sent up to London.

"Above all, never get off your beer. The archives of Apothecaries' Hall do not present one instance of a man being rejected who stood a pot of half-and-half when he was asked. And, in commencing life, do not be discouraged; for starting a practice is very like kindling a fire in a Dr. Arnott's stove —the chief difficulty is to begin. And, with all the assurance I wish you to possess, do not be too anxious to be thought brilliant. Dulness and wealth, poverty and genius, are each to each synonymous. No man ever yet rode in his carriage who wrote a poem for his livlihood; and we may estimate talents of intellect in an inverse ratio to talents of gold; namely, that whichever way you take them, as one predominates, the other sinks.

"In conclusion, I beg to drink all *your* good healths, and the perpetual indisposition of your patients—if ever you get any."

Medical Student—They don't bleed people nowadays as they did forty years ago, do they, professor?

Professor—Not with the lancet.

THE ARTICULATION

ENARTHROSIS, bone to bone,
Femur, acetabulum;
Ginglymus, the hinge I see
Forwards, backwards swings the knee.
Arthrodia, near the end,
Glide along the foot and hand;
Synchondrosis, we allege,
Calls for costal cartilage;
Syndesmosis — ligament,
Binding bone to bone is meant.
Syssarcosis — lower jaw,
Flesh from ribs to scapula.
Suture, a stitch withal,
Coronal, lambdoid, sagittal.
Harmonia — Tipperary
Rhymes with supramaxillary.
Schindylesis — plowing done —
Vomer in the sphenoid bone.
Gomphosis sets all things right,
Tooth in socket pretty tight.

— Dr. James L. Little.

QUESTIONS FOR MEDICAL STUDENTS

Not to be found in their note-books.

WHAT is the difference between the course of the femoral artery and the second course of a civic dinner?

Is the triceps muscle a lineal descendant of Charon's watch-dog?

Which is the more puzzling to Welsh students, the labyrinth of the ear, or the Cretan labyrinth of Dædalus?

What is the area of the vestibule of the labyrinth? and is it paved with Roman tile or common brick?

Is the fenestra ovalis, or oval window, of the labyrinth framed and glazed, or is it not?

Judging from its construction, is it possible to break your neck by falling down the "Scala Vestibuli," or staircase of the vestibule?

What is the relation of the aquæductus vestibuli to the semicircular canals? Who are the directors of the latter? Price of shares in ditto? What sized craft can they float? Were they formed on the plan of the Styx? How do they stand affected with regard to railroads? And what will be the effect upon them of Mr. Henson's Flying Machine?

Are the sacs in the vestibule empty coal-sacks left there by the canal bargemen? Or are they, as Breschet says, merely dust bags, containing otoconite or sweepings of the labyrinth?

Whether would it be more repugnant to your inclinations, to forego the pleasures of porter for a week, or in your examination at the college to be captured on the great unipedal saltation (*i. e.* caught on the grand hop) by a trap question in anatomy?

THE MEDICAL STUDENT'S VALENTINE

Son of the scalpel! from whatever class
You grind instruction just enough to pass
St. George's, Guy's, North London, or King's College—
Thirsting alike for half-and-half and knowledge—
Thou who must know so well (all jibes apart),
The true internal structure of the heart—
This heart—which you "a hollow muscle" call,
I offer thee—aorta, valves, and all.

Though to cheap hats and boots thy funds incline,
And light rough Chesterfields at one pound nine;
Though on the virtues of all plants thou'rt dumb
Save the *Nicotiana Tabacum*
(*Pentandria Digynia!*—Lindley—mum)!
Though thou eschewest the hospital's dull gloom,
Except to chat in the house-surgeon's room,

And practically practise, in addition,
The "Physiology of Deglutition."
Yet much I love thee, and devoutly swear,
With lips that move controll'd by "the fifth pair,"
That I will ner'er know peace until our hands
Shall form a "ganglion" with Hymen's bands.
Then haste, my love, and let me call thee mine,
Precious and dear as sulphate of quinine,
Sparkling and bright as antimonial wine,
Sharp as the angles of a new trephine,
My reckless, noisy, fearnought VALENTINE!

FOR YE STUDENT MEN

THE STUDENT'S ALPHABET

OH, A was an artery, filled with injection;
And B was a brick, never caught at dissection.
C were some chemicals, lithium and borax;
D played the deuce with the bones of the thorax.

CHORUS

(*Taken in short-hand with minute accuracy.*)

Fol de rol lol,
Fol de rol lay,
Fol de rol, tol de rol, tol de rol, lay.

E was an embryo in a glass case;
And F a foramen that pierced the skull's base,
G was a grinder, who sharpen'd the tools;
And H means the half-and-half drunk at the schools.
Fol de rol lol, etc.

I was some iodine, made of sea-weed;
J was a jolly cock, not used to read.
K was some kreosote, much over-rated;
And L was the lies which about it were stated.
Fol de rol lol, etc.

M was a muscle, cold, flabby, and red;
And N was a nerve, like a bit of white thread.
O was some opium, a fool chose to take;
And P were the pins used to keep him awake.
Fol de rol lol, etc.

Q was the quacks, who cure stammer and squint.
R was raw from a burn, and wrapped close in lint.
S was a scalpel, to eat bread and cheese;
And T was a tourniquet, vessels to squeeze.
Fol de rol lol, etc.

U was the unciform bone of the wrist.
V was the vein which a blunt lancet missed.
W was wax from a syringe that flowed;
X, the 'xaminers, who may be blowed!
Fol de rol lol, etc.

Y stands for you all, with best wishes sincere;
And Z for the zanies who never touch beer.
So we've got to the end, not forgetting a letter;
And those who don't like it may grind up a better.

— *London Medical Student.*

COLLEGE OF AUTO DOCTORS

(*Formerly the Chicago Veterinary College*)

SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT, 1960

THE spring quarter, 1960, of the College of Auto Doctors of Chicago will open March 3. Students desiring to enter at this time must register during the two days preceding. Special attention is directed to the following features:—

Credit will be allowed for work done in manual training schools, machine shops, and electric plants.

The fee for entrance does not cover medical attendance incidental to the Gasoline Department.

Students in the Gasoline Department must make

a deposit, to protect the college against loss should they leave without notice.

The course in Monkey-Wrenches has been extended to take in the full year.

A series of lectures on "The Use and Abuse of Profanity as Applied to Autos" commences with this quarter.

The Chair of Balkiness: Electro-, Aero-, and Gaso-, has been enlarged, to meet the increased interest.

Among the topics for discussion during the year are: Care of the Tire; Consumption in Gas Autos; Braking a Fractious Auto; Insanity in the Auto; Its Symptoms and Remedy; Hot Boxes and Other Fevers; Cracking of the Dashboard, etc.

Ten hours a week of Practical Anatomy and seven of Dissection are required of every student. Students are expected to be able to name readily, and accurately place each of the 1,609 parts of an ordinary Auto.

The junk shops of the city are open for inspection by our students. Much valuable information is to be gained by frequently visiting them.

The college has made arrangements with the park police whereby a plentiful supply of material for clinics is constantly being turned over to it.

—*Edwin L. Sabin.*

HUMOROUS INDEED

"THIS bone," said the professor of anatomy, "is the humerus. Now, then, designate its proper location in the human body."

"It's located in the elbow," said the first scholar, "and is more commonly known as the funny bone."

"OH, THAT my father was seized with a *remittent* fever!" sighed a young spendthrift at college.

A SKILLFUL PHYSICIAN

Dr. Pulser — Yes, sir, I have literally snatched men from the grave!

Stokes — Is that so; when?

Dr. Pulser — When I was a medical student, sir!

"WILL you please tell me, doctor, what really practical good is accomplished by vivisection?"

"Yes, ma'am. It cures us of being squeamish at the sight of blood."

Student — "Doctor, being on the point of leaving college, I come to express my warmest thanks for the pains you have taken with me. All I know I owe you."

Doctor — "Pray, sir, do not mention such trifles."

Lea (sadly) — I don't know what to do with that boy of mine. He's been two years at the medical college, and still keeps at the foot of his class.

Perrins (promptly) — Make a chiropodist of him.

Governor of the Prison — What is the cause of this unseemly delay?

Jailer — That expert headsman you engaged from the medical school is sterilizing the ax.

A CANDIDATE for medical honors, while subjected to a severe examination, was asked: "How would you sweat a patient for the rheumatism?" He replied: "I would send him *here* to be examined."

THE PROFESSOR

Medicine is to be praised when it is in the hands of a physician that is learned, grave, wise, stayed and of experience. —Sir Antonie of Guevara, "Familiar Epistles."

A DOCTOR'S CENTURY

Read at the Centennial of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, 1887.

A Doctor's century dead and gone!
Good-night to those one hundred years,
To all the memories they bear
Of honest help for pains or tears;

To them that like St. Christopher,
When North and South were sad with graves,
Bore the true Christ of charity
Across the battles' crimson waves

Good-night to all that shining line,
Our peerage,—yes, our lords of thought;
Their blazonry unspotted lives
Which all the ways of honor taught.

A gentler word, as proud a thought,
For those who won no larger prize
Than humble days well lived can win
From thankful hearts and weeping eyes.

Too grave my song; a lighter mood
Shall bid us scan our honored roll,
For jolly jesters gay and good,
Who healed the flesh and charmed the soul,

And took their punch, and took the jokes
  Would make our prudish conscience tingle,
Then bore their devious lanterns home,
  And slept, or heard the night-bell jingle.

Our Century 's dead; God rest his soul!
  Without a doctor or a nurse,
Without a "post," without a dose,
  He's off on Time's old rattling hearse.

What sad disorder laid him out
  To all pathologists is dim;
An intercurrent malady,—
  Bacterium chronos finished him!

Our new-born century, pert and proud,
  Like some young doctor fresh from college,
Disturbs our prudent age with doubts
  And misty might of foggy knowledge.

Ah, but to come again and share
  The gains his calmer days shall store,
For them that in a hundred years
  Shall see our "science grown to more,"

Perchance as ghosts consultant we
  May stand beside some fleshy fellow,
And marvel what on earth he means,
  When this new century 's old and mellow.

Take then the thought that wisdom fades,
  That knowledge dies of newer truth,
That only duty simply done
  Walks always with the step of youth.

A grander morning floods our skies
  With higher aims and larger light;
Give welcome to the century new,
  And to the past a glad good-night!

— *Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.*

REMINISCENCES OF DR. HOLMES

As Professor of Anatomy

"WHO is that young man who said *bone?*" asked Dr. Holmes of a student at the close of one of his recitations in anatomy in the autumn of 1864. Having received the answer, he went to the young man, whom he found lingering in the hall, spoke to him by name, reminded him of how well he had known his father, and made him welcome to the school. Little did that beginner then dream that he was to succeed the distinguished man whose greeting filled him with pleasure. The interest in so trifling a matter as a student's pronunciation, and the kindness which led him to act on the information he received, were distinctly characteristic of Dr. Holmes. In fact, however, pronunciation was to him hardly trifling. A false accent, an awkward turn of phrase jarred on his delicate organization. In his rhymed lesson he had written:—

> "Learning condemns beyond the reach of hope
> The careless lips that speak of sŏap for sōap;
> Her edict exiles from her fair abode,
> The clownish voice that utters rŏad for rōad."

"What are you doing?" he once asked another student in the dissecting-room. "Ligating arteries, sir." "Why not say tie?" asked Dr. Holmes, "I find that country practitioners ligate arteries, and that surgeons tie them." The best of this anecdote is that the unappreciative student spread it as a joke against Dr. Holmes. His quick observation of details was one of his most evident traits, joined to the activity of mind which led him to follow up the clues. It is told that he once asked a passing student what relation he was to a certain physician long dead. The student denied all knowledge of him, but Dr. Holmes begged him to ask his father,

as the similarity of the shape of the head was so striking that he thought there must be some relationship, which in fact proved to be the case.

To return to my own recollections of Dr. Holmes: In my student life, from the time that he spoke to me in the hall he always paid me special attention, which increased as my fondness for anatomy developed. His kindness continued without interruption until the end of his life. During that autumn I frequently recited to Dr. Holmes, and saw the great patience and interest with which he demonstrated the more difficult parts of the skeleton. In November began the dreary season of perpetual lectures, from morning till night, to large classes of more or less turbulent students. The lectures began usually at nine, sometimes at eight, and continued without interruption until two, old students and new for the most part attending all of them. The lecture on anatomy came at one o'clock five days in the week. I lack power to express the weariness, the disgust, and sometimes the exasperation, with which, after four or five hours of lectures, bad air, and rapid note-taking had brought their crop of headaches and bad temper, we resigned ourselves to another hour. No one but Dr. Holmes could have been endured under the circumstances.

For the proper understanding, not merely of anecdotes, but of causes which had their influence on Dr. Holmes's scientific life, I must say a word or two of the plan of the old building in North Grove Street. Above the basement, a long, straight, steep flight of stairs led from the first to the second story, down which, according to Dr. Holmes, the late Dr. John K. Mitchell predicted the class would some day precipitate itself like a certain herd of swine. Directly in front of these stairs was a small room, the demonstrator's, where the dissections for Dr. Holmes's lectures were made. Opposite to it was a similar room, called the professors'

room, in which they sat for a few minutes before and after lectures — little used, however, except by the late professor J. B. S. Jackson, the eminent curator of the museum. The remainder of this floor was occupied on one side by the museum and on the other by the amphitheatre.

A passage ran along either side of the amphitheatre from which a space under the seats could be entered. It should be evident from this description that there was no place which any professor could call his own and where he could study in peace. As Dr. Holmes has since told me, he probably would have done more original work if he had had better accommodations. In later years this want became so urgent that he boarded up for himself a little room under the seats where he kept his plates and his microscopes. It was a poor thing, but his own, and he valued it as such. In his parting address he said: « I have never been proud of the apartment beneath the seats in which my preparations for lectures were made; but I chose it because I could have it to myself, and I resign it with the wish that it were more worthy of regret, into the hands of my successor, with my parting benediction. Within its twilight precincts I have often prayed for light like Ajax, for the daylight found a scanty entrance and the gaslight never illuminated its dark recesses. May it prove to him who comes after me like the cave of Sibyl, out of the gloomy depths of which came the oracles which shone with the rise of truth and wisdom.»

In 1887 he wrote me: « If I were a score or two years younger than I am, I might be tempted to envy you, remembering my quarters at the old college, and being reminded of your comfortable and convenient arrangements in the new building. But I do not envy you — I congratulate you, and I only hope that I did not keep you waiting too long for the place. . . .»

The amphitheatre, the seats of which were at a steep pitch, was entered by the students from above, through two doors, one on each side, each of which was approached by a steep stairway between narrow walls. The doors were not usually opened until some minutes after the hour. The space at the top of these stairs was a scene of crowding, pushing, scuffling, and shouting indescribable, till at last a spring shot back both bolts at once, and from each door a living avalanche poured down the steep alleys with an irresistible rush that made the looker-on hold his breath. How it happened that during many years no one was killed, or even seriously injured, is incomprehensible. The excitement of the fray having subsided, order reigned until the entrance of the professor, which was frequently the signal for applause. He came in with a grave countenance. His shoulders were thrown back and his face bent down. No one realized better than he that he had no easy task before him. He had to teach a branch repulsive to some, difficult for all; and he had to teach it to a jaded class which was unfit to be taught anything. The wooden seats were hard, the backs straight, and the air bad. The effect of the last was alluded to by Dr. Holmes in his address at the opening of the new school in 1883.

"So, when the class I was lecturing to was sitting in an atmosphere once breathed already, after I had seen head after head gently declining, and one pair of eyes after another emptying themselves of intelligence, I have said, inaudibly, with the considerate self-restraint of Musidora's rural lover, 'Sleep on, dear youth; this does not mean that you are indolent, or that I am dull; it is the partial coma of commencing asphyxia.'"

To make head against these odds he did his utmost to adopt a sprightly manner, and let no

opportunity for a jest escape him. These would be received with quiet appreciation by the lower benches, and with uproarious demonstrations from the "mountain," where, as in the French Assembly of the Revolution, the noisest spirits congregated. He gave his imagination full play in comparisons often charming and always quaint. None but Holmes could have compared the microscopical coiled tube of a sweatgland to a fairy's intestine. Medical readers will appreciate the aptness of likening the mesentery to the shirt ruffles of a preceding generation, which from a short line of attachment expanded into yards of complicated folds. He has compared the fibres connecting the two symmetrical halves of the brain to the band uniting the Siamese twins. His lectures frequently contained aids to memory which seemed perhaps childish to the more advanced. I can almost hear him say, speaking of the acromion process of the shoulder-blade, "'Now,' says the student, 'how shall I remember that hard word?' Let him think of the Acropolis, the highest building in Athens, and remember that the acromion is the highest point of the shoulder."

All who have seen it will remember his demonstration of how the base of the skull, its weakest part, may be broken by a fall on the top of the head. He had a strong iron bar bent into a circle of some six inches in diameter, with a gap left between the ends just large enough to be filled by a walnut. The ring was then dropped to the floor so as to strike on the convexity just opposite to the walnut, which invariably was broken to pieces. . . .

In spite of the attention bestowed on dissection, I do not think that he much fancied dissecting himself, though our museum still has some few specimens of his preparation. Once he asked me which part of anatomy I liked best, and on my

saying "the bones," he replied: "so do I; it is the cleanest." Still he usually gave the class the time-honored joke that bones are dry. . . .

Like all sensible men, he recognized the necessity of vivisection. He has called it "a mode of acquiring knowledge justifiable in its proper use, odious beyond measure in its abuse," but I am sure that in his heart he hated it bitterly. But if in physiology he eschewed vivisection, believing, perhaps, with Hyrtl, "that nature will tell the truth all the better for not being put to the torture," he did some work which now would be dignified with the name of experimental psychology. . . .

Here is his definition of life: "The state of an organized being, in which it maintains, or is capable of maintaining, its structural integrity by the constant interchange of elements with the surrounding media." . . .

His knowledge of anatomy was that of the scholar, rather than that of the practitioner. He delighted in the old anatomists, and cared little for the new. He maintained that human anatomy is much the same study that it was in the days of Vesalius and Fallopius. He actually button-holed book agents, little accustomed to be pressed to stay, in order to put them to shame by the superiority of the illustrations in his old anatomies. It pleased him to discuss whether we should say the Gasserian or the Casserian ganglion. His books were very dear to him. He had said more than once that a twig from one of his nerves ran to every one of them.

Literature was his career. That early attack of poisoning from type was fatal to his eminence in any other. Though I fear many will disagree with me, I venture to say, that while he would have been a great anatomist had he made it his life's work, he could never have been a great teacher of anatomy. Successful teaching of concrete facts

requires a smack of the drill-master, which was foreign to his gentle nature. The very methods which did so much to make his lectures popular and charming, at times irritated the more earnest students, hungry for knowledge.

— *Thomas Dwight, M. D.*

FRUITS OF VIVISECTION

THE vivisection question appears to be one on which unanimity of judgment can never be hoped for. But it is one, also, on which a correct judgment is exceedingly desirable. For, on the one hand, if vivisection be necessary to medical science, it is evidently closely connected with the health of the community. And, on the other hand, if it be irreconcilable with moral conduct, it is the duty of the community to prevent it at any cost. Of course the latter question can only be decided by a strict consideration of the former. For on the admission of the most learned theologians, the infliction of pain and even of death is permissible under certain circumstances. In the peculiar circumstances of vivisection, the quantity and intensity of the pain have to be considered in conjunction with the benefits derived. With a view to summing up in a popular form the chief established results of animal experiment, the following collection has been made. There are three chief fields of research — physiology, pathology, and therapeutics. The discoveries run into three figures, and it is impossible here to refer to more than a few.

Chloral hydrate, paraldehyde, sulphonal, and very many drugs of a similar action were all discovered by experiment on animals. Hardly one of us passes through life without being indebted for a good night's sleep to them now and again. In the case of people who, from wakefulness through

nervous irritability, are actually on the high road to insanity, these drugs have been of extreme value. Opium was, and probably is, the physician's sheet anchor in such cases. But frequently it had serious ill consequences. And these drugs are such valuable substitutes it is hard to understand how the physician could get on without them.

Eucalyptus is too well known to need description.

Iodoform is the very blandest and most useful antiseptic the surgeon possesses for minor operations. Anti-pyrin in fever, jaborándi in dropsy, nitro-glycerine in sciatica and other nervous diseases are all most valuable. And all came into use through experiment on animals.

Salicylic Acid.—Has anyone known the excrutiating agony of rheumatic fever, when, if he were dying of thirst, he could not reach out for a drink; and does he deny the utility of experiment on animals when told that by this means salicylic acid was discovered?

Strychnine, under whose influence those suffering from nervous-prostration preventing all work may become vigorous and energetic, was discovered by the fearfully abused Majendie. It now probably enters into one in every ten of the prescriptions written by doctors, and it is invaluable in the treatment of atonic dyspepsia.

Nitrate of Amyl.—Only doctors, as a rule, witness the beneficent action of drugs. But anyone who has seen the horrible convulsions of uræmia and epilepsy, or the agony of angina pectoris, could not doubt the value of the experiments that discovered this drug.

Ergot.—Probably no discovery has contributed so much to the lessening of the mortality of women at childbirth as this. When it is understood that, with rare exceptions, every doctor administers it to every woman, its value may be estimated. It is

also used to control bleeding in other cases, but thousands of mothers owe their lives to it.

Digitalis.— Here we have an exceedingly instructive example of the value of the experimental method compared with the method of clinical observation which it is proposed should replace it. The human body is so complex, and the causes always acting on it are so numerous, that, when a drug is administered, and the man recovers or dies, it is hard to say how far his cure or death is due to the drug, and how far to the other causes. Digitalis has been used for quite three hundred years. When the heart was found beating very quickly and impatiently, digitalis was given, and the heartbeat became slow and regular. Clinical observation proved the drug to have a calming effect on the heart, and it was classed as a heart sedative. Now there is a common disease of the arteries called aneurism, and, in that, a heart sedative is beneficial. People always die from it sooner or later, and, therefore, if digitalis were administered and the patient died, clinical observation could not determine whether his death was hurried on or retarded by the drug. As it was a heart-sedative it would retard death most likely. But the experimenters have lately discovered that digitalis is not a sedative at all, but its opposite — a stimulant. The impatient heart was not beating quickly through nervous energy, but through muscular weakness. Digitalis strengthened it, and it could afford to do its work slowly and quietly. Given to a person with a weak heart, it always certainly helps him to recover. Doctors describe it as snatching people out of the grave. But it is not a sedative, and, given to a person suffering from aneurism, it must certainly hasten his death.

Pepsin and pancreatin have been discovered, and, as the knowledge of digestion is almost entirely due to animal experiment their rational use

has been determined thus. Their value is so well known that they are now regarded as drugs which anyone may use for himself. They save the lives of thousands of children who would starve without them. What mother does not thank the practicer of vivisection who discovered these? But it is not children only who gain. Peptonized milk, soup, and other things are powerful aids to recovery in all debilitating diseases, and they are used in typhoid fever, consumption, hysteria, and a score of ailments with great benefit.

Carbolic acid was discovered by Lemaire, and its use in surgery introduced by Lister. Since then a great variety of antiseptic dressings have come into use, all, or nearly all, through experiments on animals. The horrors of operative surgery in the old days are not known to the public of today, and they are too fearful to describe. They may perhaps be appreciated when it is said that when, before Lister's discovery, a man's leg was amputated, the odor of decay was so horrible that even if he were on the third floor of a hospital one could detect it on entering the hall. Blood-poisoning, tetanus, fever, secondary hæmorrhage, gangrene, all of which used to prove so fatal, are now hardly thought of.

Anæsthetics were discovered by experiment on man. An English surgeon and a Virginia dentist tried them on themselves. This was animal experiment, and of a costly kind. But the dangers and safeguards have been found by experiment on the lower animals.

Hypodermic injection was discovered by Majendie. Morphia is perhaps the most familiar drug so used. But the variety of drugs is very great, and there are numerous cases in which life would certainly be lost if there was no way of medicating the patient except through the mouth. Obviously, this method of medication could be discovered only

by experiment. And, as it has its dangers and peculiarities, if the experiments were first performed on man, it would cost many lives.

Ice used to the head in concussion of the brain, to the chest in pneumonia, etc., was shown to be of great value by Naumann, Wruternitz, and others, as a result of experiments which proved that cold applied to the surface had the effect of reducing the calibre of blood-vessels at a distance.

Toothache.— Arkovey's experiments on three dogs brought to light the drug which dentists use to kill the pulp of the tooth. And teeth can now be stopped without possibility of subsequent pain.

An enthusiastic professor was advocating the advantages of athletic exercise. "The Roman youths," he cried, "used to swim three times across the Tiber before breakfast." A Scotch student smiled, at which the irate professor exclaimed: "Mr. McAllister, why do you smile? We shall be glad to share your amusement." The canny Scot replied: "I was just thinking, sir, that the Roman youths must have left their clothes on the wrong bank at the end of their swim."

A certain French surgeon and professor of medicine, dissecting one of his patients at a clinic one morning, who, he asserted, had died of internal inflammation, a certain process of which he contended was the cause of every disease, was unable to find a trace of it. He explained the circumstance to his pupils thus:

"Messieurs," said he, "our mode of treatment, as you see, was thoroughly effective. Our patient is dead, but he died — cured."

UNCERTAINTY THAT WAS UNPLEASANT

Sir William MacCormac, the president of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, was at times quite absent-minded. He was an indefatigable worker, and often to save time when studying in his laboratory had a light luncheon served there. Once his assistants heard him sigh heavily, and looking up saw the doctor glaring at two glass receptacles on his table. "What is the matter, doctor?" asked one of the youngsters. "Nothing in particular," was the reply, "only I am uncertain whether I drank the beef tea or that compound I am working on."

Professor Charles Avery, of Hamilton College, was one of the ablest as well as most genial and witty of college professors. On one occasion a class in chemistry were deep in the analysis of poisons, various substances being given containing the poison to be tested. One of the class, inclining in his researches rather to that part of chemical science relating to liquids and their various combinations as beverages—a research oftener prosecuted in ———'s hotel than in the laboratory—asked the doctor if it would not be well, as a measure of safety, to "analyze some of ———'s whisky, and test it for strychnine?" "No need of that," said the doctor, "if there was any in it you would have been dead long ago!"

THE YOUNG DOCTOR

Or catches some doctor quite tender and young
And basely insists on a bit of his tongue.
— Oliver Wendell Holmes

THE BASE INGRATITUDE OF BARKIS, M. D.

The time has arrived when it is possibly proper that I should make a note of the base ingratitude of Barkis, M. D. I have hesitated to do this hitherto for several reasons, any one of which would prove a valid excuse for my not doing so. To begin with, I have known Barkis ever since he was a baby. I have tossed him in the air, to his own delight and to the consternation of his mother, who feared lest I should fail to catch him on his way down, or that I should underestimate the distance between the top of his head and the ceiling on his way up. Later I have held him on my knee and told him stories of an elevating nature — mostly of my own composition — and have afterward put these down upon paper and sold them to syndicates at great profit. So that, in a sense, I am beholden to Barkis for some measure of my prosperity. Then, when Barkis grew older, I taught him the most approved methods of burning his fingers on the Fourth of July, and when he went to college I am convinced that he gained material aid from me in that I loaned him my college scrap-books, which contained, among other things, a large number of examination papers which I marvel greatly to-day

that I was ever able successfully to pass, and which gave to him some hint as to the ordeal he was about to go through. In his younger professional days, also, I have been Barkis's friend, and have called him up, to minister to a pain I never had, at four o'clock in the morning, simply because I had reason to believe that he needed four or five dollars to carry him through the ensuing hours of the day.

Quotation books have told us that in love, as well as in war, all is fair, and if this be true Barkis's ingratitude, the narration of which cannot give pain, becomes, after all, nothing more than a venial offense. I do not place much reliance upon the ethics of quotation books generally, but when I remember my own young days, and the things I did to discredit the other fellow in that little affair which has brought so much happiness into my life, I am inclined to nail my flag to the masthead in defense of the principle that lovers can do no wrong. It is no ordinary stake that a lover plays for, and if he stacks the cards, and in other ways turns his back upon the guiding principles of his life, blameworthy as he may be, I shall not blame him, but shall incline rather toward applause.

On the other hand, something is due to the young ladies in the case, and as much for their sake as for any other reason have I set upon paper this narrative of the man's ingratitude, simply telling the story and drawing no conclusions whatever.

Barkis was not endowed with much in the way of worldly possessions. His father had died when the lad was very young, and had left the boy and his mother to struggle on alone. But there was that in both of them which enabled the mother to feel that the boy was worth struggling for, and the boy at a very early age to realize the difficulties

of the struggle, and to like the difficulties because they afforded him an opportunity to help his mother either in not giving her further trouble or in bringing to her efforts aid of a very positive kind.

Boys of this kind — and in saying this I cast no reflections whatsoever upon that edifying race of living creatures whom I admire and respect more than any other — are so rare that it did not take the neighbors of the Barkis family many days to discover that the little chap was worth watching, and if need be caring for in a way which should prove substantial. There are so many ways, too, in which one may help a boy without impairing his self-reliance that on the whole it was not very difficult to assist Barkis. So when one of his neighbors employed him in his office at a salary of eight dollars a week, when other boys received only four for similar service, the lad, instead of feeling himself favored, assumed an obligation and made himself worth five times as much as the other boys, so that really his employer, and not he, belonged to the debtor class.

Some said it was a pity that little Barkis wasted his talents in a real estate office, but they were the people who didn't know him. He expended his nervous energy in the real estate office, but his mind he managed to keep free for the night school, and when it came to the ultimate it was found that little Barkis had wasted nothing. He entered college when several other boys — who had not served in a real estate office, who had received diplomas from the high school, and who had played while he had studied — failed.

That his college days were a trial to his mother every one knew. She wished him to keep his end up, and he did — and without spending all that his mother sent him, either. The great trouble was that at the end of his college course it was under-

stood that Barkis intended studying medicine. When that crept out the neighbors sighed. They deprecated the resolve among themselves, but applauded the boy's intention to his face.

"Good for you, Jack!" said one. "You are just the man for a doctor, and I'll give you all my business."

This man, of course, was a humorist.

Another said: "Jack, you are perfectly right. Real estate and coal are not for you. Go in for medicine; when my leg is cut off you shall do the cutting."

To avoid details, however, some of which would make a story in themselves, Jack Barkis went through college, studied medicine, received his diploma as a full-fledged M. D., and settled down at Phillipsburg for practice. And practice did not come! And income was not.

It was plainly visible to the community that Barkis was hard up, as the saying is, and daily growing more so. To make matters worse, it was now impossible to help him as the boy had been helped. He was no longer a child, but a man; and the pleasing little subterfuges, which we had employed to induce the boy to think he was making his way on his own sturdy little legs, with the man were out of the question. His clothing grew threadbare, and there were stories of insufficient nourishment. As time went on the outward and visible signs of his poverty increased, yet no one could devise any plan to help him.

And then came a solution, and inasmuch as it was brought about by the S. F. M. E., an association of a dozen charming young women in the city forming the Society for Mutual Encouragement, or Enjoyment, or Endorsement, or something else beginning with E — I never could ascertain definitely what the E stood for — it would seem as if

the young ladies should have received greater consideration than they did when prosperity knocked at the Doctor's door.

It seems that the Doctor attended a dance one evening in a dress coat, the quality and lack of quantity of which was a flagrant indication of a sparce, not to say extremely needy, wardrobe. All his charm of manner, his grace in the dance, his popularity, could not blind others to the fact that he was ill-dressed, and the girls decided that something must be done, and at once.

"We might give a lawn fête for his benefit," one of them suggested.

"He isn't a church or a Sunday-school," Miss Daisy Peters retorted. "Besides, I know Jack Barkis well enough to know that he would never accept charity from any one. We've got to help him professionally."

"We might boycott all the fellows at dances," suggested Miss Wilbur, "unless they will patronize the Doctor. Decline to dance with them unless they present a certificate from Jack proving that they are his patients."

"Humph!" said Miss Peters. "That wouldn't do any good. They are all healthy, and even if they did go to Jack for a prescription the chances are they wouldn't pay him. They haven't much more money than he has."

"I am afraid that is true," assented Miss Wilbur. "Indeed, if they have any at all, I can't say that they have given much sign of it this winter. The Bachelors' Cotillon fell through for lack of interest, they said, but I have my doubts on that score. It's my private opinion they weren't willing or able to pay for it."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what we can do to help Jack. If he had our combined pocket-money he'd still be poor," sighed Miss Peters.

"He couldn't be induced to take it unless he earned it," said little Betsy Barbett. "You all know that."

"Hurrah!" cried Miss Peters, clapping her hands ecstatically; "I have it! I have it! I have it! We'll put him in the way of earning it."

And they all put their heads together and the following was the result:

The next day Jack Barkis's telephone rang more often in an hour than it had ever done before, and every ring meant a call.

The first call was from Miss Daisy Peters, and he responded.

"I'm so sorry to send for you — er — Doctor," she said — she had always called him Jack before, but now he had come professionally — "for — for — Rover, but the poor dog is awfully sick to-day, and Doctor Pruyn was out of town. Do you mind?"

"Certainly not, Daisy," he replied, a shade of disappointment on his face. I am inclined to believe he had hoped to find old Mr. Peters at death's door. "If the dog is sick I can help him. What are his symptoms?"

And Miss Peters went on to say that her cherished Rover, she thought, had malaria. He was tired and lazy, when usually he rivaled the cow that jumped over the moon for activity. She neglected to say that she had with her own fair hands given the poor beast a dose of sulfonal the night before — not enough to hurt him, but sufficient to make him appear tired and sleepy.

"I must see my patient," said the Doctor cheerfully. "Will he come if I whistle?"

Miss Peters was disinclined to accede to this demand. She was beginning to grow fearful that Jack would see through her little subterfuge, and that the efforts of the S. F. M. E. would prove fruitless.

"Oh," she demurred, "is that — er — necessary? Rover isn't a child, you know. He won't stick out his tongue if you tell him to — and, er — I don't think you could tell much from his pulse — and ——"

"I'd better see him, though," observed Jack quietly. "I certainly can't prescribe unless I do."

So Rover was brought out, and it was indeed true that his old-time activity had been superseded by a lethargy which made the wagging of his tail a positive effort. Still, Dr. Barkis was equal to the occasion, prescribed for the dog, and on his books that night wrote down a modest item as against Mr. Billington Peters and to his own financial credit. Furthermore, he had promised to call again the next day, which meant more practice.

On his return home he found a hurry call awaiting him. Miss Betsy Barbett had dislocated her wrist. So to the Barbett mansion sped Doctor Barkis, and there, sure enough, was Miss Barbett apparently suffering greatly.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come," she moaned. "It hurts dreadfully, Jack — I mean Doctor."

"I'll fix that in a second," said he, and he did, although he thought it odd that there were no signs of any inflammation. He was not aware that one of the most cherished and fascinating accomplishments of Miss Barbett during her childhood had been her ability to throw her wrist out of joint. She could throw any of her joints out of place, but she properly chose her wrist upon this occasion as being the better joint to intrust to a young physician. If Jack had known that until his coming her wrist had been all right, and that it had not become disjointed until he rang the front door bell of the Barbett house, he might not have

been so pleased as he entered the item against Judge Barbett in his book, nor would he have wondered at the lack of inflammation.

So it went. The Hicks's cook was suddenly taken ill — Mollie Hicks gave her a dollar to do it — and Jack was summoned. The Tarleton's coachman was kept out on a wet night for two hours by Janette Tarleton, and very properly contracted a cold, for which the young woman made herself responsible, and Doctor Barkis was called in. Then the society discovered many a case among the worthy poor needing immediate medical treatment from Barkis, M. D., and, although Jack wished to make no charge, insisted that he should, and threatened to employ some one else if he didn't.

By degrees a practice resulted from this conspiracy of the S. F. M. E., and then a municipal election came along, and each candidate for the Mayoralty was given quietly to understand by parties representing the S. F. M. E. that unless Jack Barkis was made health officer of the city he'd better look out for himself, and while both candidates vowed they had made no pledges, each had sworn ten days before election day by all that was holy that Barkis should have this eighteen-hundred-dollar office — and he got it! Young women may not vote, but they have influence in small cities.

At the end of the second year of the S. F. M. E.'s resolve that Barkis must be cared for he was in receipt of nearly twenty-eight hundred dollars a year, could afford a gig and so command a practice; and having obtained his start, his own abilities took care of the rest.

And then what did Jack Barkis, M. D., do? When luxuries began to manifest themselves in his home — indeed, when he found himself able to rent

a better one — whom did he ask to share its joys with him?

Miss Daisy Peters, who had dosed her dog that he might profit? No, indeed!

Miss Betsy Barbett, who disfigured her fair wrist in his behalf? Alas, no!

Miss Hicks, who had spent a dollar to bribe a cook that he might earn two? No, the ungrateful wretch!

Any member of the S. F. M. E.? I regret to say not.

He has gone and married a girl from Los Angeles, whom he met on one of the summer vacations the S. F. M. E. had put within his reach — a girl from whom no portion of his measure of prosperity had come.

Such was the ingratitude of Barkis. They have never told me so, but I think the S. F. M. E. feel it keenly. Barkis I believe to be unconscious of it — but then he is in love with Mrs. Barkis, which is proper; and as I have already indicated, when a man is in love there are a great many things he does not see — in fact, there is only one thing he does see, and that is Her Majesty, the Queen. I can't blame Barkis, and even though I were aware of the conspiracy to make him prosperous, I did not think of the ungrateful phase of it all until I spoke to Miss Peters about his *fiancée*, who had visited Phillipsburg.

"She's charming," said I. "Don't you think so?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Peters dubiously. "But I don't see why Jack went to Los Angeles for a wife."

"Ah?" said I. "Maybe it was the only place where he could find one."

"Thank you!" snapped Miss Peters. "For my part, I think Phillipsburg girls are quite as attrac-

tive — ah — Betsy Barbett — or any other girl in Jack's circle."

"Like yourself?" I smiled.

"My!" she cried. "How can you say such a thing?"

And really I was sorry I had said it. It seemed so like twitting a person on facts when I came to think about it.

—*John Kendrick Bangs.*

THE YOUNG WOMAN AND THE PHYSICIAN

"I AM sure," said the hypochondrical young woman to the physician, "that my complaint is a very complicated one. I suffer from muscular weakness after an exertion, a feeling of fullness in the stomach after meals, my feet tire from walking, and I can't sleep during the day. Do you think you understand my case?"

"Perfectly," replied the doctor, who could fix no relation between the symptoms at all.

"Perfectly," he repeated impressively, nodding his head with the air of a man who understands his business. This he did very artfully, for the doctor had lost none of the nerve acquired by watching the vivisection of innocent animals during his student days.

Then he wrote a prescription for salt water, which he gave to the young lady, with instructions to return in a week, so as to inform him of her progress; really, to refer to his books in the meantime.

But the doctor could find nothing to enlighten him in all his books. He cursed their inadequacy.

Presently the young lady returned. On her cheek was the bloom of health.

"I cannot be too grateful to you, doctor," she said, joyously. "You have done me a world of good."

The doctor smiled contentedly.

His patient was cured. The brilliancy of the cure would warrant him charging for the case instead of for the number of visits; and already his mind was forming the outline of a paper to be read before the medical society on the therapeutic value of salt water in diseases of the stomach, insomnia, muscular rheumatism, and varicose veins.

Why shouldn't he smile?

—*Robert Alexander Bachmann.*

CHINESE PRACTICE

THE following medical anecdote comes from Tokio, Japan:—

One of my friends teaches in a school where they hold English conversations, in order to perfect the young men in their use of the language. Some members of the conversation class often tell amusing stories whose grammar is "fearful and wonderful," but which occasionally have a sharp edge to them.

Instance the following "hit" at the medical profession by a certain student. The scene occurs in a Chinese city. It is the custom there for a physician to give notice of the deaths occurring in his professional "round" by means of lanterns placed before his dwelling. A stranger arrives, eager for medical assistance. He sees lanterns flashing through the night at many a doctor's abode, tokens of the number whose "lamp of life" the luckless M. D. has extinguished. The seeker desires the very best advice for his afflicted master, and at length selects one physician's house as likely to afford him such. On presenting himself he says

to the M. D., "I come to you because you are the greatest among your profession, the most skilled in healing arts."

"How's that?" ejaculated the astonished doctor; "what reason have you to think so?"

"Oh," replies the stranger, "I know it is so because you have only two or three lanterns at your gate, while the other doctors are abundantly supplied with them."

"Aha!" cries the crest-fallen medical expert, "that is easily accounted for — *I only began practicing today.*"

A BAD MIXTURE

THE adaptation of a certain newly fledged M. D. to his profession was under discussion. While many qualities possessed by the gentleman were conceded to be desirable, the extreme deliberation which characterized his every judgment and action was counted questionably so.

"Still" argued one, with friendly interest, "that very trait, I suppose, would tend to make a careful, reliable physician. Probably, when Mr. B—— came to a conclusion, it would usually be a correct one."

"Yes," replied another, thoughtfully, "but it seems as though the *diagnosis would get sort of mixed up with the post-mortem.*"

PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT

Young Doctor (on his first case) — "Your daughter, sir, doesn't appear to have any organic disease. I am inclined to think that she is pining away from some secret love-affair — some ——"

Mr. Oleburrd — "My daughter, sir? Why, confound your impudence! that is my wife."

HE WAS A BAD WRITER

Mrs. Green (to YOUNG PHYSICIAN, whom she has called in haste) — O, Doctor! Doctor! I fear you have made a terrible mistake! My daughter had that prescription which you sent her last night filled, and took a dose of the medicine. Now she exhibits every symptom of poisoning. Oh ——

Young Physician — Prescription, Madam? Why, that was an offer of marriage!

HIS UNCERTAINTY

Farmer Honk — Say, Lem!

Farmer Stackrider — Har?

Farmer Honk — Is that 'ere solemn, spectacled young nephew of your'n that's bein' called "Doctor," and goes around lookin' as wise as a treeful of owls, a dentist, a hoss-physician, a corn-curer, a layer-on-of-hands, a presidin' elder, or just a common doctor that saws bones and kills folks?

A HOMŒOPATH

Mrs. Jones — "Did Mrs. Smith's son graduate as an allopath or a homœopath?"

Mrs. Brown — "Homœopath, I think. He's been livin' at home ever since he took his degree."

THE MOTTO

Young Dr. Kallowell — Mr. Cumso, suppose you suggest to me a good motto for a young physician who is striving to work up a practice.

Cumso—How does "Live and let live" strike you?

SOME one asked a young doctor where he got his skeletons. "We *raised* them," was the reply.

EASILY DECIDED

Patient — What have I got, doctor?

Young Physician — I can't tell exactly whether it is rheumatism or smallpox, but I've been called in to see a man with the smallpox, and when I see what he looks like I'll come back and tell you.

The opposing counsel, in cross-examining the young doctor, made several sarcastic remarks, doubting the ability of so young a man to understand his business. The result proved the young physician to be as quick-witted as the learned counsel.

"Do you know the symptoms of concussion of of the brain?"

"I do," replied the doctor.

"Well," continued the attorney, "suppose my learned friend, Mr. Baging, and myself were to bang our heads together, should we have concussion of the brain?"

"Your learned friend, Mr. Baging, might," said the doctor.

Young Dr. Pille — I attended Mrs. Languish today, Father, but I can't see for the life of me that anything is the matter with her.

Old Dr. Pille (gasping) — But for Heaven's sake, my boy, I hope you didn't say anything of the kind to *her!*

Young Dr. Pille — No, Father.

Old Dr. Pille — Good! You know a healthy patient lasts a long time, Mortimer!

Aunt — Do you think such an inexperienced young man can cut off my leg?

Nephew — He says he is willing to try.

THE DIAGNOSIS

The jest is clearly to be seen
Not in the words — but in the gap between.
— William Cowper, «Table Talk.»

EXTRACTS FROM LE MALADE IMAGINARE

SCENE 9.

Argan — I pray you to tell me, sir, how I am.

Diafoirus (feeling his pulse) — Ah! Thomas, take his other arm. Let us see what our united judgment is on his pulse. *Quid dicis?*

Thomas Diafoirus — *Dico* that the pulse of this gentleman is the pulse of a man who is not well. It is a hard old pulse.

Diafoirus — That's true, my dear.

Thomas Diafoirus — Elastic.

Diafoirus — *Bene.*

Thomas Diafoirus — And a little capricious.

Diafoirus — *Optime.*

Thomas Diafoirus — This indicates a disorder of the parenchyma of the spleen.

Diafoirus — Good for you!

Argan — No. Dr. Purgon says that it is my liver that is affected.

Diafoirus — Yes, that's what *parenchyma* means, either the one or the other, either the liver or the spleen, by reason of the close sympathy, *va breve*, and often of the *meatus cholodochus* and *pylorus*. He ordered you, doubtless, to eat roast meat.

Argan — He ordered me to take no food that was not boiled.

Diafoirus — Of course. Roasted and boiled are the same thing.

Argan — Doctor, how many grains of salt shall I put to each boiled egg?

Diafoirus — Six, eight, ten, or more, in even numbers, however, as in medicine we go by even numbers.

Argan — Thanks, Doctor. Call again.

Scene 14.

Toinette (in garb of a physician) — Who is your doctor?

Argan — Dr. Purgon.

Toinette — I do not find his name among the list of more celebrated physicians. What did he say ailed you?

Argan — He said it was my liver; other physicians called in tell me it is my spleen.

Toinette — They are all ignoramuses: it is your lung that is affected.

Argan — My lungs?

Toinette — Yes, your lungs. How do your feel?

Argan — I have a pain in the head from time to time.

Toinette — Of course; that's from your lungs.

Argan — I have pain in the heart sometimes.

Toinette — Yes. That's from your lungs.

Argan — I have numbness in my limbs sometimes.

Toinette — Most assuredly. That's from your lungs.

Argan — At some hours I have belly-ache.

Toinette — Certainly! That's your lungs. Do you not have an appetite?

Argan — Yes.

Toinette — There it is again — all caused by your lungs. Do you drink a little wine now and then?

Argan — Yes, Doctor.

Toinette — The lungs to blame again. I suppose you sleep a little after each meal, and feel all the better for the slumber?

Argan — Yes, Doctor.

Toinette — The lungs, the lungs. You could not do thus without lungs. What has your physician ordered you as a diet?

Argan — He ordered me to take soup.

Toinette — He is an ass!

Argan — Poultry.

Toinette — He is a fool!

Argan — He said to eat veal.

Toinette — He is a scoundrel!

Argan — He told me to take fresh eggs.

Toinette — He is a perfect ignoramus.

Argan — At night, he recommended me to eat stewed prunes to keep my bowels open.

Toinette — Ah, the rascal!

Argan — Also, to take my wine well diluted.

Toinette — *Ignorantus, ignoranta, ignorantum.* Take your wine strong and pure. It will thicken your blood, which is weak. Eat good fat beef, hog meat, old cheese from Holland. Your physician is a knavish beast. Come into my hands for treatment.

Argan — I should feel under obligations, Doctor, if you will but take my case in charge.

— *Moliere.*

A SUFFERER

Doctor — "You are very nervous, ma'am. I'm afraid you are suffering from overeating."

Patient — "That's just it, doctor. I run a Brooklyn boarding-house, and the majority of my boarders eat twice as much as they pay for. It's simply killing."

HÆMOPTYSIS

A SENSATION of weight and oppression at the chest, sirs;
With tickling at the larynx, which scarcely gives you rest, sirs;
Full hard pulse, salt taste, and tongue very white, sirs:
And blood brought up in coughing, of color very bright, sirs.
It depends on causes three — the first 's exhalation;
The next a ruptured artery — the third, ulceration.
In treatment we may bleed, keep the patient cool and quiet,
Acid drinks, digitalis, and attend to a mild diet.
Sing hey, sing ho, we do not grieve
When this formidable illness takes its leave.

HÆMATEMESIS

CLOTTED blood is thrown up, in color very black, sirs,
And generally sudden, as it comes up in a crack, sirs.
It' s preceded at the stomach by a weighty sensation;
But nothing appears ruptured upon examination.
It differs from the last, by the particles thrown off, sirs,
Being denser, deeper colored, and without a bit of cough, sirs.
In plethoric habits bleed, and some acid draughts pour in, gents,
Sing hey, sing ho; if you think the lesion spacious,
The acetate of lead is found very efficacious.

— *Punch.*

CAUSE FOR ANXIETY

Physician (with ear to patient's chest) — There is a curious swelling over the region of the heart, sir, which must be reduced at once.

Patient (anxiously) — That swelling is my pocket-book, doctor. Please don't reduce it too much.

TOO GREAT A STRAIN

Physician — What is your profession, sir?

Patient (pompously) — I'm a gentleman.

Physician — Well, you'll have to try something else; it doesn't agree with you.

HIS COURSE OF ACTION

Miss Cohenstein — Vot vould you haff done eef I hat refused you?

Mr. Isaacs — Run for a doctor, to see vot ailed you.

ONE day this week, Dr. P———, who had company to dinner, sat quietly waiting in a corner of the drawing-room, when he was told that a patient had come to see him, who was strongly recommended by some fellow-practitioners, and whose card was brought in by the page. The doctor submitted with a bad grace and stepped into his surgery.

The visitor was in an advanced stage of consumption. The bronchial tubes were in a deplorable condition, and the vocal chords nearly worn out. Our physician was in the habit of ascertaining the condition of the patient by asking him to count, and generally stopped him at thirty or thirty-five — quite long enough for the purpose. This time, also, Dr. P——— asked his patient to count. Time passed on and the guests began to feel alarmed at his protracted absence. One of them opened the surgery door. Dr. P——— had gone to sleep in his armchair, and the patient had counted up to eight thousand six hundred and forty-two!

Old Lady- "Doctor, kin you tell me how it is that some folks is born dumb?"

Doctor—"Why, hem, certainly, madam. It is owing to the fact that they come into the world without the power of speech."

Old Lady—"La me! Now jest see what it is to have physical eddication! I've axed my old man more nor a hundred times that same thing, and all that I could ever get out of him was jest this, 'Kase they is!'"

It is said that Dr. Weir Mitchell, returning late from a party in a neighboring city once, wakened his sister to tell her what he thought was too good to keep till morning. A lady had been introduced to him, and considering him a scientific man, wished to direct her conversation accordingly. "Doctor," said she, "don't you think the cause of so much sickness is the want of *sozodont* in the air?"

"Doctor, what do you think is the matter with my little boy?"

"Why, it's only a corrustified exegesis, antispasmodically emanating from the germ of the animal refrigerator, producing a prolific source of irritability in the pericranial epidermis of the mental profundity."

"Ah, that's what I told Betsy, but she 'lowed it was *wurrums*."

Patient—"Doctor, I am a sick man. My sleep is broken, I am nervous and irritable, my skin is overheated, I have the headache, and I think that the canned goods did it."

Doctor—"Well, I didn't know that cigarettes were ever put up in cans."

Patient — "Doctor, I want you to prescribe for me."

Doctor (after feeling of her pulse) — "There is nothing the matter, Madame. All you need is rest."

Patient — "Now, aren't you mistaken, Doctor? Please study my case carefully. Just look at my tougue."

Doctor — "That needs rest, too."

Buxom Widow (at evening party) — "Do you understand the language of flowers, Dr. Crusty?"

Dr. Crusty (an old bachelor) — "No, ma'am."

Widow — "You don't know if yellow means jealousy?"

Dr. Crusty — "No, ma'am. Yellow means biliousness."

Mrs. Ikelstein — "Ron mit der doctor, kervick, Solomon; ter paby ish swallowt a silfer tollar!"

Mr. I.—— "Vos it dot von I lefd on der dable?"

Mrs. I.—— "Yes, dot vas id; hurry mit der doctor."

Mr. I.—— "Don'd ged oxcided, Rajel, it vas gounderveid."

"Doctor, why is it my head aches so when I've come off a spree?"

"Because your brain is in sympathy with your stomach."

"It is? Well it shows darn poor judgment."

Doctor — "Well how do you feel to-day?"

Patient — "I feel as if I had been dead a week."

Doctor — "Hot — Eh?"

"Doctor, what is the cause of this rush of blood to my head?"

"Effort of nature, Madam. It abhors a vacuum."

Haverly — "They say old Soak has water on the brain."

Austen — "Then he must have a hole on the top of his head."

"Was he hurt near the vertebræ?"

"No, near the *observatory*."

THE DISEASE

Indigestion has contributed more spots to the sun than any other cause. "Ram's Horn."

BALLADE OF INCURABLE MALADY

[An article in the *Lancet* asking, "What is it to grow old?" declares that it is "arterio-sclerosis causing involution of the central neuron."]

THE maidens pass me—and I sigh
To see my poor attractions wane;
Boys that I know scarce two feet high
Look down upon me with disdain;
And soured in temper, cross of grain,
I ask the doctors' diagnosis;
Thus they my malady explain—
It is arterio-sclerosis.

When stiffening joint and hazy eye
From sport compel me to refrain,
Of prowess in the days gone by
While still inordinately vain;
When sneering friends I entertain
With talk that daily more verbose is—
This is your work in limb and brain,
Alas! arterio-sclerosis.

I seek (but vainly!) far and nigh,
Cure for my ailment to obtain;
Myself each pleasure I deny,
From every dainty I abstain—
Do all the doctors may ordain,
Try plasters, lotions, pills and doses,
From which all ills relief can gain—
Except arterio-sclerosis.

ENJOYED HIS CHILLS

Down in certain sections of the Mississippi River bottoms there is such an air of unconcern that the first thought of a traveller is: "These people are too lazy to entertain a hope." It is, however, not wholly a condition of laziness that produces such an appearance of indolence. Laziness may play its part, and, moreover, may play it well, but it cannot hope to assume the leading rôle. What, then, is the principal actor? Chills. There are men in those bottoms who were born with a chill and who have never shaken it off.

Some time ago, while riding through the Muscadine neighborhood, I came upon a man sitting on a log near the roadside. He was sallow and lean, with sharp knob cheek bones, and with hair like soiled cotton. The day was intensely hot, but he sat in the sun, although near him a tangled grapevine cast a most inviting shade.

"Good morning," said I, reining up.

"Hi."

"You live here, I suppose."

"Jest about."

"Why don't you sit over there in the shade?"

"Will when the time comes."

"What do you mean by 'when the time comes?'"

"When the fever comes on."

"Having chills, are you?"

"Sorter."

"How long have you had them?"

"Forty-odd year."

"How old are you?"

"Forty-odd year."

"Been shaking all your life, eh?"

"Only half my life; fever on the other half."

"Why don't you move away from here?"

"Becaze I've lived here so long that I'm afeerd I might not have good health nowhar else."

"Gracious alive, do you mean to say that having chills all the time is good health?"

"Wall, health mout be wuss. Old Nat Sarver moved up in the hills some time ago, was tuck down putty soon with some new sort of disease and didn't live more'n a week. Don't b'lieve in swappin' off suthin' that I'm used to fur suthin' I don't know nothin' about. Old-fashioned, every-day chills air good enough for me. Some folks, when they git a little up in the world, mout want to put on airs with dyspepsia and bronkichus, and glanders and catarrh, but, as I 'lowed to my wife, old chills and fever war high enough fur us yit awhile. A chill may have drawbacks, but it has its enjoyments, too."

"I don't see how a chill can be enjoyable."

"Jest owin' to how you air raised. When I have a chill it does me a power of good to stretch, and I tell you that a fust-rate stretch when a feller is in the humor ain't to be sneered at. High-o-hoo!" He gaped, threw out his legs, threw back his arms and stretched himself across the log. "It's sorter like the itch," he went on. "The itch has its drawbacks, but what a power of good it does a man to scratch. Wall, my fever is comin' on now, and I reckon I'll hurry and git up thar under the shade."

He moved into the shade and stretched himself again.

"How long will your fever last?" I asked.

"Wall, I don't know exackly: three hours mebby."

"Then what?"

"Wall, I'll funter around awhile, chop up a little wood to get a bite to eat with, swap a hoss with some feller, mebby, and then fix myself for another chill."

"Have you much of a family?"

"Wife and grown son. He's about the ablest chiller in the country; w'y when he's got a rale good chill on, he can take hold of a tree and shake off green persimmons. Wall, have you got to go?"

"Yes."

"Good-by, then. When you git tired livin' up thar among them new-fangled diseases, come down here whar everything is old-fashioned, comfortable, and honest."

—*Opie Read.*

A WILLING INVALID

THERE are ailments rare and diseases new
That please the fancy of fickle man;
That only come to the favored few
By some selective, exclusive plan.
Yet among them all, as I live and move,
I aver with pride that I only sigh
For those two things that I crave and love—
The coupon thumb and the ticker eye.

The ticker eye is a thing apart.
To me alone may it never come
Without an escort! 'Twould break my heart!
It's only good with the coupon thumb.
But when combined, they're a goodly pair;
This ailment mixed I would gladly try.
I'd suffer and groan and learn to bear
The coupon thumb and the ticker eye.

Appendicitis is getting trite;
The halting measures of gout I scorn;
The "lover's arm" is a modern blight,
And the "husband neck" is a thing forlorn.
For me neurosis is too morose.
I can spare all these, but before I die
I long for a generous, lifelong dose
Of the coupon thumb and the ticker eye.

—*Tom Masson.*

NO REFLECTIONS ON HIS STOMACH

CAPTAIN REID, of the United States transport "Sherman" has been running between San Francisco and Manila with troops for over a year. He has had some funny experiences, and in a letter to his father, in Pittsburg, lately, told the following story of an Irish recruit who was going over to join the 4th Cavalry. The big trooper had got outside the Farallones on her voyage west, when she began to feel the heave of the Pacific. Of course, most of the soldiers became seasick, and the majority of them were hanging over the rail in various stages of dejection. The Irish recruit held out as long as possible, but he soon felt a few premonitory qualms and began paying tribute to Neptune, like the others.

The captain in charge of the craft was passing along the deck, putting a kind word here and a sentence of encouragement there. He came to "Mike," and, stopping beside him, said:

"You're pretty bad, my lad."

"Oi am," said the soldier, trying to stand at attention and salute his superior, "an' Oi suppose th' docthor can't do annythin' fur me?"

"I'm afraid not. Poor fellow, you have a weak stomach."

The Irishman bristled up at this in indignation.

"Oi don't know about thot," he gasped. "Oi notice Oi'm throwin' as far as anny av th' rest av thim."

AN EXAMPLE

"ELECTRICITY in the atmosphere affects your system," said the scientific physician.

"Yes," said the patient, who had paid $10 for two visits, "I agree with you there are times when one feels overcharged."

CONTAGIOUS

IT WAS on a crowded suburban car out of Washington, one day last summer, that a middle-aged woman, carrying a fretful baby, was forced to squeeze herself into a small space left vacant beside a dapper youth of possibly twenty years. His countenance had all the expression of his immaculate white suit, except for a look of disgust which he assumed as the baby, in its restlessness, would touch him with foot or hand. Finally he turned toward the woman, and inquired, in a tone quite audible to those near him.

"Ah, beg pawdon, madam, but has this child anything — ah — contagious?"

The nurse was a motherly-looking woman. Glancing compassionately at him through her gold-rimmed spectacles, she remarked, meditatively.

"Well, now, I don't know, young man; but — ah — it might be *to you*. She's *teething!*"

GRIP

COLD that makes you rear and rip;
Quinine with a fiery nip;
Boiling drinks to sip and sip;
Lemonade and high-spiced flip,
Back that aches from neck to hip;
Swollen nose and puffy lip;
Head that seems to go ca-zipp!
Pulse that shows a lively clip;
Strength that swift away doth slip;
Feet that stumble, stub, and trip,
Knees that toward each other dip;
Gait that rolls as if on ship;
Tongue that's furry to the tip;
Still more quinine, 'nother nip —
It's the grip!

THE GOUT

WHEN Munden at his house sometime ago,
Warned a large party from his gouty toe,
A heartless fopling drawled a long "Dear me!
I can't imagine what the gout can be."
"Then, boy!" said Joe, with pain-distorted phiz
"I'll give you some idea what it is:—
Suppose your foot fast in a blacksmith's vice,
Then turn the screw, perhaps just once or twice,
Till you the height of agony procure,
That human nature's able to endure,—
The pain of rheumatism, you thus find out:—
Give it another turn, and that's the gout."

HE WAS CAREFUL

A GOOD many years ago I, with many others, was waiting in a certain postoffice for the mail to be distributed. One of the group spoke of the dreadful disease of smallpox in a certain family in Newport. "How do you know, John, that those people have it?" "Oh, I get letters from them; awful disease." "But do you know, John, that there is danger in getting letters from such sources? There is danger of contagion; you should be very careful." "Gad, man, I take good care of that; I never answer any of them."

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

Madame Paine.—"Don't you think Miss Grace is a *very* bright little lady?"

Dr. Paine (dryly).—"Yes; often too bright. I sometimes wonder if her humor does not amount to a disease."

M. D., Jr. (eight years old)—"Perhaps she has Bright's disease, papa."

HIS VERSION

"By heck, Maw!" ejaculated Lab Juckett, a youthful and gap-mouthed young agriculturalist, upon his return from an afternoon's visit to the county seat; "thar's a smallpox scare in town!"

"Land o' Goodness!" exclaimed his mother. "Are they plumb-shore it's smallpox, Labby?"

"Wa-al, some swears it's smallpox, an' others says it hain't nothin' but celluloid; but, anyhow, they're goin' to canteen the whole town right away!"

IT'S OFTEN FATAL

Full many a man, both young and old,
Is sent to his sarcophagus,
By pouring water icy cold,
Adown his warm æsophagus.

A BAD CASE

First Boy—"Say, is your uncle bad?"

Second Ditto—"Bad? Awful bad! The doctor says he's got shoebuckles on his lungs!"

There was a crowd on the street-corner below a sky-scraper in course of erection. A painter had let his pot of green paint fall, and the emerald liquid now streaked the sidewalk gorgeously. About this a crowd of idlers had gathered. A newcomer, trying to push his way to the unseen magnet of attention, met a man equally eager to get out, and accosted him: "What's it all about?" "Nothing much," said the other; "just an Irishman had a hemorrhage."

HE STANDS CORRECTED

Dr. Feesick — "Yes; but gout is very insidious. It kills a man inch by inch."

Mr. Portwein — "Wow! Don't you mean foot by foot?"

AN OPINION

Friend — "I suppose a great many women suffer from hysteria?"

Doctor — "Yes; but I suspect that some rather enjoy it."

HERE lies buried in this tomb
A constant sufferer from salt-rheum,
Which finally in truth did pass
To spotted erysipelas;
A husband brave, a father true,
Here he lies, and so must you.

—*Old Epitaph.*

A SICK man was telling his symptoms — which appeared to himself, of course, dreadful — to a medical friend, who, at each new item of the disorder, exclaimed, "Charming! Delightful! Pray go on!" and, when he had finished, the doctor said, with the utmost pleasure, "Do you know, my dear sir, you have got a complaint which has been for some time supposed to be extinct?"

Patient — "Und ven I gets me dot Ceety Hall to my head vos turn so deezy dot I don't know——"

Doctor (interrupting) — "Vertigo — Vertigo!"

Patient — "Vere to go? I know shust vere to go but vich vay to turn! dots de drooble."

Doctor Peptus—"Good morning, Mrs. Lafferty; what can I do for you this morning?"

Mrs. Lafferty—"'Dade an' Oi'm in a bad way, docther. There's a haynius thumpin' at me chist, an' the thaste in me mout' is that quare Oi can hardly reckonize mesilf, at all, at all."

Dr. P.—"Um—yes. Have you taken anything lately that disagreed with you?"

Mrs. L.—"Shame on me for havin' to own it, docther, but Oi have; I tuk a whoit underskurt out of Mrs. Duffy's wash, an' it dishagreed wid me moightily when the joodge sintinced me to foive days for it, so it did."

"I'M TRYING to get some information about a friend of mine named Fox, who came out here," said the stranger from the east. "They tell me he died of some throat trouble."

"I guess that's about right," replied the cowboy.

"What was it—bronchitis!"

"Bronkitis? That's a new one on me, but I reckon I see the connection. He stole a bronco."

Visitor—"I am grieved to hear of your mistress's illness. Nothing serious—no great cause for alarm, I trust?"

The New French Maid—"No, monsieur, nozzing beeg, nozzing grande. Something—what you call leetle, petite. What zey call ze leetle—small—smallpox."

A LITTLE fellow in one of our public schools returned home early one morning last week, telling his mother there would be no school that day, as the teacher was sick with "illustrated sore throat."

Mamma—"What is Willie crying about?"

Bridget—"Shure, ma'am, he wanted to go across the street to Tommy Green's."

Mamma—"Well, why didn't you let him go?"

Bridget—"They were havin' charades, he said, ma'am, and I wasn't shure as he'd had 'em yet."

Kranich—"I vas be sufferin' mit insomnia, doctor."

Doctor—"Indeed!"

Kranich—"Yah. Vhen I vas be asleeb, I vas snore so loud dot I vas geeb mineself avake der whole nighd."

"So you suffer from insomnia, do you?" said the physician, after the patient had indicated his ailment.

"I do, doctor. The only part of me that goes to sleep readily is my feet."

A man who stuttered badly went to consult a specialist about his affliction. The expert asked: "Do you stutter all the time?" "N-n-n- no," replied the sufferer; "I s-s-stut-t-t-t- ter only when I t-t-t- talk."

A man seeing a child playing with a chisel, informed its mother that her son had the chisel. "Mercy on me," said the woman, "I knew something was the matter, for the child's been *ailing* for some time."

Sympathetic Steward—"Lights bother ye, mum?"

Very Sick Passenger—"N-no. I think it's my liver."

"Doctor, don't you think whiskey is the best thing for this cold of mine?"

"If whiskey were any good the cold would never have entered your system."

An Irishman, speaking of a spell of sickness, said: "I laid spachless for six weeks, in the long month of August, and all my cry was wather, wather."

THE PATIENT

We will be brave, Puffe, now we have the medicine.
—Ben Jonson, "The Alchemist," ii.

THREE MEN IN A BOAT

(*To say nothing of the dog*)

Chapter I

Three Invalids—Sufferings of George and Harris—A Victim to One Hundred and Seven Fatal Maladies—Useful Prescriptions—Cure for Liver Complaint in Children—We Agree That We Are Overworked, and Need Rest—A Week on the Rolling Deep—George Suggests the River—Montmorency Lodges an Objection—Original Motion Carried by Majority of Three to One.

There were four of us—George, and William Samuel Harris, and myself, and Montmorency. We were sitting in my room, smoking and talking about how bad we were—bad from a medical point of view I mean, of course.

We were all feeling seedy, and we were getting quite nervous about it. Harris said he felt such extraordinary fits of giddiness come over him at times, that he hardly knew what he was doing; and then George said *he* had fits of giddiness too, and hardly knew what he was doing. With me, it was my liver that was out of order. I knew it was my

liver that was out of order, because I had just been reading a patent liver-pill circular, in which were detailed the various symptoms by which a man could tell when his liver was out of order. I had them all.

It is a most extraordinary thing, but I never read a patent medicine advertisement without being impelled to the conclusion that I am suffering from the particular disease therein dealt with in its most virulent form. The diagnosis seems in every case to correspond exactly with all the sensations that I have ever felt.

I remember going to the British Museum one day to read up the treatment for some slight ailment of which I had a touch — hay fever, I fancy it was. I got down the book, and read all I came to read; and then, in an unthinking moment, I idly turned the leaves, and began to idolently study diseases generally. I forgot which was the first distemper I plunged into — some fearful, devastating scourge, I know — and, before I glanced half way down the list of "premonitory symptoms," it was borne in upon me that I had fairly got it.

I sat for awhile, frozen with horror; and then, in the listlessness of despair, I again turned over the pages. I came to typhoid fever — read the symptoms — discovered that I had typhoid fever, must have had it for months — without knowing it — wondered what else I got; turned up St. Vitus' dance — found, as I expected, that I had that too — began to get interested in my case, and determined to sift it to the bottom, and so started alphabetically — read up ague, and learned that I was sickening for it, and that the acute stage would commence in about another fortnight. Bright's disease, I was relieved to find, I had only in a modified form, and, so far as that was concerned, I might live for years. Cholera I had, with severe complications; and diptheria I seemed to have been

born with. I plodded conscientiously through the twenty-six letters, and the only malady I could conclude I had not got was house-maid's knee.

I felt rather hurt about this at first; it seemed somehow to be a sort of slight. Why hadn't I got house-maid's knee? Why this invidious reservation? After awhile, however, less grasping feelings prevailed. I reflected that I had every other known malady in the pharmacology, and I grew less selfish, and determined to do without house-maid's knee. Gout, in its malignant stage, it would appear, had seized me without my being aware of it; and zymosis, I had evidently been suffering with from boyhood. There were no more diseases after zymosis, so I concluded there was nothing else the matter with me.

I sat and pondered. I thought what an interesting case I must be from a medical point of view, what an acquisition I should be to a class! Students would have no need to "walk the hospitals," if they had me. I was a hospital myself. All they need do would be to walk round me, and, after that, take their diploma.

Then I wondered how long I had to live. I tried to examine myself. I felt my pulse. I could not at first feel any pulse at all. Then, all of a sudden, it seemed to start off. I pulled out my watch and timed it. I made it a hundred and forty-seven to the minute. I tried to feel my heart. It had stopped beating. I have since been induced to come to the opinion that it must have been there all the time, and must have been beating, but I cannot account for it. I patted myself all over my front, from what I call my waist up to my head, and I went a bit round each side, and a little way up the back. But I could not feel or hear anything. I tried to look at my tongue. I stuck it out as far as ever it would go, and shut one eye, and tried to examine it with the other. I could only see the tip, and the only

thing I could gain from that was to feel more certain than before that I had scarlet fever.

I had walked into that reading-room a happy, healthy man. I crawled out a decrepit wreck.

I went to my medical man. He is an old chum of mine, and feels my pulse, and looks at my tongue, and talks about the weather, all for nothing, when I fancy I'm ill; so I thought I would do him a good turn by going to him now. "What a doctor wants," I said, "is practice. He shall have me. He will get more practice out of me than out of seventeen hundred of your ordinary, commonplace patients, with only one or two diseases each."

So I went straight up and saw him, and he said: "Well, what's the matter with you?"

I said: "I will not take up your time, dear boy, with telling you what is the matter with me. Life is brief, and you might pass before I had finished. But I will tell you what is *not* the matter with me. I have not got house-maid's knee. Why I have not got house-maid's knee, I cannot tell you; but the fact remains that I have not got it. Everything else, however, I *have* got."

And I told him how I came to discover it all.

Then he opened me and looked down me, and clutched hold of my wrist, and then he hit me over the chest when I wasn't expecting it — a cowardly thing to do, I call it — and immediately afterward butted me with the side of his head. After that, he sat down and wrote out a prescription, and folded it up and gave it to me, and I put it in my pocket and went out.

I did not open it. I took it to the nearest chemist's, and handed it in. The man read it, and then handed it back.

He said he didn't keep it.

I said: "You are a chemist?"

He said: "I am a chemist. If I was a co-operative store and family hotel combined, I might be

able to oblige you. Being only a chemist hampers me."

I read the prescription. It ran:—

"1 lb. beefsteak, with
1 pt. bitter beer
every 6 hours.
1 ten-mile walk every morning.
1 bed at 11 sharp every night.
And don't stuff up your head with things you don't understand."

I followed the directions, with the happy result—speaking for myself—that my life was preserved, and is still going on.

In the present instance, going back to the liver-pill circular, I had the symptoms, beyond all mistake, the chief among them being "a general disinclination to work of any kind."

What I suffer in that way no tongue can tell. From my earliest infancy I have been a martyr to it. As a boy, the disease hardly ever left me for a day. They did not know, then, that it was my liver. Medical science was in a far less advanced state than now, and they used to put it down to laziness.

"Why, you skulking little devil, you," they would say, "get up and do something for your living, can't you?"—not knowing, of course, that I was ill.

And they didn't give me pills; they gave me clumps on the side of the head. And, strange as it may appear, those clumps on the head often cured me—for the time being. I have known one clump on the head to have more effect upon my liver, and made me feel more anxious to go straight away then and there, and do what was wanted to be done, without further loss of time, than a whole box of pills does now.

You know, it often is so — those simple, old-fashioned remedies are sometimes more efficacious than all the dispensary stuff.

We sat there for half an hour, describing to each other our maladies. I explained to George and William Harris how I felt when I got up in the morning, and William Harris told us how he felt when he went to bed; and George stood on the hearth-rug, and gave us a clever and powerful piece of acting, illustrative of how he felt in the night.

George *fancies* he is ill; but there's never anything really the matter with him, you know.

At this point Mrs. Poppets knocked at the door to know if we were ready for supper. We smiled sadly at one another, and said we supposed we had better try to swallow a bit. Harris said a little something in one's stomach often kept the disease in check; and Mrs. Poppets brought the tray in, and we drew up to the table, and toyed with a little steak and onions, and some rhubarb tart.

I must have been very weak at the time, because I know, after the first half hour or so, I seemed to take no interest whatever in my food — an unusual thing for me — and I didn't want any cheese.

This duty done, we refilled our glasses, lighted our pipes, and resumed the discussion upon our state of health. What it was that was actually the matter with us, we none of us could be sure of; but the unanimous opinion was that it — whatever it was — had been brought on by overwork.

"What we want is rest," said Harris.

"Rest and a complete change," said George. "The overstrain upon our brains has produced a general depression throughout the system. Change of scene, and absence of the necessity for thought, will restore the mental equilibrium."

George has a cousin, who is usually described in the charge-sheet as a medical student, so that he naturally has a somewhat family-physicianary way of putting things.

I agreed with George, and suggested that we should seek some retired and Old-World spot, far from the maddening crowd, and dream away a sunny week among its drowsy lanes — some half-forgotten nook, hidden away by the fairies, out of reach of the noisy world — some quaint-perched eyrie on the cliffs of Time, from whence the surging waves of the nineteenth century would sound far and faint.

Harris said he thought it would be humpy. He said he knew the sort of place I meant; where everybody went to bed at eight o'clock, and you wouldn't get a "Referee" for love nor money, and had to walk ten miles to get your baccy.

"No," said Harris, "if you want rest and change, you can't beat a sea trip."

I objected to the sea trip strongly. A sea trip does you good when you are going to have a couple of months of it, but for a week it is wicked.

You start on Monday with the idea planted in your bosom that you are going to enjoy yourself. You wave an airy adieu to the boys on shore, light your biggest pipe, and swagger about the deck as if you were Captain Cook, Sir Francis Drake, and Christopher Columbus all rolled into one. On Tuesday, you wish you hadn't come. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, you wish you were dead. On Saturday you are able to swallow a little beef tea, and to sit up on deck and answer with a wan, sweet smile when kind-hearted people ask you how you feel now. On Sunday, you begin to walk about again, and take solid food. And on Monday morning, as, with your bag and umbrella in your hand, you stand by the gunwale, waiting to step ashore, you begin to thoroughly like it.

I remember my brother-in-law going for a short sea trip once, for the benefit of his health. He took a return berth from London to Liverpool; and when he got to Liverpool the only thing he was anxious about was to sell that return ticket.

It was offered round the town at a tremendous reduction, so I am told; and was eventually sold for eighteen pence to a bilious looking youth who had just been advised by his medical man to go to the seaside and take exercise.

"Seaside!" said my brother-in-law, pressing the ticket affectionately into his hand; "why you'll have enough to last you a lifetime; and as for exercise! why, you'll get more exercise sitting down on that ship, than you would turning somersaults on dry land."

He himself — my brother-in-law — came back by train. He said the Northwestern Railway was healthy enough for him.

Another fellow I knew went for a week's voyage round the coast, and before they started, the steward came to him to ask whether he would pay for each meal as he had it, or arrange beforehand for the whole series.

The steward recommended the latter course, as it would come so much cheaper. He said they would do him for the whole week at two pounds five. He said for breakfast there would be fish, followed by a grill. Lunch was at one, and consisted of four courses. Dinner at six — soup, fish, entrée, joint, poultry, salad, sweets, cheese, and dessert. And a light meat supper at ten.

My friend thought he would close on the two-pound-five job (he is a hearty eater), and did so.

Lunch came just as they were off Sheerness. He didn't feel so hungry as he thought he should, and so contented himself with a bit of boiled beef and some strawberries and cream. He pondered a

good deal during the afternoon, and at one time it seemed to him that he had been eating nothing but boiled beef for weeks, and at other times it seemed that he must have been living on strawberries and cream for years.

Neither the beef nor the strawberries and cream seemed happy, either—seemed discontented like.

At six, they came and told him dinner was ready. The announcement aroused no enthusiasm within him, but he felt that there was some of that two-pound-five to be worked off, and he held on to ropes and things and went down. A pleasant odor of onions and hot ham, mingled with fried fish and greens greeted him at the bottom of the ladder; and then the steward came up with an oily smile, and said:

"What can I get you, sir?"

"Get me out of this," was the feeble reply.

And they ran him up quick, and propped him over to leeward and left him.

For the next four days he lived a simple and blameless life on thin captain's biscuit (I mean that the biscuits were thin, not the captain) and soda water; but toward Saturday he got uppish and went in for weak tea and dry toast, and on Monday he was gorging himself on chicken broth. He left the ship on Tuesday, and as it steamed away from the landing stage, he gazed after it regretfully.

"There she goes," he said, "there she goes, with two pounds' worth of food on board that belongs to me, and that I haven't had."

He said that if they had given him another day he thought he could have put it straight.

So I set my face against the sea trip. Not, as I explained, upon my own account. I was never queer. But I was afraid for George. George said he should be all right, and would rather like it,

but he would advise Harris and me not to think of it, as he felt sure we should both be ill. Harris said that, to himself, it was always a mystery how people managed to get sick at sea—said he thought people must do it on purpose, from affectation—said he had often wished to be, but had never been able.

Then he told us anecdotes of how he had gone across the Channel when it was so rough that the passengers had to be tied into their berths, and he and the captain were the only two living souls on board who were not ill. Sometimes it was he and the second mate who were not ill; but it was generally he and the other man. If not he and another man, then it was he by himself.

It is a curious fact, but nobody is ever seasick—on land. At sea you come across plenty of people very bad indeed, whole boat-loads of them; but I never met a man yet, on land, who had ever known at all what it was to be seasick. Where the thousands upon thousands of bad sailors that swarm in every ship hide themselves when they are on land is a mystery.

If most men were like a fellow I saw on the Yarmouth boat one day, I could account for the seeming enigma easily enough. It was just off Southend Pier, I recollect, and he was leaning-out through one of the portholes in a very dangerous position. I went up to him to try to save him.

"Hi! come further in," I said, shaking him by the shoulder. "You'll be overboard."

"Oh, my! I wish I was," was the only answer I could get; and there I had to leave him.

Three weeks afterward I met him in the coffee-room of a Bath hotel, talking about his voyages, and explaining, with enthusiasm, how he loved the sea.

"Good sailor!" he replied, in answer to a mild young man's envious query; "well, I did feel a

little queer *once*, I confess. It was off Cape Horn. The vessel was wrecked the next morning."

I said: "Weren't you a little shaky by Southend Pier one day, and wanted to be thrown over-board?"

"Southend Pier!" he replied, with a puzzled expression.

"Yes; going down to Yarmouth, last Friday three weeks."

"Oh, ah — yes," he answered, brightening up; "I remember now. I did have a headache that afternoon. It was the pickles, you know. They were the most disgraceful pickles I ever tasted in a respectable boat. Did *you* have any?"

For myself, I have discovered an excellent preventive against seasickness, in balancing myself. You stand in the centre of the deck, and as the ship heaves and pitches, you move your body about, so as to keep it always straight. When the front of the ship rises, you lean forward, till the deck almost touches your nose; and when its back end gets up, you lean backward. This is all very well for an hour or two; but you can't balance yourself for a week.

George said: "Let's go up the river."

He said we should have fresh air, exercise, and quiet; the constant change of scene would occupy our minds (including what there was of Harris's); and the hard work would give us a good appetite and make us sleep well.

Harris said he didn't think George ought to do anything that would have a tendency to make him sleepier than he always was, as it might be dangerous. He said he didn't very well understand how George was going to sleep any more than he did now, seeing that there were only twenty-four hours in each day, summer and winter alike; but thought that if he *did* sleep any more, he might just as well be dead, and so save his board and lodging.

Harris said, however, that the river would suit him to a "T." I don't know what a "T" is (except a sixpenny one, which includes bread-and-butter and cake *ad lib.*, and is cheap at the price, if you haven't had any dinner). It seems to suit everybody, however, which is greatly to its credit.

It suited me to a "T" too, and Harris and I both said it was a good idea of George's; and we said it in a tone that seemed to somehow imply that we were surprised that George should have come out so sensible.

The only one who was not struck with the suggestion was Montmorency. He never did care for the river, did Montmorency.

"It's all very well for you fellows," he says; "you like it, but *I* don't. There's nothing for me to do. Scenery is not in my line, and I don't smoke. If I see a rat, you won't stop; and if I go to sleep, you get fooling about with the boat, and slop me overboard. If you ask me, I call the whole thing bally foolishness."

We were three to one, however, and the motion was carried.

—*Jerome K. Jerome.*

SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION

He (who has been refused a kiss)—"It used to be an easy matter to kiss you. What has come over you?"

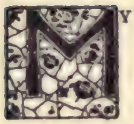
She—"My doctor told me I must take more exercise."

SUBSTANTIALLY BENEFITED

Friend—"Can you cite a case where a person has been actually benefited by osteopathy?"

Invalid (grimly)—"Well, there's my doctor. I have had to pay him five bones for every treatment!"

THE INVALID



Y! BUT I've been awful sick!
Ma says I wuz out my head—
Runnin' races, playin' tag—
An' such funny things I said!
Wisht that I could 'member what
I wuz doin' then; but, gee!
Course I can't. No feller could.
I wuz 'lirious, you see.

I 've been 'way from school a week,
Don't know when I'll go again;
'Spec't will be a good long time,
Though the doctor says I 'll men'
Pretty fas', cuz I 'm a boy—
But I guess 't will take a sight
More days than he thinks it will,
'Fore *I* 'm feelin' jus' all right.

Teacher sent me roun' some flowers,
Shucks! I wisht that they wuz jell,
Like the tumbler that I ate—
But you mus' n't go an' tell.
An' I 'd like some choc'late cake,
An' ice cream an' peanut stick—
These things never, never 'd do,
Says the doctor, when I 'm sick.

I wuz sicker 'n anyone,
Jimmy Deane—he thought he wuz
Orful sick; but, pooh! I beat
Him clean out of sight, becuz
It 'll be a munf, at leas',
So Ma says, 'fore they dare let
Me *eat* stuff—an' then I can't
Go to school all day, I bet!

—*Edwin L. Sabin.*

AN IRISHMAN told his physician that he stuffed him so much with drugs, that he was sick a long time after he got well.

SUPERIOR EXPERIENCE

THE imaginary invalid, who fancies he has had all the diseases in the books, or at least all the interesting ones, is not often an amusing person to a physician; but now and then a valetudinarian of this sort affords the faculty a good deal of diversion. A man of sixty, who had been a grumbler all his life, and had long made a practice of changing his doctors on the slightest provocation, not long ago called in a young physician who had gained a considerable reputation. He was telling the doctor what he thought was the matter with him, when the doctor ventured to disagree with his diagnosis. "I beg your pardon!" said the patient, in a haughty way; "It isn't for a young physician like you to disagree with an old experienced invalid like me!" And he went out to seek another physician.

ON ONE WHO WAS A SLAVE TO HIS PHYSICIAN

DACUS doth daily to his doctor go,
As doubting if he be in health or no;
For when his friends salute him passing by,
And ask him how he doth in courtesy,
He will not answer thereunto precise,
Till from his doctor he hath ta'en advice.

—*Henry Parrot* (*about 1613*).

THE HEIGHT OF IGNORANCE

Dr. Brown—"How do you do, Sally? Don't you know who I am? What is my name?"

Sally (scornfully)—"Why, Mamma, doesn't Dr. Brown know his own name?"

SHE FIXED IT

Physician—"You put this end of the breathing-tube in your mouth and the air is drawn in through the large hole in the other end. When your breath is expelled it pushes a little valve against the large hole and the breath is forced through this tiny aperture in the top. That keeps the air in your lungs much longer than when you breathe without it. Use it for a minute or so several times a day, and I hope it will strengthen your heart."

Patient (three days later, joyfully) — "Oh, doctor, I've fixed this tube splendidly! It made me feel queer to use it at first, that little hole was so small. So I made it larger with my knife and now I can breathe through it as easily as I can without it."

Doctor—"Why, how is this, my dear sir? You sent me a letter stating that you had been attacked by measles, and I find you suffering from rheumatism."

Patient—"Well, you see doctor, it is like this: There wasn't a soul in the house who knew how to spell rheumatism."

Doctor—"Now, Pat, I'll cure you if you'll only take the medicine I prescribe."

Pat—"Go ahead, sor. O'im thot anxious to get well agin thot O'd take yure medicine aven if Oi knowed 'twould kill me."

"Did the doctor do anything to help your rheumatism?"

"I guess so. Anyway, it has gained on me steadily ever since."

NOT QUITE SO SENSITIVE

"DOCTOR," said the rheumatic patient, "you seem to hunt for the sore spots."

"I know them the moment I put my fingers on them," replied the specialist, who was giving his points and muscles a kneading. "I don't have to hunt for them. That is a part of my education."

"Your fingers become sensitive, I suppose," groaned the patient, "like those of a postal clerk, who can tell whether a letter has money in it or not as soon as he takes it in his hand."

"Well, hardly so highly trained as that," rejoined the specialist, with a slight muscular contraction of his left eyelid. "I can never tell, when I take hold of a patient whether there is any money in him or not."

AN ALARMING SYMPTOM

"I WANT you to prescribe for my wife, doctor."

"What's the matter with her?"

"I don't know, but I am sure there is something. She went shopping yesterday and brought home part of the money I gave her."

IT WORKS BOTH WAYS

Doctor M.—"What you want is more exercise, my little man. What do you do for a living?"

Patient—"I'm a messenger boy."

SAME THING

"AN' DOES the docther allow yez to dhrink an' shmoke?"

"Well, he said he wanted me to be intoirely comfortable!"

THE PRESCRIPTION

Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.
— Shakespeare, "Merry Wives of Windsor," ii, 2.

HANDY ANDY

Chapter II

How They Blistered O'Grady

Andy walked out of the room with an air of supreme triumph, having laid the letters on the table, and left the squire staring after him in perfect amazement.

"Well, by the holy Paul! that's the most extraordinary genius I ever came across," was the soliloquy the master uttered as the servant closed the door after him; and the squire broke the seal of the letter that Andy's blundering had so long delayed. It was from his law-agent, on the subject of an expected election in the county which would occur in case of the demise of the then-sitting member; it ran thus:—

"Dublin, Thursday.

"My Dear Squire. — I am making all possible exertions to have every and the earliest information on the subject of the election. I say the election,— because, though the seat for the county is not yet vacant, it is impossible but that it must soon be so. Any other man than the present member must have died long ago; but Sir Timothy Trimmer has been so undecided all his life that he cannot at present make up his mind to die; and it is only by Death himself giving the casting vote that the question can be decided. The writ

for the vacant county is expected to arrive by every mail, and in the mean time I am on the alert for information. You know we are sure of the barony of Ballysloughgutthery, and the boys of Killanmaul will murder any one that dares to give a vote against you. We are sure of Knockdoughty also, and the very pigs in Glanamuck would return you; but I must put you on your guard in one point where you least expected to be betrayed. You told me you were sure of Neck-or-nothing Hall; but I can tell you you're out there; for the master of the aforesaid is working heaven and earth to send us all to h—ll. He backs the other interest; for he is so over head and ears in debt, that he is looking out for a pension, and hopes to get one by giving his interest to the Honorable Sackville Scatterbrain, who sits for the borough of Old Gooseberry at present, but whose friends think his talents are worthy of a county. If Sack wins, Neck-or-nothing gets a pension,—that's *poz.* I had it from the best authority. I lodge at a milliner's here:—no matter; more when I see you. But don't be afraid; we'll bag Sack, and distance Neck-or nothing. But, seriously speaking, its a d——d good joke that O'Grady should use you in this manner, who have been so kind to him in money matters; but, as the old song says, 'Poverty parts good company;' and he is so cursed poor that he can't afford to know you any longer, now that you have lent him all the money you had, and the pension *in prospectu* is too much for his feelings. I'll be down with you again as soon as I can, for I hate the diabolical town as I do poison. They have altered Stephen's Green—*ruined* it, I should say. They have taken away the big ditch that was round it, where I used to hunt water-rats when a boy. They are destroying the place with their d——d improvements. All the dogs are well, I hope, and my favourite bitch. Remember me to Mrs. Egan, whom all admire.

My dear squire,
Yours per quire,

MURTOUGH MURPHY."

"*To Edward Egan, Esq., Merryvale.*"

Murtough Murphy was a great character, as may be guessed from his letter. He was a country attorney of good practice;—good, because he could not help it,—for he was a clever, ready-witted fellow, up to all sorts of trap, and one in whose hands a cause was very safe; therefore he had plenty of clients without his seeking them. For, if Murtough's practice had depended on his looking for it, he might have made broth of his own parchment; for though, to all intents and purposes, a good attorney, he was so full of fun and fond of amusement, that it was only by dint of the business being thrust upon him he was so extensive a practitioner. He loved a good bottle, a good hunt, a good joke, and a good song, as well as any fellow in Ireland; and even when he was obliged in the way of business to press a gentleman hard,—to hunt his man to the death,—he did it so good-humouredly that his very victim could not be angry with him. As for those he served, he was their prime favourite; there was nothing they *could* want to be done in the parchment line that Murtough would not find out some way of doing; and he was so pleasant a fellow, that he shared in the hospitality of all the best tables in the county. He kept good horses, was on every race-ground within twenty miles, and a steeple-chase was no steeple-chase without him. Then he betted freely, and, what's more, won his bets very generally; but no one found fault with him for that, and he took your money with such a good grace, and mostly gave you a *bon-mot* in exchange for it,—so that, next to winning the money yourself, you were glad it was won by Murtough Murphy.

The squire read his letter two or three times, and made his comments as he proceeded. "'Working heaven and earth to send us to——' So, that's the work O'Grady's at—that's old friendship—

d——d unfair; and after all the money I lent him, too; — he'd better take care — I'll be down on him if he plays foul; — not that I'd like that much either; — but — let's see who's this is coming down to oppose me? — Sack Scatterbrain — the biggest fool from this to himself; — the fellow can't ride a bit, — a pretty member for a sporting county! 'I lodge at a milliner's' — divil doubt you, Murtough; I'll engage you do. — Bad luck to him! — he'd rather be fooling away his time in a back parlour, behind a bonnet-shop, than minding the interests of the county. 'Pension' — ha! — wants it sure enough; — take care, O'Grady, or by the powers I'll be at you. — You may baulk all the bailiffs, and defy any other man to serve you with a writ; but, by jingo! if I take the matter in hand, I'll be bound I'll get it done. 'Stephen's Green — big ditch — where I used to hunt water-rats.' — Divil sweep you, Murphy! you'd rather be hunting water-rats any day than minding your business. — He's a clever fellow for all that. 'Favourite bitch — Mrs. Egan.' Ay! — there's the end of it — with his bit o' po'thry too! The divil!"

The squire threw down the letter, and then his eye caught the other two that Andy had purloined.

"More of that stupid blackguard's work! — robbing the mail — no less! — that fellow will be hanged some time or other. Egad, maybe they'll hang him for this! What's best to be done? — Maybe it will be the safest way to see who they are for, and send them to the parties, and request they will say nothing; that's it."

The squire here took up the letters that lay before him, to read their superscriptions; and the first he turned over was directed to Gustavus Granby O'Grady, Esq., Neck-or-nothing Hall, Knockbotherum. This was what is called a curious coincidence. Just as he had been reading all about O'Grady's intended treachery to him, here was a

letter to that individual, and with the Dublin post-mark too, and a very grand seal.

The squire examined the arms, and, though not versed in the mysteries of heraldry, he thought he remembered enough of most of the arms he had seen to say that this armorial bearing was a strange one to him. He turned the letter over and over again, and looked at it back and front, with an expression in his face that said, as plain as countenance could speak, "I'd give a trifle to know what is inside of this." He looked at the seal again: "Here's a —— goose, I think it is, sitting in a bowl, with cross-bars on it, and a spoon in its mouth: like the fellow that owns it, maybe. A goose with a silver spoon in his mouth! Well, here's the gable-end of a house, and a bird sitting on the top of it. Could it be Sparrow? There's a fellow called Sparrow that's under-secretary at the Castle. D——n it! I wish I knew what it's about."

The squire threw down the letter as he said "d——n it." but took it up again in a few seconds, and, catching it edgewise between his fore-finger and thumb, gave a gentle pressure that made the letter gape at its extremities; and the squire, exercising that sidelong glance which is peculiar to postmasters, waiting-maids, and magpies who inspect marrow-bones, peeped into the interior of the epistle, saying to himself as he did so, "All's fair in war, and why not in electioneering?" His face, which was screwed up to the scrutinizing pucker, gradually lengthened as he caught some words that were on the last turn-over of the sheet, and so could be read thoroughly, and his brow darkened into the deepest frown as he scanned these lines: "As you very properly and pungently remark, poor Egan is a *bladder*—a mere *bladder.*" "Am I a *bladdher?* by Jasus!" said the squire, tearing the letter into pieces and throwing it into the fire. "And so,

Misther O'Grady, you say I'm a bladdher?" and the blood of the Egans rose as the head of that pugnacious family strided up and down the room: "I'll bladdher you, my buck. — I'll settle your hash!"

Here he took up the poker, and made a very angry lunge at the fire, that did not want stirring, and there he beheld the letter blazing merrily away. He dropped the poker as if he had caught it by the hot end, as he exclaimed, "What the d——l shall I do? I've burnt the letter!" This threw the squire into a fit of what he was wont to call his "considering cap;" and he sat with his feet on the fender for some minutes, occasionally muttering to himself what he began with,— "What the d——l shall I do? It's all owing to that infernal Andy — I'll murder that fellow some time or other. If he hadn't brought it, I shouldn't have seen it,— to be sure, If I hadn't looked; but then the temptation — a saint couldn't have withstood it. Confound it! what a stupid trick to burn it. Another here, too — must burn that as well, and say nothing about either of them;" and he took up the second letter, and, merely looking at the address, threw it into the fire. He then rang the bell, and desired Andy to be sent to him. As soon as that ingenious individual made his appearance, the squire desired him with peculiar emphasis to shut the door, and then opened upon him with,

"You unfortunate rascal!"

"Yis, your honor."

"Do you know that you might be hanged for what you did to-day?"

"What did I do, sir?"

"You robbed the post-office."

"How did I rob it, sir?"

"You took two letters you had no right to."

"It's no robbery for a man to get the worth of his money."

"Will you hold your tongue, you stupid villian! I'm not joking: you absolutely might be hanged for robbing the post-office."

"Sure I didn't know there was any harm in what I done; and for that matther, sure, if they're sitch wondherful value, can't I go back again wid 'em?"

"No, you thief, I hope you have not said a word to any one about it."

"Not the sign of a word passed my lips about it."

"You're sure?"

"Sartin."

"Take care, then, that you never open your mouth to mortal about it, or you'll be hanged, as sure as your name is Andy Rooney."

"Oh, at that rate I never will. But maybe your honour thinks I ought to be hanged?"

"No — because you did not intend to do a wrong thing; but, only I have pity on you, I could hang you to-morrow for what you've done."

"Thank you, sir."

"I've burnt the letters, so no one can know anything about the business unless you tell on yourself: so remember,— not a word."

"Faith, I'll be as dumb as the dumb baste."

"Go, now, and, once for all, remember you'll he hanged so sure as you ever mention one word about this affair."

Andy made a bow and a scrape, and left the squire, who hoped the secret was safe. He then took a ruminating walk round the pleasure grounds, revolving plans of retaliation upon his false friend O'Grady; and having determined to put the most severe and sudden measure of the law in force against him for the monies in which he was indebted to him, he only awaited the arrival of Murtough Murphy from Dublin to execute his vengeance. Having settled this in his own mind, he became

more contented, and said, with a self-satisfied nod of the head, "We'll see who's the bladdher."

In a few days Murtough Murphy returned from Dublin, and to Merryvale he immediately proceeded. The squire opened to him directly his intention of commencing hostile law proceedings against O'Grady, and asked what most summary measures could be put in practice against him.

"Oh! various, various, my dear squire," said Murphy; "but I don't see any great use in doing so *yet*,—he has not openly avowed himself."

"But does he not intend to coalesce with the other party?"

"I believe so;—that is, if he's to get the pension."

"Well, and that's as good as done, you know; for if they want him, the pension is easily managed."

"I'm not so sure of that."

"Why, they're as plenty as blackberries."

"Very true; but, you see, Lord Gobblestown swallows all the pensions for his own family; and there are a great many complaints in the market against him for plucking that blackberry-bush very bare indeed; and unless Sack Scatterbrain has swingeing interest, the pension may not be such an easy thing."

"But still O'Grady has shown himself not my friend."

"My dear squire, don't be so hot: he has not *shown* himself yet——"

"Well, but he means it."

"My dear squire, you oughtn't to jump a conclusion like a twelve-foot drain or a five-bar gate."

"Well, he's a blackguard."

"No denying it; and therefore keep him on your side, if you can, or he'll be a troublesome customer on the other."

"I'll keep no terms with him;—I'll slap at him directly. What can you do that's wickedest?—latitat, capias—fee-faw-fum, or whatever you call it?"

"Hello! squire, you're overrunning your game: maybe, after all, he *won't* join the Scatterbrains, and——"

"I tell you it's no matter; he intended doing it, and that's all the same. I'll slap at him, — I'll blister him!"

Murtough Murphy wondered at this blind fury of the squire, who, being a good-humoured and good-natured fellow in general, puzzled the attorney the more by his present manifest malignity against O'Grady. But he had not seen the turn-over of the letter; he had not seen "bladdher" — the real and secret cause of the "war to the knife" spirit which was kindled in the squire's breast.

"Of course you can do what you please; but, if you'd take a friend's advice——"

"I tell you I'll blister him."

"He certainly *bled* you very freely."

"I'll blister him, I tell you, and that smart. Lose no time, Murphy, my boy: let loose the dogs of law on him, and harass him till he'd wish the d——l had him."

"Just as you like; but——"

"I'll have it my own way, I tell you; so say no more."

"I'll commence against him at once then, as you wish it; but it's no use, for you know very well that it will be impossible to serve him."

"Let me alone for that: I'll be bound I'll find fellows to get the inside of him."

"Why, his house is barricaded like a jail, and he has dogs enough to bait all the bulls in the country."

"No matter; just send me the blister for him, and I'll engage I'll stick it on him."

"Very well, squire; you shall have the blister as soon as it can be got ready. I'll tell you whenever you may send over to me for it, and your messenger shall have it hot and warm for him. Good-b'ye, squire."

"Good-b'ye, Murphy!—lose no time."

"In the twinkling of a bed-post. Are you going to Tom Durfy's steeple-chase?"

"I'm not sure."

"I've a bet on it. Did you see the Widow Flanagan lately? You didn't? They say Tom's pushing it strong there. The widow has money, you know, and Tom does it all for the love o' God; for you know, squire, there are two things God hates,—a coward and a poor man. Now, Tom's no coward; and that he may be sure of the love o' God on the other score, he's making up to the widow; and, as he's a slashing fellow, she's nothing loth, and, for fear of any one cutting him out, Tom keeps as sharp a look-out after her as she does after him. He's fierce on it, and looks pistols at any one that attempts putting his *comether* on the widow, while she looks "as soon as you plaze," as plain as an optical lecture can enlighten the heart of man: in short, Tom's all ram's horns, and the widow all sheep's eyes. Good-b'ye, squire!" And Murtough put spurs to his horse and cantered down the avenue singing.

Andy was sent over to Murtough Murphy's for the law process at the appointed time; and, as he had to pass through the village, Mrs. Egan desired him to call at the apothecary's for some medicine that was prescribed for one of the children.

"What'll I ax for, ma'am?"

I'd be sorry to trust to you, Andy, for remembering. Here's the prescription; take great care of it, and Mr. M'Grane will give you something to bring back; and mind, if it's a powder, don't let it get wet as you did the sugar the other day."

"No, ma'am."

"And if it's a bottle, don't break it as you did the last."

"No, ma'am."

"And make haste."

"Yes, ma'am," and off went Andy.

In going through the village he forgot to leave the prescription at the apothecary's, and pushed on for the attorney's: there he saw Murtough Murphy, who handed him the law process, enclosed in a cover, with a note to the squire.

"Have you been doing anything very clever lately, Andy?" said Murtough.

"I don't know, sir," said Andy.

"Did you shoot any one with soda-water since I saw you last?"

Andy grinned.

"Did you kill any more dogs lately, Andy?"

"Faix, you're too hard on me, sir; sure I never killed but one dog, and that was an accident ——"

"An accident!—D——n your impudence, you thief! Do you think, if you killed one of the pack on purpose, we wouldn't cut the very heart out of you with our hunting-whips?"

"Faith, I wouldn't doubt you, sir; but, sure, how could I help that divil of a mare runnin' away wid me, and thramplin' the dogs?"

"Why didn't you hold her, you thief?"

"Hould her, indeed!—you just might as well expect to stop fire among flax as that one."

"Well, be off with you now, Andy, and take care of what I gave you for the squire."

"Oh, never fear, sir," said Andy, as he turned his horse's head homeward. He stopped at the apothecary's in the village to execute his commission for the "misthis." On telling the son of Galen that he wanted some physic "for one of the childre up at the big house," the dispenser of the healing art asked what physic he wanted.

"Faith, I dunna what physic."

"What's the matter with the child?"

"He's sick, sir."

"I suppose so, indeed, or you wouldn't be sent for medicine.—You're always making some blunder. You come here, and don't know what description of medicine is wanted."

"Don't I?" said Andy with a great air.

"No, you don't, you omadhaun!" said the apothecary.

Andy fumbled in his pockets, and could not lay hold of the paper his mistress entrusted him with until he had emptied them thoroughly of their contents upon the counter of the shop; and then taking the prescription from the collection, he said, "So you tell me I don't know the description of the physic I'm to get. Now you see you're out; for *that's* the *description.*" And he slapped the counter impressively with his hand, as he threw down the recipe before the apothecary.

While the medicine was in the course of preparation for Andy, he commenced restoring to his pockets the various parcels he had taken from them in hunting for the recipe. Now, it happened that he had laid them down close beside some articles that were compounded, and sealed up for going out, on the apothecary's counter; and as the law process which Andy had received from Murtough Murphy chanced to resemble in form another enclosure that lay beside it, containing a blister, Andy, under the influence of his peculiar genius, popped the blister into his pocket instead of the packet which had been confided to him by the attorney, and having obtained the necessary medicine from M'Grane, rode home with great self-complacency that he had not forgot to do a single thing that had been entrusted to him: "I'm all right this time," said Andy to himself.

Scarcely had he left the apothecary's shop when another messenger alighted at its door, and asked "If Squire O'Grady's things *was* ready?"

"There they are," said the innocent M'Grane, pointing to the bottles, boxes, and *blister*, he had made up and set aside, little dreaming that the blister had been exchanged for a law process; and Squire O'Grady's own messenger popped into his pocket the legal instrument, that it was as much as any seven men's lives were worth to bring within gunshot of Neck-or-nothing Hall.

Home he went, and the sound of the old gate creaking on its hinges at the entrance to the avenue awoke the deep-mouthed dogs around the house, who rushed infuriate to the spot to devour the unholy intruder on the peace and privacy of the patrician O'Grady; but they recognised the old grey hack and his rider, and quietly wagged their tails and trotted back, and licked their lips at the thoughts of the bailiff they had hoped to eat. The door of Neck-or-nothing Hall was carefully unbarred and unchained, and the nurse-tender was handed the parcel from the apothecary's, and reascended to the sick room with slippered foot as quietly as she could; for the renowned O'Grady was, according to her account, "as cross as two sticks;" and she protested, furthermore, "that her heart was grey with him."

Mrs. O'Grady was near the bed of the sick man as the nurse-tender entered.

"Here's the things for your honour now," said she in her most soothing tone.

"I wish the d——l had you and them!" said O'Grady.

"Gusty, dear!" said his wife. She might have said stormy instead of gusty.

"Oh! they'll do you good, your honour," said the nurse-tender, curtsying, and uncorking bottles, and opening a pill-box.

"Curse them all!" said the squire. "A pretty thing to have a gentleman's body made a perfect

sink for these blackguard doctors and apothecaries to pour their dirty stuff into — faugh!"

"Now, sir, dear, there's a little blisther just to go on your chest — if you plaze ——"

"A *what!*"

"A warm plasther, dear."

"A *blister* you said, you old *divil!*"

"Well, sure, it's something to relieve you."

The squire gave a deep growl, and his wife put in the usual appeal of "Gusty, dear!"

"Hold your tongue, will you? how would *you* like it? I wish you had it on your ——"

"Deed-an-deed, dear,——" said the nurse-tender.

"By the 'ternal war! if you say another word, I'll throw the jug at you!"

"And there's a nice dhrop o' gruel I have on the fire for you," said the nurse, pretending not to mind the rising anger of the squire, as she stirred the gruel with one hand, while with the other she marked herself with the sign of the cross, and said in a mumbling manner, "God presarve us! he's the most cantankerous Christian I ever kem across!"

"Show me that infernal thing!" said the squire.

"What thing, dear?"

"You know well enough, you old hag! — that blackguard blister!"

"Here it is, dear. Now, just open the brust o' your shirt, and let me put it on you."

"Give it into my hand here, and let me see it."

"Sartinly, sir; — but I think, if you'd let me just ——"

"Give it to me, I tell you!" said the squire, in a tone so fierce that the nurse paused in her unfolding of the packet, and handed it with fear and trembling to the already indignant O'Grady. But it is only imagination can figure the outrageous fury of the squire, when, on opening the envelope with his own hand, he beheld the law process before him. There, in the heart of his castle, with his

bars, and bolts, and bull-dogs, and blunderbusses round him, he was served — absolutely served,— and he had no doubt the nurse-tender was bribed to betray him.

A roar and a jump up in bed, first startled his wife into terror, and put the nurse on the defensive.

"You infernal old strap!" shouted he, as he clutched up a handful of bottles on the table near him and flung them at the nurse, who was near the fire at the time; and she whipped the pot of gruel from the grate, and converted it into a means of defence against the phial-pelting storm.

Mrs. O'Grady rolled herself up in the bed curtains, while the nurse screeched "murther!" and at last, when O'Grady saw that bottles were of no avail, he scrambled out of bed, shouting, "Where's my blunderbuss?" and the nurse-tender, while he endeavoured to get it down from the rack, where is was suspended over the mantle piece, bolted out of the door, which she locked on the outside, and ran to the most remote corner of the house for shelter.

In the meantime, how fared it at Merryvale? Andy returned with his parcel for the squire, and his note from Murtough Murphy, which ran thus:

"My Dear Squire. — I send you the *blister* for O'Grady, as you insist on it; but I think you won't find it easy to serve him with it.

"Your obedient and obliged,
"Murtough Murphy.

"*To Edward Egan, Esq., Merryvale.*"

The squire opened the cover, and when he saw a real instead of a figurative blister, grew crimson with rage. He could not speak for some minutes, his indignation was so excessive. "So!" said he, at last, "Mr. Murtough Murphy — you think to cut

your jokes with me, do you? By all that's sacred! I'll cut such a joke on you with the biggest horse-whip I can find, that you'll remember it. '*Dear squire, I send you the blister.*' Bad luck to your impidence! Wait till a while ago — that's all. By this and that, you'll get such a blistering from me that all the spermaceti in M'Grane's shop won't cure you."

— *Samuel Lover.*

NEARLY POISONED

A CELEBRATED German physician was once called upon to treat an aristocratic lady, the sole cause of whose complaint was high living and lack of exercise. But it would never have done to tell her so. So his medical advice ran thus:—

"Arise at five o'clock, take a walk in the park for one hour, then drink a cup of tea, then walk another hour, and take a cup of chocolate. Take breakfast at eight."

Her condition improved visibly, until one fine morning the carriage of the baroness was seen to approach the physician's residence at lightning speed. The patient dashed up to the doctor's house, and on his appearing on the scene she gasped out:—

"Oh, doctor, I took the chocolate first!"

"Then drive home as fast as you can," directed the astute disciple of Æsculapius, rapidly writing a prescription, "and take this emetic. The tea must be underneath."

The grateful patient complied. She is still improving.

ADVICE

"OH! You needn't worry at all!"

"But I can't help it, doctor ——"

"Well, in that case, worry in moderation!"

BRINGING HIM AROUND

"NO, NO, young man; there aint nothing wuth speaking of the matter of you," said old Doctor Sipes to delicate little Claude De Vere, who was spending a few weeks amid the rural delights of Sipesville. Claudie was a disciple of homeopathy, while Dr. Sipes was a defender of allopathic principles, and the only doctor within ten miles of Sipesville.

"I tell you what you do," said the old doctor, while Claudie's blood ran cold: "You slap a good hot mustard plaster on your back and one of slip'ry ellum on your chist. Drink a quart of red pepper tea b'iling hot when you go to bed, soak your feet in b'iling water, and take three of these pills every hour, and one of these quinine powders every half-hour, with a good swig of this green mixture between, and a half-a-pint of this yellerish stuff night and morning. You keep that up a week and you'll be a different man. It'll knock most any disease mortal man ever come down with."

REMARKABLE

Briggs — That doctor is certainly a wonderful physician! This medicine of his cured me.

Griggs — Is that all he gave you?

Briggs — Yes. Told me to take ten drops after each meal, give up my business for two months, and live in the open air. Now, look at me!

A WISE PRESCRIPTION

Doctor — How is your appetite?

Patient — Fine! I can eat anything.

Doctor — Well, don't for a while and you will get better.

A RADICAL CURE

A South African farmer who had lost some cows by the cattle plague was fully persuaded that he had himself been attacked by the epidemic. Forthwith he hurried off and consulted his medical man, who tried to laugh him out of the absurd notion, but to no purpose.

The farmer then went to an old, well-known practitioner, who, being a bit of a wag and seeing how matters stood, entered minutely into the details of the case, expressed his concurrence with the patient's views, and told him he could cure him.

The doctor thereupon wrote a prescription, sealed it up, and told the farmer to go to a druggist in the next town.

The farmer lost no time in going with the prescription, but was somewhat startled when the druggist showed him the formula, which ran thus:

"This man has the cattle plague. Take him into the back yard and shoot him, according to law."

That cured him.

THEORY AND PRACTICE

Doctor—As a physician, I must condemn the use of alcoholic beverages.

Patient—But you use them yourself.

Doctor—Yes; but not as a physician. When I drink, I am nothing but an ordinary human being with a thirst.

SURE CURE

"Doctor, my wife has lost her voice; what can I do about it?"

"Go home late some night."

A SURE REMEDY

"Did you ever call upon Dr. Banquet, professionally?"

"Yes, once. I was drowning."

"Drowning?"

"Yes. He diagnosticated my case on the instant and wrote a prescription on a chip which he threw into the water where I could get it."

"What was the prescription?"

"Swim."

TO A FRIEND WHO RECOMMENDED ASS'S MILK

And, doctor, do you really think
That ass's milk I ought to drink?
'T would remove my cough, you say,
And drive my old complaints away.
It cured yourself—I grant it true;
But then—'t was mother's milk to you!

—*John Wolcot.*

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE

"Doctor," said a citizen as he overtook him on the street, "what do you do in case of a gone stomach?"

"Well," replied the doctor, thoughtfully, "I've never had such a case myself, but I would recommend you to advertise for it and then sit down in a large easy-chair and wait until somebody brings it back."

Jimson—"Doctor, I am getting too stout for comfort, and I want your advice."

Doctor—"Nothing reduces flesh like worry. Spend two hours a day thinking of the unpaid bill you owe me."

FIVE DOLLARS

"Doctor, I wish you'd prescribe something for these awful colds of mine."

"Certainly," said the doctor, and wrote the prescription:—

℞

Care.

There came to a young doctor an uncommonly unclean infant borne in the arms of a mother whose face showed the same abhorrence of soap. Looking down upon the child for a moment the doctor solemnly said: "It seems to be suffering from 'hydrophatic hydrophobia.'"

"Oh, doctor, is it as bad as that?" cried the mother. "That's a big sickness for such a mite. Whatever shall I do for the child?"

"Wash its face, madam," replied the doctor; "the disease will go off with the dirt."

"Wash its face — wash its face, indeed!" exclaimed the mother, losing her temper. "What next, I'd like to know."

"Wash your own, madam — wash your own," was the rejoinder.

"Doctor," said he, "I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise — such as a cat on the back fence, for instance."

"This powder will be effective," replied the physician, after compounding a prescription.

"When do I take it, doctor?"

"You don't take it. Give it to the cat in a little milk."

A FEW days ago the doctor at the Demilt Dispensary was greatly amused with a limping Irishman, who had been there a short time before with a sprained ankle. Dr. B—— wrote out a prescription for a liniment, and told Paddy to rub it on his ankle every night, and come back at the end of a week and report. Paddy now presented a paper, sadly soiled and worn, which proved to be the original prescription as written by the doctor.

"Well, what have you been doing with this, Pat?"

"Sure, yer honor, I've did as ye tould me. I've rubbed me ankle with it every night, and its cured intirely, God bliss yer honor!"

Physician (who thinks his patient, a college professor, more in need of recreation than drugs, but has written a prescription for a mild tonic) — "Here is a prescription, Professor, but what you need is a good hearty laugh."

College professor (glancing at the paper) — "Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!"

"Eh! What are you laughing at?"

"Your Latin."

First Friend — "My doctor advises me to cycle, but I don't think I will do so."

Second Friend — "You don't?"

First Friend — "No. I think he is biased — he's a surgeon."

"WHAT is the cure for gout?" said a sufferer to Dr. Abernethy.

"Live on six-pence a day and earn it," was the doctor's reply.

Doctor (to operetta diva who wishes to be vaccinated) — "Shall I vaccinate your arm?"

Diva — "Heavens! No, of course not. Think of me as an artist with a scar on my arm! You must vaccinate me where it won't show."

Doctor — "I think you had better take it internally."

Doctor — "My dear madam, I'll give you a tonic that will do you a world of good."

Lonesome Widow — "Oh! doctor, if you could only prescribe a little love."

Doctor — "Really, madam, if I were not married."

THE REMEDY

Some Remedies are Worse than the Diseases
—Syrus.

TO A TIMID LEECH

NAY, start not from the banquet where the red wine foams for thee,
Though somewhat thick to perforate this epidermis be,
'Tis madness, when the bowl invites to linger at the brink;
So haste thee, haste thee, timid one. Drink, pretty creature, drink!

I tell thee, if these azure veins could boast the regal wine
Of Tudors or Plantagenets, the draught should still be thine!
Though round the goblet's beaded brim plebeian bubbles wink,
'Twill cheer and not inebriate. Drink, pretty creature, drink!

Perchance, reluctant being, I have placed thee wrong side up,
And the lips that I am chiding have been farthest from the cup.
I have waited long and vainly, and I cannot, cannot think
Thou would'st spurn the oft-repeated-call: Drink, pretty creature, drink.

While I watched thy patient struggles and imagined thou wert coy,
'Twas thy tail, and not thy features, that refused the proffer'd joy.
I will but turn thee tenderly—nay, never, never shrink—
Now, once again the banquet calls: Drink, pretty creature, drink!

—*Henry S. Leigh*

A POWERFUL REMEDY

IN THE village of O——, in Central New York, lives a sharp-tongued old bachelor whom I have known for twenty-five years as "Uncle John."

Uncle John is something of a character about town and not destitute of Yankee wit and shrewdness. He used to make and vend in an amateurish way a certain cough mixture, the merits of which he preached to his friends with great enthusiasm, warranting the remedy to cure any cold in twenty-four hours "or no pay." One of his old friends, whom we will call Ike, being afflicted with a severe coughing cold, Uncle John used his best efforts in argument, persuasion, and finally vehement and profane scolding to get him to try the remedy. But Ike could not be induced to "chance it." Not long after this Uncle John caught a hard cold himself, which was accompanied by a most distressing cough that shook his poor frame unmercifully. It did not, however, prevent his coming down-town and "settin'," as he called it, in Ike's market. The cold hung on for a week or more, and the cough had grown no better. Finally one day Ike resolved to brave Uncle John's sharp tongue, and tease him a little about his failure to rid himself of the cold, and the following dialogue ensued. You are to understand that Uncle John's replies were interrupted with violent coughing.

"John?"

"What yer want?"

"Got a bad cold, 'aint ye?"

"Yes; got the wust ever had'n my life."

"Hangs on pretty bad, don't it?"

"Yes; beats all h—l."

Hesitatingly, "Why don't you try some o' y'r cough med'cine you wanted ter sell me?"

"Thought mebbe y' was fool 'noughter ask that question; d'yer s'pose I want ter live forever?"

REMEDIES FOR GRIP

THE prevalent grip is a versatile disease; but there are many remedies for it, as a perusal of the advertising columns of the newspapers will show. The business announcements read something like this:—

"Try Sourmash's Old Rye Whiskey for Grip. It is a specific."

"Take home a brick of Codling's ice-cream in your hat. It is the best grip medicine in the market."

"Bulber's azure pills for blue people will cure the worst cases of grip in twenty-four hours. Try a box. At all druggists."

"Messrs. Key & Pedal confidently recommend their new grand pianos as a grip specific. Send one home to your wife or daughter, and see how quickly she will be well."

"Sheddem's new steel-rod umbrella is the best for grip convalescents. Keep dry."

"Read 'Tales by a Truthteller,' Spyker's latest book, and you will not have the grip."

"Buy a lot in Renter's addition to Lonelyville. Guaranteed to be free from mosquitos, malaria, and grip."

"Grip convalescents, on their way South, should buy one of Tenterhook's celebrated gripsacks. Cheapest and best."

"Take a trip on Dimling's personally conducted tours to the South Sea Islands. This jaunt will positively cure grip."

The above are only specimens. For full particulars see the daily newspapers.

— *William Henry Siviter.*

A clergyman asked a boy if he ever had been baptised. "No, sir," said the lad, "not as I knows of, but I've been *waxinated.*"

A COMPLETE CURE

WHEN Colonel Brackett was in command at Whipple Barracks in 1884, there was an admirer of his named Sidney, who used to give him considerable uneasiness by his attentions. One day while the colonel was walking out he met Sidney, and accosted him.

"Well, Sidney," said he, "I see you are able to get about. I heard you were quite sick."

"No," said Sidney; "but Sam Penrose says my jaw is looser than common."

"That's it. I knew there was something the matter. You have got the Vox Populi."

"Is it dangerous?" queried Sidney.

"Well not very, if taken in time."

"What had I better do?"

"You go and see a doctor at once."

And away went Sidney to find a doctor, and having found one, told him what the colonel had said, upon which the doctor looked very wise, and remarked that there was no great danger unless it reached his Vox Dei.

"Can you give me something for it?" inquired Sidney.

"Oh yes," answered the doctor. "Here is a Lex Talionis which will cure you," and handing Sidney a dose of medicine, he sent him on his way rejoicing.

ALAS, that the most patent of remedial agents should so often fail to produce relief! A physician in Irasburg, Vermont, was called on to prescribe for a patient with a bad finger. The good woman who was suffering from its pain said to the practitioner, "At fust I put on *courtin' plaster*, and then burned it with *lunatic costar*, but it didn't seem to do no good." Too bad! But as they say down there, "some pork *will* bile so."

THE GOOD OLD NOSTRUMS

E CANNOT wonder that children died when we know the nostrums with which they were dosed. They were quack medicines which held sway for a century, among them a valuable property, Daffy's Elixir. These patented — or, rather, secret — medicines had a formidable rival in snail-water, which was used as a tonic and also a lotion. Many of the ingredients and extracts used in domestic medicines were incredibly revolting. Venice treacle was a nasty and popular compound, traditionally invented by Nero's physician. It was made of vipers, white wine, opium, "spices from both the Indies," licorice, red roses, tops of gerymander and St. John's wort, and some twenty other herbs, juice of rough sloes, mixed with honey "triple the weight of all the dry spices." The recipe is published in dispensatories till within this century. The vipers had to be put, "twelve of 'em," into white wine alone. Mithridate, the ancient cure-all of King Mithridates, was another dose for children. There were forty-five ingredients in this, each prepared and introduced with care. Rubila, made chiefly of antimony and nitre, was beloved of the Winthrops, and frequently dispensed by them — and with benefit.

—Alice Morse Earle, "Child Life in Colonial Days."

WHY NOT

The Doctor — "I don't like to confess it, but I ate too much Belgian hare for dinner last evening, and I am suffering somewhat from indigestion."

The Professor — "It's not my business to prescribe for you, but if you believe like cures like why don't you eat a Welsh rabbit?"

DANGEROUS MEDICINE

THE mystery in which the doings of a doctor, scientist, or inventor are clothed, to the ignorant mind, is the occasion of as many surprises as there are new things. An elderly woman in one of the simple homes in the Tennessee Mountains was sick. The medicine that the doctor prescribed was in the modern, convenient form of capsules. The patient trusted her medical adviser, but regarded the medicine with suspicion. She had heard about the terrible dynamite cartridge. Some time after she had taken the capsules, her daughter inquired how she felt.

"Mighty po'ly," was the reply.

"Don't you want something to eat?"

"No."

Soon the mother sat up in her rocking chair. Thinking the attention would be gratefully received, the daughter filled her pipe with fragrant "baccy," and taking a live coal from the hearth, carried both to her mother.

A scream of fear came from the old woman. "Take it away, chile! Don't you come near me with that fire while I've got those cartridges in me!"

EPITAPH

HERE lyes ye Victim of La Grippe
Who died eftsoon. Let this suffice:
Forsoothe, less of ye Monster's nippe
Than from hys Friends' advice.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE

"Now, doctor," he said, as he joined the medical gentleman in the street, "in the case of a man who can't sleep at night what would you advise?"

"I would advise him to sleep in the daytime."

THE GLASS CURE

A Pennsylvania doctor had an Irish woman for a patient for many years. He once pulled her through a lingering attack of typhoid fever, and, of course, took her temperature from time to time by having her hold a thermometer under her tongue. When she had nearly recovered, he called one day, left a simple prescription and started homeward. About three miles from her house he was overtaken by her son on horseback. "Mother is worse," said the boy; "come right back." Back the doctor went.

"Docther," said the old lady reproachfully, as he entered the sick room, "why did ye not give me the jigger undher my tongue? That did me more gud than all the rest of yer trash!"

A SURE CURE

In one of the black-land counties of South Texas is a negro doctor, who enjoys a more or less extensive practice among the colored population, which composes a majority of the citizenship. A white physician accosted him on the road the other day, saying: "Well, Dr. Sam, where have you been?"

"Been to see Bill Johnsing, sah. He was wraslin' wid Mose Jones an' bus' a blood-wessel."

"Indeed, that's serious. What did you prescribe?"

"Ah! I done fix him all right, wid alum and gum arabic. Alum to draw the phats togeddah and de gum to stick 'em."

It may be interesting to add that the victim recovered.

A MUSTARD PLASTER

PRESS me closer, all mine own,
Warms my heart for thee alone.
Ever responsive thrills,
Each caress my being fills;
Rest and peace in vain I crave,
In ecstasy I live, thy slave;
Dower'd with hope, with promise blest,
Thou dost reign upon my breast;
Closer still, for I am thine,
Burns my heart, for thou art mine;
Thou the message, I the wire,
I the furnace, thou the fire;
I the servant, thou the master—
Roaring, red-hot mustard plaster.

—*Burdette.*

THE REMEDY

The Physician—"I find that your wife has been in a melancholy state, bordering on hysteria, as you know, and when I insisted upon knowing the cause, she confided to me that it was due to worry about your affairs. Her tenderness for you has led her to fear that under the enormous burden of your family expenses you might break down. This has caused her collapse."

Van Antler—"Well, well! Poor girl! Now doctor, what would you advise?"

The Physician—"She says, and I am inclined to agree with her, that nothing but a trip to Europe will do her any good."

NOT A GOOD IDEA

A Friend—"If you love her, old fellow, why don't you marry her?"

Bachelor Doctor—"Marry her? Why, she is one of my best patients."

It is seldom that one can present to medical readers so fine a series of new formula as are comprehended in the following, prescribed by an eminent Wisconsin practitioner, and sent by one of the principal druggers of La Crosse. Have the kindness to note the delicate drops of science that trickle through the subjoined:—

for Krup medisen
1 dramm ov annt ti moonneymetic
ate drops tingtur eppakak
a litle peece of lickerrish

Pownd ital toogether and put init hav of a pint of surrop take a sponful evry fifteen minnits and it wil make the child pewke.

for sik hoss
take 5 sents wuth ruberb
2 sents wuth calomey
4 sents wuth sulfur

give the hoss encet a day when the hoss gets fissicked hold up on the medason.

pane in the jints
take oil of angelwurms and
oil of organ, 2 ownses
sperrits of turbentine ditto
tinctur of red peppers ditto
aquamony 1 ownses

put into a bottil with a pint of alkehawl aply twicet a day for rumites and panes any wher.

for colery
take lodlum
pepmint essents
tinkter Kyan peper
Kamfire
rubarb surrup ecual parts

dos a spuneful oncet an our til the panes are gon and the diaree is stopt.

A MATTER OF TASTE

Doctor—"Did you take the rhubarb I ordered?"
Patient—"Yes, sir."
Doctor—"How did you take it?"
Patient—"In a pie."

An Irishman who was very ill, when the physician told him that he must prescribe an emetic for him, said: "Indeed, doctor, an emetic will never do me any good, for I have taken several, and could never keep one of them on my stomach."

A man living in the country far from any physician was taken suddenly ill. His family, in great alarm, not knowing what else to do, sent for a neighbor who had a reputation for doctoring cows.

"Can't you give father something to help him?" asked one of the sons.

"Wa'al, I don't know nothin' about doctorin' people."

"You know more than we do, for you can doctor cows. Now what do you give them when they're sick?"

"Wa'al, I allers give cows salts—Epsom salts. You might try that on him."

"How much shall we give him?" inquired the son.

"Wa'al, I give the cows jest a pound. I suppose a man is a quarter as big as a cow—give him a quarter of a pound!"

"The tocsin of war," remarked the observer of men and things, "is doubtless the only effectual anti-toxin for the war fever."

A YOUNG lady with a touch of tonsillitis was consulting the family physician.

"That is nothing serious," said he. "I'll touch it up with a little nitrate of silver and you will be all right."

The young lady looked a bit doubtful.

"Oh, it won't hurt," remarked the doctor, reassuringly.

"I wasn't thinking of that. Papa might object."

"Why, what possible objection can he have?"

"I heard him tell mamma the other evening that he was opposed to silver. Couldn't you use nitrate of gold? Silver is so common and cheap, you know, and I am sure papa wouldn't object then."

TO VACCINATE or not, that is the question!
Whether 'tis better for a man to suffer
The painful pangs and lasting scars of smallpox,
Or to bare arms before the surgeon's lancet,
And, by being vaccinated, end them. Yes!
To feel the tiny point, and say we end
The chance of many a thousand awful scars
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutedly to be wished. Ah! soft, you, now,
The vaccinator! Sir, upon thy rounds,
Be my poor arm remembered.

—*Dr. J. F. Edwards.*

A LITTLE five-year-old daughter of Dr. Pickens Taylor, of Georgia, was taken down with a spell of intermittent. It became necessary to administer quinine, which he did in the form of small capsules. In order to induce her to take them he told her that they were "little humming-birds' eggs, and were very nice." When the quinine had taken effect, she told her father, with great glee, that the little birds had hatched, and were singing in her head.

A ... lady with a touch of ... was consulting the family physician.

"There is nothing serious," said he. "A touch of ... with a little nitrate of silver ... and you will be all right."

The young lady looked a bit ...

"Oh, it won't hurt," remarked ..., reassuringly.

"I wasn't thinking of that. ... object."

"Why, what possible ... ?"

"I heard him tell mamma ... morning that he was opposed ... silver ... prefer you ... nitrate of gold. Silver is ... you know, and I am very ... than."

The ... is that ... the question
Whether ... better ... to wed
The ... and ... of ...
Or to ... with ... a ...
And, by ... to ... Yes!
To feel the ... pass ... the test
The chance ... that ... relief sure
That ends ... with ... a consummation
Devoutly ... to be ... To wed, ... sure,
To ... the ... To ... the ...
To ... perchance ...

—*Life.* J. F. Dowdall.

A BRIBE

A ... daughter of Dr. Pickens ... of Georgia, ... down with a spell of ... It became necessary to administer ..., which he did in the form of small capsules. In order to induce her to take them he told her that they were "little medicine-birds' eggs, and were very nice." When the patient had taken ... she told her father with great glee, that the ... had hatched, and were singing in her head.

LARGE DOSES

Fortieth Friend (since breakfast) — "By Jove! Old fellow, you've got a fearful cold! What are you taking for it?"

Sufferer (hoarsely) — "Advice."

"CAN God cure my cold?" asked little four-year-old Jimmy.

"Yes, dear, if you ask him," replied his mother.

Next day Jimmy's cold was worse. "Mamma," snuffled he, "God don't seem to be doing much about my cold."

She — "Take care, Alfred! That isn't the remedy for seasickness. Don't you see the bottle is marked poison?"

He — "That's the one I want."

Young Lady Patient — "Doctor, what do you do when you burn your mouth with hot coffee?"

Doctor — "Swear!"

THERE is a village in Michigan, where the church bell is rung every day at 12 o'clock, for the people to take their quinine to ward off chills.

A DOCTOR was asked what he would do first in the case of a man who was blown up by gunpowder. "I should wait until he came down," he replied.

First Pesant—"You go to vaccinate your little?"

Second Pesant—"But yes!"

F. P.—"You have much wrong!"

S. P.—"For why?"

F. P.—"There was my cousin who has made to vaccinate the hers—that has it not prevented to die!"

S. P.—"Of the little pox?"

F. P.—"But no! He has himself drowned in the sea!"

—*Paris Journal Amusant.*

THE DESPERATE CASE

Because all the sick do not recover, therefore medicine is not an art.
—Cicero.

IT WAS HOT

DOCTOR MAGRUDER, our worthy ex-Mayor, is one of those physicians who act upon the rule of "laugh and get well." He is never without a joke for or against some of his patients. I shall endeavor to give one of his stories, as nearly as possible in his own words:—

"I was once called out to attend a man in a little country village who had swallowed sulphuric acid. I prescribed magnesia; but there being no drug-store in the village, I was compelled to administer saleratus as the most convenient substitute. Imagine my horror when the patient began to swell visibly under my eyes! He complained of a burning heat in the stomach, and seemed to be in the very throes of dissolution. I was terribly frightened, but had some consolation in the remembrance that my first prescription had been for the true antidote. At last, fortunately, vomiting ensued; and, of course, as the mingled acid and saleratus met the air a violent effervescence took place. The patient saw the bubbling mass, and turning to me with the queerest expression of pain and wonder, gasped out, 'Doctor, I knew it was hot; but I didn't think it would *boil!*'"

TELLING HIM THE WORST

His Uncle's Heir—"Doctor, tell me the worst."
Doctor (feelingly)—"Your uncle will get well."

A HOPELESS CASE

Doctor—"You must give up drinking and ——"

Mr. Sickly—"I never touch a drop."

Doctor—"And stop smoking."

Mr. Sickly—"I don't smoke."

Doctor—"Humph! that's bad; if you haven't anything to give up, I'm afraid I can't do much for you."

A CURATIVE QUOTATION

Levi—"I understandt dot old Grabbenheimer ish still alive."

Swindlebaum—"Oh, yase; undt it ish expegted dot he vill get vell, after all. You see, he vas lying at der poindt uf death ven der doctor said somedings apoudt his paying der debt uf nature, undt he rose righdt up undt called for his pants."

UNFAVORABLE SYMPTOMS

Physician (to Mrs. Colonel Blood, of Kentucky)—"How did your husband pass the night, Mrs. Blood?"

Mrs. Blood—"He seemed quite comfortable, sir, and asked for water several times."

Physician (with a grave look)—"H'm—still flighty."

TO BE SETTLED LATER

"Doctor," said the sick man, "the other physicians who have been in consultation over my case seem to differ with you in the diagnosis."

"I know they do," replied the doctor, who has great confidence in himself, "but the autopsy will show who was right."

AN URGENT CASE

Poor Patient—"I sent for you, doctor, because I know you are a noted physician; but I feel it my duty to inform you that I haven't over twenty-five dollars to my name."

Dr. Biggfee—"Very well, then; we must try to cure you up as quickly as possible."

PREFERRED DEATH TO DISCOMFORT

Doctor Di Ploma—"Great Goodness, De Long! Are you still in the city? Didn't I tell you a month ago you would have to go South, or die? You look worse than ever."

De Long—"Yes, I know; I paid you for that advice, and tried it. Now, what would you charge to let me die—in New York?"

HOOD used to tell a story of a hypochondriac who was in the habit, two or three times a week, of believing himself dying. On a certain occasion he was taken ill with one of his terrors while riding out in his gig, and happening at the time to see in the road ahead his family physician riding in his carriage in the same direction, he applied the whip to his horse to overtake the old doctor as soon as he possibly could. The doctor, however, seeing him coming, applied the whip to his own horse and as he had a nag that was considered a "goer," they had a close time of it for about three miles. But the hypochondriac, driving a fast horse, finally came alongside of the doctor, and exclaimed: "Hang it, doctor, pull up—pull up instantly. I am dying." "I think you are," cried the doctor; "I never saw any one going so fast."

WHAT PERPLEXED HIM

Smith—"So you don't know what ails you. Haven't you been to see a doctor?"

Jones—"Yes; that's just the trouble—I've been to see six!"

EVERYONE knew old Dr. Balfour. He was a good man and a pious. Yet could he swear when occasion was ripe. Only a few days before his death he visited a patient who had been bedridden for some time and asked for his health.

"Oh, poorly, poorly, Doctor," the sick man moaned.

"Did you take the medicine I sent you?"

"Oh, Doctor, it ain't medicine I need. What I need is prayer, prayer, prayer!"

"Well, I'll pray for you," cheerily said the doctor, and down on his knees he went, praying fervently and with zeal.

"Now, do you feel better? Are you going to take that medicine?" he said when he had risen.

"No, Doctor," whined the patient, "I reckon not."

"Then die and be d——d!" exclaimed the good physician, unable longer to stand the strain, and out he walked, raging like a lion.

Old Lady—"Doctor, do you think there is anything the matter with my lungs?"

Physician (after a careful examination)—"I find, madam, that your lungs are in a normal condition."

Old Lady (with a sigh of resignation)—"And about how long can I expect to live with them in that condition?"

This comes from Jacksonville, Florida:—

During the sickness in our city last fall one of our citizens, Frank J——, was prostrated with fever, and little hope was entertained of his recovery. He was fully conscious of his critical condition, but, being an incorrigible wag, perpetrated the following. The poor fellow was in such danger that two eminent physicians were in constant attendance. One evening Dr. Drew called, and, sitting on one side of the bed, was inquiring into the condition of the patient, when in walked Dr. Sabal, and, taking an extended hand, sat on the other side of the bed. For a moment there was silence, when the prostrate man said:—

"Death sits secure on either hand:
While Jordan rolls between."

Both M. D.'s smiled audibly; the crisis was over, and J—— now pursues his avocation in Jacksonville as of yore.

Medical certificates of physical disability are so frequently introduced into courts by lawyers that it may be pardonable to reproduce the following, written by an army surgeon during our late unpleasantness:—

"Major William Watson:

"Dear Sir—Private Wilkins a member of your regiment is very unwell. He has been Sick for four weeks or more, and is still in bed, and I do Honestly believe that his life will be endangered for I have been his attending Physician. Very resp.,

"Felix Jones, M.D."

Doctor—"What's the patient's pulse?"

Nurse—"Twenty-five."

Doctor—"Heavens! Why, the man won't live an hour!"

Nurse—"This man is from Philadelphia."

Irish Doctor — "I've knocked the fever out of him. That is one good thing!"

Wife of Patient — "Oh, doctor, do you think there is any hope?"

Doctor — "Small chance of that, marm: but ye'll have the satisfaction of knowin' that he died cured."

Kind Inquirer — "And 'ow be the old man, Mrs. Quaggins?"

Mrs. Quaggins—"Thankee kindly, but I'm afeared 'ee be mortal bad. Doctor 'ee do say as 'ow if 'ee live to morning 'e'll 'ave some 'opes of 'ee; but if 'ee doant 'ee's afeared 'ee must give 'ee up."

Physician (to patient) — "Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be held."

Patient (too sick to care for anything) — "Very well, doctor, have as many accomplices as you like."

THE OPERATION

Wounds cannot be cured unless they are probed.
—Livy.

SURGERY BY STEAM

OLD Sabattus was not an Indian, as the nickname implies, but a Yankee guide. One autumn he was left on a steamboat at one of the upper landings on Moosehead Lake while the engineer went ashore with some guests. A man named Meservey came aboard, and in fooling around the boat managed to fall into the firepit, and put his shoulder out of joint. Here was a dilemma. The other members of the party would not be back for nearly an hour, and the injured man was in great pain. The guide was a man of expedients. He got a rope and tied his patient securely to a post. Then he tied another rope around the man's wrist and fastened the loose end of it to a pulley of the engine. He managed somehow to turn on steam, and the pulley began to wind up the rope. It drew the arm out tight in beautiful shape, and presently the joint snapped back into its socket. Then Sabattus jumped around to shut off steam, while the pulley kept on winding. "How does it go? I don't know where it is!" gasped the guide, excitedly. "I can't stop the blamed thing." And the pulley meanwhile was slowly, but surely pulling the patient to pieces. His eyes were sticking out of their sockets, and he screamed and gasped for breath. Sabattus danced around like a wild man, not knowing what to do, when he

happened to spy a hatchet lying near, and, jumping for that, he cut the rope.

Some years after that a lot of summer company arrived at Greenville, Sabattus was there, too, and presently a distinguished looking man, one of the newcomers, went up to him and said, with a meaning smile, "Aren't you the man who practices surgery by steam?"

Sabattus admitted that he was "that same feller."

WHY THE OPERATION WAS NOT PERFORMED

Doctor Sawyer (in consultation)—"Now, Dr. Payne, you wait till I saw him open, and den you kin take the gastongs and grab his liver, while Dr. Sharpe kin chop into ——"

The Patient—"Hol' on dere, doc! I feel so weil dat I doan believe dey's anything de matter wid me 'cept jus' laziness an' shif'lessness." (*His diagnosis was right.*)

A BEAUTIFUL CASE

Patient (who has met with an accident)—"Is it a bad fracture, doctor?"

Doctor (a surgical enthusiast)—"Bad? Why, it's beautiful, sir, beautiful! The bone is broken in not less than thirteen places!"

THE POINT OF VIEW

Patient—"The examination seems to have delighted you, Doctor. I judge from your happy countenance that you can save my life."

Dr. Sawbones—"I cannot promise you that; but we must perform a number of most interesting operations on you."

A DELICATE OPERATION

T is a good thing to be a doctor. When rheums and little anguishes afflict, he is your friend—for a consideration, which, out West, he takes in cash, or something else when coin is not obtainable. Now they have in Pueblo, Colorado, a practitioner who is ever ready to rush in in case of ache or accident. Recently a slight smash happened to Mr. Jeff Steele, some fifteen miles from Pueblo, up the Fontaine. He was thrown from his carriage, near the residence of Mr. Royce, to whose house he was taken in a state of apparent insensibility. An aged physician residing a little way up the creek was immediately sent for, who came posthaste to the aid of the sufferer. After feeling of the young man's pulse, and heaving three or four long-drawn sighs, the doctor turned to Miss Alice, daughter of Mr. Royce, and inquired,

"Have you any fresh eggs?"

"Oh yes, plenty of them, doctor," said Alice.

"Well," said the doctor, "get two, and separate the whites from the yolks, and beat them up thoroughly in different vessels."

Alice, aided by her little brother, set about the task with alacrity, which she soon accomplished, full of faith that the sufferer was soon to be relieved from his pains and brought to his senses.

"Now, doctor," said Alice, "your eggs are ready; what next?"

"Thanks," said the doctor; "have you any good whisky?—or wine will do."

The wine was accordingly forthcoming in a twinkle.

"Now get me a tumbler, please," said the doctor.

The young people eyed the doctor closely, wondering what miracle he was about to perform with

the eggs and wine. Presently the doctor took the tumbler, rinsed it out carefully, turned into it first the yolks and then the whites of the eggs, took a teaspoon and stirred them well together, then filled the glass to the brim with the wine, shook it up well, and, thoughtfully surveying the mixture a moment with an air of supreme satisfaction, put the tumbler to his lips and drained it to the bottom. Setting the tumbler on the table, the doctor smacked his lips a couple of times, and then coolly remarked:

"*Well, my friends, Jeff is pretty badly hurt, but, let me assure you, he is by no means dangerous!*"

MANY DOLLARS

"What did your uncle, the famous surgeon, give you for your birthday?"

"He gave me my appendicitis operation. Wasn't it dear of him?"

HE WANTED A WHISKY "SLING"

The Surgeon—"Miss Jinkins, you may bring a sling. This man's arm is pretty badly fractured."

The Patient—"An', miss, av ye plaze, put more phiskey than wather in it."

A SURGEON being called to see a man who had been slightly wounded, ordered his servant to hasten home and bring a certain plaster. The patient turned pale, and said: "I hope there is no danger." "Yes, indeed, there is," answered the surgeon; "if the fellow don't hurry, the wound will heal before he returns."

A CELEBRATED surgeon used to tell a story, which many who were so happy as to be admitted to his intimacy will at once recognize as his, though we *have* heard it told as original by other lips. A Portuguese, whose English words were as rare as they were imperfect, was brought one day to the hospital afflicted apparently with total paralysis of both legs. It was decided to try the moxa, a little pastil, which in such cases placed upon the course of the spine, and being lighted, burns down to and into the flesh. The patient was partly undressed, laid upon the table, and the moxa applied to his back. No suspicion of his shamming was entertained by the doctors, and the man seemed helpless from the waist down. But so unexpectedly efficacious was the remedy that no sooner did the fire reach the flesh than the patient, finding at the same moment both tongue and limbs, declined their further attentions with the cry, "No, thankee; moch obleeg'," sprang to the floor, and seizing his coat, made for the door, and then the street, and was last seen or heard from making quick time around the corner, and repeating his polite farewell, "No, thankee; moch obleeg'; moch obleeg'; no thankee!"

AT THE siege of Petersburg, a young Confederate lieutenant, who was a great favorite with the girls, was badly wounded in the left arm. Several of the surgeons declared that it would be necessary to amputate the limb, but it was finally decided that by removing a section of the bone the arm might be saved. "But," said one of the surgeons, "it will be a bad job, and when healed the arm will remain crooked."

"Never mind the crook," replied the lieutenant; "set it for hugging and go ahead."

DOCTOR ———, whose belief in the future accords with that of Colonel Robert Ingersoll, had occasion recently to perform a surgical operation upon a man who was illiterate and not select in his language. After etherizing his patient, the operation was successfully performed. When the effect of the ether had passed off, the subject, looking wildly around the room, exclaimed, "Where am I?"

The doctor replied, "Oh, you are all right."

"But," said the man, "it may be all right, but where am I?"

The doctor answered, jocularly, "in heaven."

The patient responded, "If that's so, I'd like to know what *you* are doing here!"

Dr. Emdee — "Did the patient upon whom we operated ever come back?"

Dr. Bones — "Oh, yes! He gave me a test at Madam Geistseer's séance last week."

THE INQUEST

Wherein 'tis as dangerous to be sentenced by a physician as a judge.
— Sir Thomas Browne, "Religio Medici."

CORONER RAFFLEBONE

DISCOVERING, Saturday afternoon, that, contrary to his usual practice, my printer had not drawn his entire salary during the week, ten cents at a time, for obvious purposes, I wrote out the past-due subscription bill of Mr. Milo Bush, and started forth with the hope of making up the deficit. I found Mr. Bush seated on the counter in Shanks's grocery store, engaged in the study of air currents, a scientific enquiry carried on by close observation of the smoke from a fierce eruption in an ancient corn-cob pipe. I handed him the bill, which he read with unfeigned interest. Then he looked up with an animated expression, and said,

"By George, young man, this reminds me of old Doc Rafflebone, who come out here in '78."

"Yes?" I replied, with mild concern, as, with some alarm, I observed him carelessly fold the bill and thrust it into his pocket.

"Made me think of Doc soon as I seen it," went on Mr. Bush. "*You* never knowed Doc — his wife chased him out of the Territory before your time. You're a good bit of a tenderfoot, though you ain't so bad, either. The average tenderfoot don't know enough to scratch a match on a grindstone; but I'll say for you, young man, that you *do*. You have your weak p'ints, of course, physically and mentally, but, as I often say to the boys when they are a-running of you down, says

I, 'The cuss ain't so big a fool, as he looks' — just like that I put it to 'em, many's the time."

"But your friend, the Doctor?" I observed, in an insinuating tone. "Coming to him, young man," he returned, as he punched down the ashes in his pipe with a finger a half-inch shorter than it should have been, apparently, from its black and charred condition, having been gradually burned off through long years of such service. "Old Doc Rafflebone, come from Peoria. Tried to shake his wife, but she got here on the next stage. Might as well tried to shake his dispersition. When that woman called off, Doc danced, you bet! Used to sign hisself Dr. Seneca Rafflebone, H. M. P., C. A. D. N., which meant Hoss and Mule Physician, Calls Answered Day and Night. That's what Doc was edecated for — a veteran. He was a success with hosses, too, but he never seemed to get onto the fine p'ints of doctoring *folks*. The trouble was in graderating the doses. His idea was that if a hoss weighing twelve hundred required a certain dose, a man weighing two hundred needed just one-sixth of the amount."

Mr. Bush paused, puffed strenuously at his pipe, but failing in a responsive cloud, abstractedly drew my bill from his pocket, lit it at the stove, and applied the torch to the slumbering bowl, vigorously stoking it meantime with his finger.

"The theory seems sound," I observed, with a weak show of cheerfulness.

"Sound as a nut. But the difficulty was here: The man might weigh a hundred and sixty-nine, or a hundred and forty-two. An A 1 'rithmetic scholar could probably figure it out even in this case, and fix up the dose, but Doc wa'n't more'n 'bout Z 14, or thereabouts, on 'rithmetic, and these odd-size men bothered him so much that finally he refused to treat any man that didn't weigh an even two hundred. He stuck to this till after he was

elected coroner; then he didn't care, 'cause when he couldn't treat a man no more in his private professional capac'ty he could sock it to him in his official capac'ty, and collect one bill from the widder and the other from the county.

"But by-and-by a reg'lar M. D. doctor come out, and Doc Rafflebone's practice fell off. He kept the confidence of hoss-owners, but the more loving and better class of parents didn't go to him for their children. He never had been no success with children anyhow, owing to their uncertain and mixed-up sizes. The new Doc not only busted up Rafflebone's practice, but knocked out his coroner business pretty well too, because without Rafflebone's practice sudden death become just about unknown in Frenchman County. But Doc was enterprising—you never *seen* an enterprisinger man in your life. He used to go about with a brace of extra six-shooters in his pocket, and if he met a man that was anyways mad he would pull out one of the guns and offer to lend it to him, with the advice to go and shoot the other feller. 'You know the old proverb,' Doc would say to the man 'when a pusson riles you, pop it to him, and then count a hundred.'

"Doc worked up a few cases this way, but not many. Then Fourth of July came along, and a sham battle was arranged as one of the attractions of the day. Doc got at the ammunition the night before and substituted a lot of ball cartridges for the blanks; but the boys got onto his game. This discouraged him some'at, but he didn't give up, nohow. Doc Rafflebone was Old Man Enterprise hisself.

"Soon after the Fourth there came along a circus. It was the first circus that ever struck the Territory, and a good show, though the zebra wouldn't wash. It rained the night before and his cage leaked, and it come out that he wa'n't no

fast-color zebra. That there zebra, to tell the honest truth, was just about one hundred per cent. Rocky Mountain burro. Doc went around to the proprietor of the show and wanted to treat the zebra. Let on he had a way to set the stripes so they wouldn't either run or fade, and offered to make 'em red, white, and blue, and give the critter a yellow tail, and make one ear green and t'other one purple. The proprietor thought Doc was trying to josh him, so he kicked him out. That proprietor didn't know what he was a-kicking.

"Doc made up his mind to have revenge. First he tried to get up a row betwixt some cowboys that was feeling pretty comfortable and the circus men, but it didn't work. Then he seen the side show, and went over. 'How are yer animals?' says Doc to the man. 'All well except the two-headed girl, which has a cough in her left throat,' says the man. 'I am Dr. Rafflebone, H. M. P., C. A. D. N.,' says Doc, 'and I can cure that cough.' The man wouldn't pass him, and after argeing a spell, Doc bought a ticket and went in. He didn't find any two-headed girl, nor nothing else much except a mermaid, and that wa'n't alive — fact, young man, dead mermaid! Doc was plumb beat; but just then he seen a sign, 'Mummy of Rameses I.— From Egypt,' and he examines it. Then an idea struck him, and he slapped his leg so he 'most broke it. He turned to a band of us that was a-sizing up the mermaid, and says he, 'Boys, there's suspicious circumstances connected with this here mummy — we'll just hold an inquest on him!'

"So you may snatch my buttons, young man, if that wa'n't percisely what we done — sot on old Rameses I., and I was foreman of the jury. The proprietor come in and begun kicking. 'Have you got a certificate from the physician what attended the party in his last illness?' says Doc, sweet as

butter. 'Thunder! no,' says the proprietor. 'Then the inquest proceeds,' says Doc. The proprietor kept making hisself obnoxious, so Doc fined him ten dollars for contempt of court, and he shut up. We took the afternoon for it, and sifted the thing to the bottom. We summoned twenty or thirty witnesses, mostly the boys, picking out them that we thought needed the fees and would keep the money in circulation. None of 'em seemed to know much about the case, though Jim Shaw thought he had seen the party in St. Louis two years before, where he were a-lecturing about the 'Effect on the System of Blue Glass'; but Jim didn't know nothing concerning what had killed him. So, after doing all we could, we brought in a verdict that 'The party came to his death from causes unknown to this here jury'; and Frenchman County being poor, we soaked the costs to the proprietor. 'Mebby he'll let me treat that there cotton zebra of his'n next time,' says Doc.

"That's all, young man. I'm a-comin' into yer office some day next week to tell you how you want to handle this here tariff question in yer paper, and I shan't charge you a cent for it!"

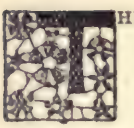
— Hayden Carruth.

MR. MALAPROP AGAIN

I ONCE had a noble-hearted neighbor, whose excellence was shown rather in his deeds than by his words, as the following incident will prove: —

He had been exceedingly kind to a poor man who for a long time suffered from a disease that baffled the skill of the physicians. To the last he ministered to the sufferer's necessities, and after his death secured the ablest of the profession to make an autopsy. In telling me of it he said, "You see, I thought it might be of service to other people, and so I got the doctors to hold a *post-mortification* on him."

A CORONER'S JURY



HE following picture of an intelligent Coroner's Jury is copied from an English newspaper, published twelve years ago: —

Coroner—"Did you know the defunct?"

Witness—"Who's *he?*"

Cor.—"Why, the dead man."

Wit.—"Yes."

Cor.—"Intimately?"

Wit.—"Werry."

Cor.—"How often have you been in company with him?"

Wit.—"Only once."

Cor.—"Do you call *that* intimately?"

Wit.—"Yes, for *he* were drunk, and *I* were *werry* drunk, and that made us like two brothers."

Cor.—"Who recognized the body?"

Wit.—"Jack Adams."

Cor.—"How did he recognize him?"

Wit.—"By standing on his body, to let the water run out!"

Cor.—"I mean how did he *know* him?"

Wit.—"By his plush jacket."

Cor.—"Any thing else?"

Wit.—"No; his face was so swelled his *mother* wouldn't ha' know'd him."

Cor.—"Then how did *you* know him?"

Wit.—"'Cause I warn't his mother!" (*Applause in the court.*)

Cor.—"What do you consider the cause of his death?"

Wit.—"*Drowning*, in course."

Cor.—"Was any attempt made to resuscitate him?"

Wit.—"Yes."

Cor.—"How?"

Wit.—"We *sarched his pockets!*"

Cor.—"I mean, did you try to bring him to?"

Wit.—"Yes—to the public-house."

Cor.—"I mean to *recover* him?"

Wit.—"No; we weren't *told* to."

Cor.—"Did you ever suspect the deceased of mental alienation?"

Wit.—"Yes, the whole village suspected him."

Cor.—"Why?"

Wit.—"'Cause he ailinated one of the Squire's pigs."

Cor.—"You misunderstand me. I allude to *mental* aberration."

Wit.—"Some think *he was!*"

Cor.—"On what grounds?"

Wit.—"I believe they belonged to Squire Waters!"

Cor.—"Pshaw! I mean, was he *mad?*"

Wit.—"Sartenly he were!"

Cor.—"What! devoid of reason?"

Wit.—"Oh, he had no reason to drown hisself, as I knows of."

Cor.—"That will do, sir. (*To the jury*): Gentlemen, you have heard the evidence, and will consider your verdict."

Foreman.—"Your worship, we are all of one mind."

Cor.—"Well, what is it?"

Foreman.—"We don't mind what; we're agreeable to any thing your worship pleases."

Cor.—"No, gentlemen, I have no right to dictate; you had better consult together."

Foreman.—"We have, your worship, afore we came, and we are all unanimous."

Cor.—"I am happy to hear it, gentlemen. (*To the clerk*): Mr. Clerk, take down the verdict. Now then, gentlemen."

Foreman.—"Why then, your worship, it's '*Justifiable Suicide;*' but begs to recommend to

mercy, and hopes we shall be allowed our expenses!»

Lest this scene should be thought to be exaggerated, the journalist affirms its truth to the letter, in every particular.

THE VERDICT

A Boston medical man sends us the verdicts of coroners' juries in two cases, as evidence that even in the near vicinity of the modern Athens men may be found who are liable to what may be called «temporary confusion of intellect.»

No. 1.— «We find that John Wilson came to his death from some cause to the jury unknown; but, from the evidence, the jury are of the opinion that his death was accidental.»

No. 2.—«The jury find that Mary Jones came to her death from blows inflicted by her husband, John Jones, and partly from the excessive use of intoxicating liquors; the first mentioned cause operating, in our opinion, to cause a fatal result, partly in consequence of the second.»

GENERAL PRACTICE

A popular physician is a very important member of society considered merely in a political view. The lives, limbs, health, and spirits of a great part of the subjects of a kingdom depend upon his skill and honesty.

—Dr. Knox.

ERRATUM

I WAS a doctor
In my life-time;
I wrote a treatise
In Latin rhyme
Which made me famous.

Of all diseases
That men endure
And all the simples
That will them cure
My volume treated.

'Twas full of errors,
As I of pride
Because I wrote it,
Before I died—
Ratio sufficit.

Why agues shake us,
Why fevers burn,
What power hath Luna,
And what Saturn,
And Capricornus;

What cure for blindness,
How deaf may hear,
For raving madness
What panacea
Of Elleborus;

Of rue's great virtues
And rosemary,
For what use poppy,
What briony—
All there is answered.

But now the wisdom
That comes with death
Suggests an error
Which burdeneth
My soul with sorrow.

Let now the tombstone
At my grave's head
Say what of old
I should have said
When I was living.

"*Contra bim mortis*"—
It should have been—
"*Non est in hortis*
Medicamen.
Fides in Christum."

DOCTORS AND DESTINY

Doctah Johnsing—"I flattah myself, Sistah Thompsing, dat I've had unprecedented fohtune doctahing de sick dis yeah. I've treated ovah fifty people, an' ob de twenty-seben ob dat fifty wot died, not one ob 'em died from de complaint dat I was doctahing 'em foh."

Sistah Thompsing—"Dey didn't? Dat's a good record, suah 'nough!"

Doctah Johnsing—"Yes; I could cuah de 'riginal complaint easy 'nough, but deir time had come, anyhow, 'f I'd doctah 'em foh solidification ob de osseous tissues, dey'd get ovah dat all right, but dey'd up an' die right off from cancer or persiflage. Science can't run up 'gainst fate!"

SPONGE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

THERE are some people who are always ready to approve of anything that is new. These are they who buy every new patent medicine, and adopt every new garment that is advertised as being essential to health. A few years ago they arrayed themselves from head to foot in red flannel, not because they particularly liked flannel, or admired red above all other colors, but because red flannel underclothing was a novelty, and this had an especial claim on their attention. Relying on this tendency to buy and wear newly-invented clothes, some artful, and it is to be feared unprincipled man, has invented underclothing made of sponge. The trusting public is informed that only by wearing sponge underclothing can people hope to preserve their health, and live out, say, two-thirds of their days. The result is that hundreds of men and women, allured by the novelty of sponge garments, are throwing aside their flannel, silk, or merino underwear, and buying the new and promising substitute for the same.

Mr. Thomas Hewett, who is one of the leading citizens of Birmingham, is commonly spoken of by those who know him and share his radical opinions as a "progressive man." There has not been a single new patent medicine placed on the market within the last ten years that Mr. Hewett has not bought, and either personally swallowed or given to his family. There is hardly a new variety of religious or political opinion which Mr. Hewett has not adopted. His only daughter, who is also his only child — for he lost his son two years ago by giving him a dose of Cancer Preventive, by mistake for a dose of Broken Leg Palliative — shares to some extent her father's love of progress, and either of her own inclination, or in compliance with his

parental commands, adopts every hygienic garment that is invented.

Last week Miss Hewett was invited by young Mr. Baxter, the son of the chemist who supplies Mr. Hewett with most of his medicines, to accompany him in a drive in the outskirts of Birmingham. It had rained incessantly for several days, and the weather reports prophesied bright and sunny weather. In these circumstances a prudent girl would have declined to risk herself and her best clothes by driving in an open victoria, but unfortunately Miss Hewett yielded to her desire for a drive, and accepted Mr. Baxter's invitation.

When the young people set forth on their excursion a dense fog, mingled with occasional showers, extended over the entire area of country where the Weather Report had falsely promised sunshine. Neither Miss Hewett nor Mr. Baxter cared for the fog. They were young and happy. Had the fog been of the blackest London variety they would hardly have noticed it. So they drove on slowly and cautiously, and discussed medicines and other interesting topics, heedless of the penetrating character of the fog.

About two o'clock a curious phenomenon manifested itself. Miss Hewett was growing perceptibly larger. Her attention was first called to the fact by the tightness of her dress, and on taking temporary measures to remedy that evil, she found that she was at least twice as large in circumference as she had ever been at any previous time. Mr. Baxter almost simultaneously discovered that his arm could no longer completely encircle his companion, and the awful truth that she was rapidly and visibly swelling smote the pair with terrible force. Mr. Baxter suggested that this might possibly be the result of having eaten large quantities of dried fruit, washed down with water, but the young lady indignantly denied that she had

ever tasted dried fruit. The young man carefully thought over the possible results of over-indulgence in any or all of the drugs sold at his shop, but he could not remember that any of them were capable of producing sudden corpulence. Soon Miss Hewett's alarm at her strange condition became so great that the horse's head was turned homeward, and the animal was driven at a rapid rate in search of the nearest physician. Meanwhile, Miss Hewett continued to grow with amazing rapidity. She almost filled the seat of the victoria, and crowded Mr. Baxter into the extreme corner. Suddenly a new horror made its appearance. Mr. Baxter found that his left side and arm were thoroughly wet, and that pools of water were forming in the bottom of the carriage. In his turn, he became terrified, and urged on the horse in a way that was really dangerous. The victoria swayed and jolted, and at every jolt Miss Hewett was enveloped in a shower of water. She would then for a few moments occupy a little less space, but in a short time would become as stout as ever. A state of things so unprecedented and alarming would perhaps have driven Mr. Baxter into hopeless lunacy had he not reached the doctor's house before his reason was completely overthrown.

The doctor was not long in making a diagnosis of the case, and in relieving the minds of his frightened visitors. He said that it was not a wholly unprecedented case. Sponge, he informed his visitors, will occupy when dried and compressed comparatively little space, but when exposed to moisture in the form of a heavy fog, it will absorb water to such an extent as to swell to many times its original bulk. He then wrote a prescription, in which he had some difficulty in translating "towels" into Latin, and dismissed the young people and pocketed his guinea.

— *William L. Alden.*

DOCHTHER O'FLANNIGAN AND HIS WONDHERFUL CURES

I.

I'm Barney O'Flannigan, lately from Cork;
I've crossed the big watther as bould as a shtork.
'Tis a dochther I am and well versed in the thrade;
I can mix yez a powdher as good as is made.
Have yez pains in yer bones or a throublesome ache
In yer jints afther dancin' a jig at a wake?
Have yez caught a black eye from some blundhering whack?
Have yez vertebral twists in the sphine av yer back?
Whin ye're walkin' the shtrates are yez likely to fall?
Don't whiskey sit well on yer shtomick at all?
Sure 'tis botherin' nonsinse to sit down an wape
Whin a bit av a powdher ull put yez to shlape.
Shtate yer symptoms, me darlins, and niver yez doubt
But as sure as a gun I can shtraighten yez out!
Thin don't yez be gravin' no more;
Arrah! quit all yer sighin' forlorn;
Here's Barney O'Flannigan right to the fore,
And bedad! he's a gintleman born!

II.

Coom thin, ye poor craytures and don't yez be scairt!
Have yez batin' and lumberin' thumps at the hairt,
Wid ossification, and acceleration,
Wid fatty accration and bad vellication,
Wid liver inflation and hapitization,
Wid lung inflammation and brain adumbration,
Wid black aruptation and schirrhous formation,
Wid nerve irritation and paralyzation,
Wid extravasation and acrid sacration,
Wid great jactitation and exacerbation,
Wid shtrong palpitation and wake circulation,
Wid quare titillation and cowld perspiration?
Be the powers! but I'll bring all yer woes to complation,
Onless yer in love — thin yer past all salvation!
Coom, don't yez be gravin' no more!
Be quit wid yer sighin' forlorn;
Here's the man all yer haling potations to pour,
And ye'll prove him a gintleman born!

III.

Sure, me frinds, 'tis the wondherful luck I have had
In the thratement av sickness no matther how bad.
All the hundhreds I've cured 'tis not aisy to shpake,
And if any sowl dies, faith I'm in at the wake;
There was Misthriss O'Toole was tuck down mighty quare,
That wild there was niver a one dared to lave her;
And phat was the matther? Ye'll like for to hare;
'Twas the double quotidian humerous faver.
Well, I tuck out me lancet and pricked at a vein,
(Och, murther! but didn't she howl at the pain!)
Six quarts, not a dhrap less I drew widout sham,
And troth she shtopped howlin', and lay like a lamb.
Thin for fare sich a method av thratement was risky,
I hasthened to fill up the void wid ould whiskey,
Och! niver be gravin' no more!
Phat use av yer sighin' forlorn?
Me patients are proud av me midical lore—
They'll shware I'm a gintleman born.

IV.

Well, Misthriss O'Toole was tuck betther at once,
For she riz up in bed and cried: "Paddy, ye dunce!
Give the dochther a dhram." So I sat at me aise
A-brewin' the punch jist as fine as ye plaze.
Thin I left a prascription all written down nate
Wid ametics and diaphoretics complate;
Wid anti-shpasmodics to kape her so quiet,
And a toddy so shtiff that ye'd all like to thry it.
So Paddy O'Toole mixed 'em well in a cup—
All barrin' the toddy, and that he dhrunk up;
For he shwore 'twas a shame sich good brandy to waste
On a double quotidian faverish taste;
And troth we agrade it was not bad to take,
Whin we dhrank that same toddy nixt night—at the wake!
Arrah! don't yez be gravin' no more,
Wid yer moanin' and sighin' forlorn;
Here's Barney O'Flannigan thrue to the core
Av the hairt of a gintleman born!

V.

There was Michael McDonegan down wid a fit
Caught av dhrinkin' cowld watther — whin tipsy — a bit.
'Twould have done your hairt good to have heard him
cry out
For a cup of potheen or a tankard av shtout,
Or a wee dhrap av whiskey, new out av the shtill; —
And the shnakes that he saw — troth 'twas jist fit to kill!
It was Mania Pototororum, bedad!
Holy Mither av Moses! the divils he had!
Thin to scare 'em away we surroonded his bed,
Clapt on forty laches and blisthered his head,
Bate all the tin pans and set up sich a howl,
That the last fiery divil ran off, be me sowl!
And we writ on his tombstone, "He died av a shpell
Caught av dhrinkin' cowld watther shtraight out av a
well."

Now don't yez be gravin' no more,
Surrinder yer sighin' forlorn!
'Twill be fine when ye cross to the Stygian shore,
To be sint by a gintleman born.

VI.

There was swate Ellen Mulligan, sazed wid a cough,
And ivery one said it would carry her off.
"Whisht," says I, "thrust to me, now, and don't yez
go crazy;
If the girlie must die, sure I'll make her die aisy!"
So I sairched through me books for the thrue diathasis
Of morbus dyscrasia tuburculous phthasis;
And I boulsthered her up wid the shtrongest av tonics.
Wid iron and copper and hosts av carbonics;
Wid whiskey sarved shtraight in the finest av shtyle,
And I grased all her inside wid cod-liver ile!
And says she (whin she died), "Och, dochther, me honey,
'Tis you as can give us the worth av our money;
And begorra, I'll shpake to the divil this day
Not to kape yez a-waitin' too long fer yer pay."

So don't yez be gravin' no more!
To the dogs wid yer sighin' forlorn!
Here's dhrugs be the handful and pills be the score,
And to dale thim a gintleman born.

VII.

There was Teddy Maloney who bled at the nose
Afther blowin' the fife; and mayhap ye'd suppose
'Twas no matther at all; but the books all agrade
'Twas a sarious visceral throuble indade;
Wid the blood swimmin' roond in a circle elliptic,
The Schneidarian membrane was wantin' a shtyptic;
The antarior nares were nadin' a plug,
And Teddy himself was in nade av a jug.
Thin I rowled out a big pill av sugar av lead,
And I dosed him, and shtood him up firm on his head,
And says I: "Now, me lad, don't be atin' yer lingth,
But dhrink all ye plaze, jist to kape up yer shtringth."
Faith! His widdy's a jewel! But whisht! don't ye
shpake!
She'll be Misthriss O'Flannigan airly nixt wake.
Coom, don't yez be gravin' no more!
Shmall use av yer sighin' forlorn;
For yer widdies, belike, whin their mournin' is o'er,
May marry some gintleman born.

VIII.

Ould Biddy O'Cardigan lived all alone,
And she felt mighty nate wid a house av her own—
Shwate-smellin' and houlsome, swaped clane wid a
rake,
Wid two or thray pigs jist for company's sake.
Well, phat should she get but the malady vile
Av cholera-phobia-vomitus-bile!
And she sint straight for me: "Dochther Barney, me
lad,"
Says she, "I'm in nade av assistance, bedad!
Have yez niver a powdher or bit av a pill?
Me shtomick's a rowlin'; jist make it kape shtill!"
"I'm the boy can do that," says I; "hould on a minit,
Here's me midicine-chist wid me calomel in it,
And I'll make yez a bowle full av rid pipper tay
So shtrong ye'll be thinkin' the divil's to pay."
Now don't yez be gravin' no more!
Be quit wid yer sighin' forlorn,
Wid shtrychnine and vitriol and opium galore,
Behould me — a gintleman born.

IX.

Wid a gallon av rum thin a flip I created,
Shwate, wid musthard and shpice; and the poker I hated
As rid as a guinea jist out av the mint—
And into her shtomick, begorra, it wint!
Och, niver belave me, but didn't she roar!
I'd have kaped her alive with a quart or two more;
And the thray little pigs in that house av her own
Wouldn't now he a-shtarvin' and shqualin' alone.
And that gossoon, her boy—the shpalpeen altogither!—
Would niver have shworn that I murdhered his mither.
Troth, for sayin' that same, but I sarved him a thrick,
Whin I met him by chance wid a bit av a shtick.
Faith, I dochthered him well till the cure I complated,
And, be jabers! there's one man alive that I thrated!
So don't yez be gravin' no more;
To the dogs wid yez sighin' forlorn!
Arrah! knock whin ye're sick at O'Flannigan's door,
And die for a gintleman born!

—*Amanda T. Jones.*

"Opposite to the Eagle Tavern, in those days, dwelt an M. D. whom many will also remember. 'Dr. Hinckley, Physician and Surgeon,' was the inscription on the shingle over his door, and so high up as not to be easily read. One afternoon I noticed a couple of verdant youth attentively studying the sign, when one of them exclaimed: 'I've got it! It's Dr. Hinckley, Physicking Sturgeon!'"

"'No, it ain't,' said the other, 'it's Dr. Hinckley, Fishing for Sturgeon.'"

"The boys were evidently full of Albany beef, as sturgeon was and is now called, and being satisfied that they had got the right of it, decamped."

HYPODERMIC ENERGY

A PHYSICIAN and his friend were standing on the street corner of a Virginia town where they were spending a few days. Their attention was amusingly arrested by the sight of an old darky belaboring the flanks of a mule in a vain persuasion to make him move on. At last the doctor was appealed to.

"Say, boss, I'll give you five dollahs ef you'll make dis hyer mule go."

With a sly wink the physician opened his case and took out his hypodermic syringe, filled the needle with an acid and sent it into the hind quarters of the mule. The effect was magical. With a wild plunge the mule went tearing down the street with the darky after him, the bystanders roaring with laughter. A short time afterward, the darky, dust-covered and panting, approached again.

"Say, boss — how much — was de wuff — of dat stuff — yo' done squht — in dat mule?"

"Oh," said the doctor, "about ten cents."

Down went the darky's hands in his jeans pockets. He fished out two dimes.

"Hyah, boss — am twenty cents. I wish — yo' would squht — twice as much of that stuff into me — 'case I'se bound — to catch dat mule."

THE trial of a doctor's suit was published in a Connecticut newspaper some years ago, in which a witness was called for the purpose of proving the correctness of the doctor's bill.

The witness was asked by the lawyer whether the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger. "No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient in danger so long as the doctor continued his visits."

THE SKITTISH DOCTOR

Doctor S—— was noted among his professional brethren for his power of concentration. When once he bent his mind to a problem he became totally oblivious of everything about him. The doctor had a horse that was almost as famous as himself. Among her peculiarities was the habit of shying. She would not shy at things which most horses consider fit subjects for that sort of digression. She would pay no attention whatever to a newspaper blowing about the streets, but was mortally afraid of a covered wagon. At the sight of one of New Haven's suburban stages she would run over the curb-stone and threaten not only the doctor's life, but that of a chance passer. Of this habit she could not be broken. It seemed as though she could smell a stage long before it came in sight, so that the doctor would go half a dozen blocks out of his way rather than meet one. Early one morning he received a telephone call to the effect that one of his patients had become alarmingly worse. Without waiting for his carriage, he started to walk, the distance being about a mile. His mind became at once absorbed in the case, but not so much so that he did not remember that the course of the Seymour stage lay right in his path. He looked at his watch and saw that he would be sure to meet it if he went the shortest way. He was in a hurry to get to his patient, but there was no help for it. He uttered a malediction over the circumstance, and turned off at the first corner. This obliged him to nearly double the distance, and the day was warm. He walked as he never walked before, and failed to recognize a couple of intimate friends whom he nearly ran over. It was not until he spent two hours with his patient, and came out to look for his horse,

that he began to realize that he had walked a mile out of his way so that he need not shy at the Seymour stage.

THE SERVANT WAS HORRIFIED

DR. S. had last winter a newly-arrived Hibernian for a servant; he had also recently purchased a pair of porpoise-leather boots. His wife, attracted by the novelty of the new foot-wear, asked the doctor in the presence of the servant what they were made of, to which he responded, "Porpoise-hide."

Shortly after the lady from the Emerald Isle interviewed Mrs. S. and announced her intention of "laving whin me week is up." Mrs. S., somewhat surprised, asked the disturbed domestic the reason for her announced departure, to which Bridget responded, with a horrified air,—

"Yer husband is a docther, mum, an' I've heard them docthers do be cuttin' up people, an' didn't I hear um, with me own errs, say that the boots of him were made of pauper's hide? It's me own ould father that died in the poor-house, an' I wouldn't be sarvin' a haythen that uses the skin of the poor to cover his dirthy feet wid."

A CLEAR CASE

A BOARD of physicians were inquiring into the state of mind of an alleged lunatic.

"You told us just now," said the spokesman, "that you were the Emperor Napoleon, and now you say you are the Duke of Wellington. Pray explain yourself."

"Quite right," returned the patient, cheerfully; "that was by a different mother."

They didn't ask him any more questions.

MEDICAL LONGEVITY

THE average duration of a medical man's life during the sixteenth century was thirty-six years, five months; in the seventeenth century it was forty-five years, eight months; in the eighteenth century forty-nine years, eight months; and in the nineteenth century fifty-six years, seven months. It would appear from this data that — whether the survival be of the fittest or not — the duration of medical life has been increasing in a marvellous manner. Should the same rate be maintained practitioners of medicine may ere long all look forward to centennial honors — by no means a rosy prospect from the point of view of the neophyte who, as it is, finds it sufficiently hard to make good his footing within the densely crowded ranks. According to Dr. Salzmann, the antiquarian, the addition of over twenty years to the average medical lifetime is due to the advance of medical science, preventive and curative; so the ironical apothegm, "Physician, heal thyself," can no longer be launched with any effect.

NO PERCEPTIBLE CHANGE

Josh — "Don't you remember there was a doctor some time ago that found out how to take out your stomach without doin' any harm?"

Silas — "Well, I reckon his plan didn't work. As fur as I can see, there's jest as many folks with stomachs as ever there was."

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

Patient — "I just dropped in to see you, Doctor, and to say that I am entirely recovered."

Doctor — "Is that so? I wish you would drop in oftener."

THE DOCTOR

A Sketch

"*Whatever is, is right.*"—Pope.

THERE once was a doctor
(No foe to the proctor),
A physic concocter,
Whose dose was so pat,
However it acted,
One speech it extracted,—
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

And first all "unaisy,"
Like woman that's crazy,
In flies Mistress Casey,
"Do come to poor Pat;
The blood's running faster!
He's torn off the plaster——"
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

Anon, with an antic,
Quite strange and romantic,
A woman comes frantic—
"What could you be at?
My darling dear Aleck,
You've sent him oxalic!"
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

Then in comes another,
Dispatch'd by his mother,
A blubbering brother,
Who gives a rat-tat—
"Oh, poor little sister
Has lick'd off a blister!"
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

Now home comes the flunkey,
His own powder-monkey,
But dull as a donkey—
With basket and that—
"The draught for the Squire, Sir,
He chuck'd in the fire, Sir——"
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

The next is the pompous
Head Beadle, old Bumpus—
"Lord! here is a rumpus:
That pauper, Old Nat,
In some drunken notion
Had drunk up his lotion——"
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

At last comes a servant,
In grief very fervent;
"Alas! Doctor Derwent,
Poor Master is flat!
He's drawn his last breath, Sir—
That dose was his death, Sir."
"Yes, yes," said the Doctor,
"I meant it for that!"

—*Thomas Hood.*

HARD ON THE PROFESSION

"JOHN, our doctor is recommending Welsh rabbit as a breakfast dish."

"Well, you see through that, don't you? He's getting so lazy that he doesn't want to be called out at night."

A WONDER-WORKER

"THEY say my cousin is a wonderful doctor."

"You bet he is! I swallowed a nickel the other day and he made me cough up $2."

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION

A MEMBER of the military band at a certain barrack came to the surgeon recently with a long face and a plaintive story about a sore throat. "Sore throat, eh?" said the surgeon, pleasantly. "Let me see. Oh, that's not so bad. A slight irritation, nothing more. You'll be all right in a day or two. I think you had better take no risk of renewing the trouble by using your throat, though, so I will recommend you for a fortnight's sick leave."

Armed with the surgeon's certificate, the bandsman obtained his two weeks' sick leave. The two weeks had just come to an end, when he met the surgeon on the parade ground. The bandsman saluted. The surgeon recognized the face and stopped. "How's the throat?" he asked pleasantly. "It's quite well, sir," was the reply. "That's good," said the surgeon. "You can get back to your duty without fear. By the way, what instrument do you handle in the band?" "The small drum, sir," said the musician

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'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,

. . . . . .

I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honor,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags
To please the fool and death.

—*Shakespeare.*

A PHYSICIAN was badly hurt by the caving-in of a well. He should have attended to the sick, and let the *well* alone.

THE ORIGIN OF "DEADHEAD"

FIFTY years ago the principal avenue of Detroit had a toll-gate close to the entrance of the Elwood Cemetery road. As this cemetery had been laid out some time previous to the construction of the plank road, it was arranged that all funeral processions should be allowed to pass along the latter toll-free. One day, as Dr. Pierce, a well-known physician, stopped to pay his toll, he observed to the gate-keeper,—

"Considering the benevolent character of our profession, I think you ought to let us pass free of charge."

"No, no, doctor," replied the man: "we can't afford that. You send too many 'deadheads' through here as it is."

The story travelled, and the word became fixed.

THE late Dr. Yandell was fond of telling the following joke: A lady patient one morning greeted him with the remark, "Doctor, I had such a singular dream about you last night." "Indeed. What was it?" "Why, I dreamed that I died and went to Heaven. I knocked at the golden gate, and was answered by Peter, who asked my name and address, and told the recording angel to bring his book. He had considerable difficulty in finding my name, and hesitated so long over the entry, when he did find it, that I was terribly afraid something was wrong, but he suddenly looked up and asked, 'What did you say your name was?' I told him again. 'Why,' said he, 'you've no business here. You're not due these ten or fifteen years yet.' 'Well,' said I, 'Dr. Yandell said' —— 'Oh, you're one of Yandell's patients, are you? That accounts for it. Come right in! come right in! that man's always upsetting our calculations in some way."

In a western city lives an undertaker by the name of Brown, a great wag, and always ready to play a joke; also a doctor who is a joker, and is always ready to tell on himself; and a "monument maker" who is of the same kidney.

One day the doctor was driving at full speed down a business street, when Brown spied him. Brown was in his wagon, with the sign of his profession on the side. Whipping up his horse, he came as close to the doctor as possible, and glancing round, he spied the monument-maker. Calling to the monument-maker to hurry up, Brown called out: "Go on, doctor, go on; we're coming."

The doctor looked round, and dismay was pictured on his countenance. He whipped up his horse, but all to no purpose, the undertaker and the monument-maker following closely. At last the ridiculous part of the thing struck him, and leaning back in his buggy he gave vent to his laughter, in spite of the thought, "What a sign for a prominent physician this is!"

Sarcastic Judge to Medical Expert—"Can you tell the court how much arsenic will kill a fly?"

Medical Expert—"Certainly, if the court will tell me the age and nationality, the temperament, the habits and the condition of the fly, whether married or single, a widow, spinster, or bachelor."

Physicians mend or end us,
Secundum artem: but although we sneer
In health—when ill, we call them to attend us,
Without the least propensity to jeer.
—*Byron*—"*Don Juan.*" *Canto X, St. 42.*

"I asked our doctor his motto the other night." "What did he say?" "Patience and long suffering."

WHILE the boundary line of Virginia and North Carolina was in dispute, the residence of a lady was uncertain as to the State. When the line was established, she was in Virginia. "I am very glad of it," she observed, "for North Carolina is always such a *sickly* State."

DOCTOR'S night-bell rings furiously at 2 A. M.
Doctor (head out of the window)—"Well?"
Shrill voice from below—"No, imbecile—*ill!*"

Mrs. Ruggs—"Why do you dislike Mr. Curem?"
Mrs. Muggs—"He cured my husband's rheumatism, so he can never tell when it is going to rain, and last week I spoiled a brand-new hat."

MEDICAL men are to be envied: if they cure us we are loud in their praise; but if they do not, we preserve a dead silence.

"YOU are suffering from a complication of diseases, Mr. Stein, at least six."
"How much discount you gif me on halef a dozen, Doctor?"

"YES, Doctor, it still hurts me to breathe—in fact, the only trouble now seems to be my breath."
"Oh, well, I'll give you something that will soon stop that."

A ROBUST countryman hid as a doctor approached, saying: "It is so long since I have been sick, that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face."

SOME FAMOUS DOCTORS

Nothing is more estimable than a physician who, having studied nature from his youth, knows the properties of the human body, the diseases which assail it, the remedies which will benefit it, exercises his art with caution, and pays equal attention to the rich and the poor.

—Voltaire, "A Philosophical Dictionary."

ANECDOTES OF DOCTORS

FOREMOST among the old English physicians whom we propose to sketch, must stand out that blunt, clever, irascible Yorkshireman, Dr. Radcliffe, whose memory the great library at Oxford (for which he bequeathed forty thousand pounds) will never allow to perish. Though there was perhaps a certain pride about his honest bluntness, we must respect the man who could tell the truth even to royal patients.

Two years after his arrival in London, Radcliffe was appointed physician to the Princess Anne of Denmark; and soon after the accession of King William, was rewarded for the cure of two of William's favorites by a present of five hundred guineas from Privy-purse. Though refusing the post of court physician, Radcliffe is said to have received from the king in six years nearly eight thousand guineas. His gains, indeed, seem to have been enormous, for, in 1691, he received one thousand guineas from Queen Mary for successfully prescribing for the young Duke of Gloucester, the son of the Princess

Anne; and we cannot disbelieve the story that Dr. Gibson made a thousand a year by receiving patients who were unable to obtain admission to Dr. Radcliffe.

In 1694 he attended the good Queen Mary for the small-pox, and on merely reading the prescriptions of the other physicians, at once pronounced her "a dead woman"; a prediction very soon verified. Queens and princesses might shrug their pretty shoulders at his name, but they could not dispense with Radcliffe's services, and we find him telling a messenger of the Princess Anne, "that she had nothing but the vapors, and was as well as any other woman in the world, could she but think so." He was dismissed the court for this hit. Even royal pride, however, had to bow before the great doctor, and he was, in 1699, again sent for to see the Duke of Gloucester, whom he at once, abusing soundly the two court physicians, pronounced as beyond the reach of medicine.

In 1695, King William gave Radcliffe twelve hundred pounds, and made him the offer of a baronetcy, which he declined, for having gone abroad to attend the Earl of Albemarle, who, on his recovery, had sent him four hundred guineas and a diamond ring. Even the king Radcliffe did little to conciliate, and told him frankly that all promises to cure him were futile. He might, he said, if he gave up drinking long toasts with the Earl of Bradford (who drank hard), live three or four years; but no art would carry him further. When the king was finally seized with dropsy, and asked the doctor what he "thought of his legs," Radcliffe replied: "Why, truly, sir, I would not have your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms."

Can we wonder that William ever afterwards refused to see the blunt doctor, in spite of the intercession of the Earl of Albemarle and other nobles?

For many years, Queen Anne remembered the message about the vapors, and never sent for him to the palace; but when her own husband, Prince George of Denmark, was dying, she had again to bate her pride. But Radcliffe was both blunt and rough, and told her plainly that no medicine could preserve him more than six days; and the Prince died of dropsy within that time.

Fond as Radcliffe was of money, he could bear losses philosophically, if the story is true, that, losing five thousand pounds in a foolish commercial adventure he coolly remarked in his city tavern, that, after all, it only amounted to going up five thousand more pairs of stairs. He was equally calm when he lost fifteen thousand pounds down and a city bride. With that strange inconsistency common to human nature, Radcliffe, though he hated breaking a guinea for small payments, was charitable in a large way. He secretly sent five hundred pounds to the Nonjuring clergy of Norwich, and on another occasion three hundred pounds to the poor Episcopal clergy of Scotland.

To those whom he respected the doctor was rough; to those whom he despised, he was terrible indeed. Tyson of Hackney, a notorious usurer and miser, once came to him disguised as a poor man, in order to save the fee. Radcliffe recognized him, and at once shook Death's dart in his face.

"Go home, sir, and repent!" he roared. "The grave is ready for the man who has raised an immense estate out of the spoils of orphans and widows. You will be a dead man, sir, in ten days."

Tyson died within the time, having the wretched satisfaction of leaving behind him three hundred thousand pounds.

Radcliffe, who died in 1714, was succeeded by his protégé, Dr. Mead, the son of a dissenting minister at Stepney, who first practiced inoculation

in England. Though an ardent Whig, Mead was a friend of Pope, Garth, and Arbuthnot. Educated at Utrecht, Leyden, and Padua, Mead became famous at an early age, and soon acquired a European reputation. Though a mild, forbearing man, he once drew his sword on his scurrilous rival, Dr. Woodward, and forced him to beg his pardon. His grand house in Great Ormond Street contained a library of ten thousand volumes, and curiosities innumerable, which he could well afford to purchase out of his six thousand pounds a year. A liberal patron of arts and sciences, he helped to start the Foundling Hospital, and was generous to artists and scholars. As physician to St. Thomas's Hospital, anatomical lecturer to the Surgeons' Company, and Vice-President of the Royal Society, he knew every one who was eminent. He corresponded with his old fellow-student, Boerhaave, and was eulogised by Pope, who says: "I highly esteem and love that worthy man."

Like his patron Radcliffe, Mead was fond of taverns. He spent his evenings at Batson's coffee-house; and in the forenoons, apothecaries used to consult him, for half-guinea fees, at Tom's coffee-house, near Covent Garden. With all his learning, Mead believed that the sun and moon had influence over human bodies, and wrote a work on the subject.

At the age of twenty, Fothergill, the son of a planter in Tortola, released his fifty slaves, and became a voluntary beggar; then commencing practice, he amassed nearly two thousand pounds in six months, and came to England, where he soon became renowned for his beneyolence and his learning.

Passing over Freind, whose Jacobitism got him into the Tower, and Cheselden, with his predilection for pugilism, we pass on to that excellent man, the

Quaker physician, Lettsom. When only forty years of age, Dr. Lettsom is said to have made twelve thousand pounds per annum. The charity and generosity of this amiable man knew no bounds. For a highwayman who stopped him and took his purse, he obtained a commission in the army. His rich patients he neglected for the poor. He was one of the earliest supporters of the Margate Sea-bathing Infirmary. He promoted vaccination, and helped forward the Royal Humane Society. Lettsom is described as a tall man, with a dark yellow face. The well-known epigram upon him ran:—

"When any sick to me apply
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
If after that they choose to die,
What's that to me?—I Lettsom."

A greater man, and quite as social and amiable, was Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination. A chance remark of a Gloucestershire dairymaid was the origin of his great and useful discovery. He was the son of a Gloucestershire clergyman; and on the expiration of his apprenticeship to a surgeon near Bristol, studied under the celebrated John Hunter. In 1790, Parliament voted Jenner twenty thousand pounds, as it appeared clearly from a report of the College of Physicians that, out of 164,311 cases of vaccination, there had been only three deaths. Jenner seems to have been a meek, gentle, and modest man, astonished at his own fame. The character of the man is well shown in a letter he wrote to Cline, who assured him, if he came to London, he would earn ten thousand pounds a year.

"Shall I," he says, "who, even in the morning of my days, sought the lowly and sequestered paths of life in the valley, and not the mountain—shall I, now my evening is fast approaching, hold myself up as an object for fortune and for fame? Admit-

ting it as a certainty that I obtain both, what stock should I add to my little fund of happiness? And as for fame, what is it?—a gilded butt, forever pierced with the arrows of malignancy.»

John Hunter was a remarkable instance of natural genius discovering its true bent. The Glasgow cabinetmaker's boy was right when he left the plane and chisel, and turned anatomical assistant, to be in time surgeon-general of the army, and, without a doubt, the first surgeon of Europe. On his great collection, now in the College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Hunter is said to have spent ninety thousand pounds. It was purchased by the government for fifteen thousand pounds. Hunter's skillfulness may be gathered from the fact, that he once removed a tumor as large as a man's head, and healed the wound, as surgeons say, by the first intention. He was so diffident a lecturer, that he is said to have always taken thirty drops of laudanum before he commenced his discourse. In character, Hunter was arrogant and contemptuous, trampling down all opposition. When told of a hostile criticism being published, he said: «Yes, we have all of us vermin that live upon us.» Hunter died in 1793, suddenly, at a meeting in St. George's Hospital, where some opposition had irritated him. A fear of hydrophobia from a cut he had received in dissecting a hydrophobic patient, had latterly preyed much upon his mind. His chief discoveries were in relation to cancer and popliteal aneurism; but he carried the study of anatomy farther than his predecessors, and established the existence of new properties in the gastric juice. Hunter was fond of keeping wild animals, from which he sometimes ran great risks.

In Abernethy, we come again to one of those rough eccentric physicians of whose kindness in-

numerable good stories are told. Like Dr. Johnson, he had a warm heart under a rough exterior. Though he could be absolutely brutal to fine ladies and affected misses, he is said to have been an amiable man, beloved of his family and friends. But to tiresome patients and *malades imaginaires*, he was at times the personation of rudeness: "Sir, that's enough; go home and read my book." To a lady, who complained of low spirits, he would say: "Don't come to me; go and buy a skipping-rope." Sometimes, however, he met his match. Curran one day came to consult him, and was rather diffuse in describing his symptoms.

"Sir," said Abernethy, "you had better tell me your whole life." Upon which Curran sat down, and seriously began: "I was born in the year ——, in the county of ——, Ireland;" and Abernethy burst into a laugh, and entered properly into his case. A lady determined to be brief, and to humor the tyrant, one day entered his consulting-room, and thrusting out an injured hand, merely said: "My thumb, sir." "You, madam," he exclaimed in admiration, "are the only sensible woman I ever had for a patient."

A gentleman, equally determined, being roughly interrupted, suddenly locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and insisted on being heard. Abernethy smiled, and complimented the patient on his resolution. To a gentleman, who gave him twenty pounds to re-attend his wife, he said: "Are you the fool who gave me twenty pounds the other day? Go home and tell your wife to dine earlier, and eat less; and do you keep your money in your pocket, for no doctor's advice is worth twenty pounds." To a lady, he said severely: "Go home and tell your husband he will not have a wife this day six months."

Abernethy was no respector of persons. Poor or rich, his patients had to submissively take their

turns, or they might go elsewhere. An angry nobleman once broke into his room, and stated his rank and titles in full, and asked Abernethy if he knew who he was. To this Abernethy replied: "And I, sir, am John Abernethy, surgeon-lecturer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, etc.; and if you wish to consult me, I am now ready to hear what you have to say, in return, sir." The Duke of Wellington, angry at having to wait his turn, abruptly entered his room. Abernethy asked him how he had entered, "By the door, sir." "Then," said the irascible doctor, "I recommend you to make your exit the same way." He is also said to have refused to attend George IV. till his lecture at the hospital was over. The point on which Abernethy most insisted was the stomach, and through that important organ he declared all diseases could be cured. The celebrated biscuits which he used to eat and recommend were not so called from him, but from the baker who first invented them. That there was kindness in Abernethy, who can deny, who remembers the story of how he returned all his fees to a poor widow who had consulted him, and added fifty pounds, to enable her to give her sick child a daily ride? He had a horror of operations, and rejoiced when the evil could be averted without such rough and terrible remedies.

We must not forget to enrol among our doctors the poet-doctor, Akenside, who, at the age of twenty-three, wrote the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, a poem which Pope admired and eulogised. Akenside is described by one of his best biographers as a bundle of contraditions. "By turns he was placid, irritable — simple, affected — gracious, haughty — mean, benevolent — kind and brutal." He is described as thin, pale, and lame. He was rough to women, and sometimes paced the hospital preceded by porters with brooms, to drive back the

crowd. The poet's classical tastes were ridiculed by Smollett in *Peregrine Pickle;* nor can we wonder at Smollett's ridicule when we read the stories of Akenside's sourness and arrogance. If he bullied his poorer patients, as we are told he did, we can only rejoice at the mortification he must have felt when one of the governors of St. Thomas's plainly told him: "Know thou art a servant of this charity."

Among eccentric physicians we cannot select a better instance than Garrick's enemy, the facetious Dr. Monsey. A poor doctor at Bury St. Edmunds, he obtained a patron by saving Lord Godolophin, who was on his way to Newmarket, from an apoplectic attack. In London, he became a friend of Sir Robert Walpole.

"How is it," said Sir Robert, "that nobody will beat me at billiards, or contradict me, but Dr. Monsey?"

"Other people," said Monsey, "get places: I get a dinner and praise."

One of Monsey's oddities was his way of extracting teeth. He would sometimes fasten a bullet to a piece of catgut, which he fastened to the guilty tooth. He then loaded a pistol with the bullet, and fired. He once prevailed on a friend to try this strange operation; but when all was ready the patient repented, and bawled out to Monsey to stop.

"Stop! stop! I've changed my mind."

"But I haven't, and you're a fool and a coward!" said the doctor, pulling the trigger with malicious speed. Monsey in old age became a miser; and there is a story told of his returning from a journey to find his servants at a tea-party, and just preparing to light a fire in a grate where he had hidden gold and notes to a large amount. Monsey died in his ninety-fifth year, and left his

body to be dissected. His fortune—more than sixteen thousand pounds—went to his only daughter.

Talking of doctor's fees, reminds us of Sir Astley Cooper and his fifteen thousand pounds a year. His largest fee was thrown him in a night-cap by an old West India patient. An operation had been performed, and the two physicians had received three hundred guineas each.

"But you, sir," said the old man to Sir Astley, "shall have something better: take that;" and he flung his night-cap at Sir Astley.

"Sir," replied Sir Astley, "I'll pocket the affront!" The cap contained a draft for a thousand guineas.

Nor let us, in this cluster of doctors of the olden time, forget that amiable friend of Pope—Garth, the enemy of apothecaries, whom he scarified in his poem *The Dispensary*. Arbuthnot is another of the old physicians who was a friend of Pope's. The son of a poor Scotch clergyman, Arbuthnot, failing to get a living at Dorchester, came to London, and turned doctor. Gradually his practice increased, and he was appointed physician-in-ordinary to Queen Anne. He died at last of asthma and melancholy.

Perhaps no physician of eminence was ever so cruelly set upon by the wits as Garth's abomination, Sir Richard Blackmore, a conscientious but rather dull poet, whom Dryden had condescended to maul. That Sir Richard had once kept a school was the chief charge pressed home against him. Nevertheless, he seems to have been a worthy man, whom William III. knighted, and made physician of the household.

Among the last of the clever but eccentric class of doctors, was Scott of Bromley, who flourished

within the present century. Crowds flocked to him from London for his advice, although aware that they might meet with some unpleasant rebuff. Scott, like some other shrewd physicians, trusted more to dietetics and general habits than medicine for his cures. He usually at a glance saw what was wrong — overfeeding, drinking, sedentary employment, late dinners, snuff-taking, and so on. In a few words, he peremptorily ordered a change in these respects. A gentleman having gone to consult him, was told to dine early on a mutton-chop, drink no more beer, and give up taking snuff. The injunction was hard, and only to a limited extent obeyed. The patient some time afterwards returned to say that he was not getting well. Scott in an instant detected the disobedience of his orders. "You still take snuff, sir?" "Yes." "Then, go away and die, why trouble me?" This time, the order was obeyed in all its integrity. The patient got completely well, and lived to be a nonagenarian.

ON DR. MEAD

WHEN Mead reach'd the Styx, Pluto started and said,
"Confound him! he's come to recover the dead."

DOCTOR REID

DR. REID, the celebrated medical writer, was requested by a lady of literary eminence to call at her house.

"Be sure you recollect the address," she said as she quitted the room, "No. 1 Chesterfield Street."

"Madam," said the doctor, "I am too great an admirer of politeness not to remember Chesterfield, and I fear, too selfish ever to forget Number One."

DOCTOR HOLMES

DR. HOLMES having been called upon and considerably bored by a gentleman who had devoted himself to lecturing in New England without much ability for doing so, inquired, "What are you about at this particular time?" The answer was, "Lecturing, as usual. I hold forth this evening at Roxbury." The Professor, clapping his hands together, exclaimed, "I am glad of it. I never liked those Roxbury people!"

DR. HOLMES was usually very prompt at the Harvard Medical School, but he was missed one morning. Finally he entered the room hurriedly, glanced around with a smile and said: "Gentlemen, I know I am late; but there is a little stranger at my house." And then, with an expression such as only Holmes's face could assume, he continued: "Now can any one of you tell me what well-known business firm in Boston he is like?" There was no answer. "He is little and brown," said the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye. That was a good advertisement for Little & Brown.

DOCTOR BOUDON

M. BOUDON, an eminent surgeon, was one day sent for by the Cardinal Du Bois, Prime-Minister of France, to perform a very serious operation upon him. The cardinal, on seeing him enter the room, said to him, "You must not expect to treat me in the same rough manner as you treat your poor miserable wretches at your hospital of the Hôtel Dieu." "My lord," replied M. Boudon with great dignity, "every one of those miserable wretches, as your eminence is pleased to call them, is a prime-minister in my eyes."

DR. CABARRUS

JUST before his death, Dr. Cabarrus, the great homeopathic physician of Paris, was sent for by Mlle. Julia Barron, who was out of sorts. "What is the matter," asked the Doctor. "Oh, I hardly know myself," she replied; "my spirits are terribly unequal. Sometimes I am greatly elated, and then I suddenly sink into the deepest melancholy." After a moment's reflection, Cabarrus said, gravely: "I am afraid there is but one way to cure you." "What is it?" she inquired, eagerly. "You must get married," he replied, with a mirthful twinkle of the eye, but still keeping a grave face. "Well," said Mlle. Barron, after a little hesitation, followed by a long-drawn sigh of relief, "perhaps you are right. Would you marry me?" "*Ma chère*," replied Cabarrus, blandly, "the doctor prescribes, but he doesn't take his own medicines."

A DUMAS IMPROMPTU

ALEXANDER DUMAS, "fils," dined one day with Dr. Gistal, one of the most eminent and popular physicians of Marseilles. After dinner the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where coffee was served. Here Gistal said to his honored guest: "My dear Dumas, I know you are a capital hand at improvising; pray oblige me with four lines in this album." "With pleasure," the author replied. He took his pencil and wrote:—

"For the health and well-being of our dear old town,
Dr. Gistal has always been anxious — very.
Result: the hospital is now pulled down ——"

"You flatterer!" the doctor interrupted, as he looked over the writer's shoulder. But Dumas continued:—

"And in its place we've a cemetery."

DOCTOR JENNER

SIR WILLIAM JENNER used to tell with great gusto a tale of a footman of Sir Andrew Clark. Sir Andrew was well known for his kindness to his servants, who regarded their master as the greatest man in the world. One day a gentleman in urgent need of Sir Andrew's services learned from Jeames that it was impossible to see the eminent physician except by appointment.

"But it is most urgent," cried the caller, in dismay.

"Quite impossible, sir."

"Well, can you not tell me then, of some one else near at hand?"

"Well, sir," replied Jeames, reflectively, "there is a very respectable general practitioner named Jenner on the other side of the street; I think I may recommend him."

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN"

PROFESSOR WILSON, a leading light of Edinburgh University, once wrote on the blackboard in his laboratory: "Professor Wilson informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to the Queen."

In the course of the morning he had occasion to leave the room, and on returning found that a student had added to the announcement the words: "God Save the Queen."

DR. RADCLIFFE, attending a personal friend, refused pay for his services. When the cure was completed his friend thrust into his hand a purse filled with guineas. The doctor said: "Well, I can hold out no longer; single I could have refused the guineas, but all together they are irresistible."

DOCTOR RADCLIFFE

Dr. Radcliffe, while dining at a convivial party, refused to leave it to attend a sick woman. Her husband thereupon picked him up bodily and, forcing him into a carriage, drove off with him. The doctor at first was enraged, but finally took it as a joke, and said: "Now, you impudent dog I'll be revenged on you, for I'll cure your wife."

DOCTOR MEAD

Dr. Mead often drank to excess. He once visited a duchess, and while feeling her pulse his foot slipped, and, referring to himself, he said, "Drunk, by heavens." The duchess, imagining he alluded to her, as she had been drinking excessively, offered him a handsome sum to keep her secret.

Dr. Mead was at one time the greatest of all the London doctors, and was assailed in a pamphlet by Dr. Woodward, Professor of Physic at the Gresham College. The doctors met, a fight ensued with swords. Mead disarmed his adversary, and ordered him to beg for his life.

"Never!" said Woodward—"never, till I am your patient!"

DOCTOR ZIMMERMAN

Frederick the Great was in his last illness, and one day said to his physician, Zimmerman: "You have, I presume, in your day, helped many a man into the other world?"

This was rather a bitter pill for the doctor, but he gave a dose in return when he replied:—

"Not so many as your Majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

DOCTOR GROSS

A LADY meeting Doctor Gross, after his recovery from a severe illness, remarked to him: "Oh, doctor, I rejoice to see you about again; had we lost you, our good people would have died by the dozen."

"Thank you, madam," he replied, "but now I fear they will die *by the gross.*"

DOCTOR ABERNETHY

A LOQUACIOUS lady commenced to tell her complaint to Dr. Abernethy.

The doctor said — "How long will it take to tell the story?"

"Twenty minutes," said she.

He said — "Go on; I will be back from the next street by the time you have done."

DOCTOR BARTON

A GENTLEMAN coming into the room of Dr. Barton, told him that Mr. Vowell was dead. "What," said he, "Vowell dead? Let us be thankful it was neither U nor I."

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

The functions of a simple, earnest, and skilful surgeon, living in a small town or village, and circulating in a radius of ten miles, are, and might always be made, superior in real, urgent, and fitting relief, to the Lady Bountiful.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

THROUGH THE FLOOD: THE SURGEON'S VISIT

OCTOR MACLURE did not lead a solemn procession from the sick-bed to the dining-room, and give his opinion from the hearthrug with an air of wisdom bordering on the supernatural, because neither the Drumtochty houses nor his manners were on that large scale. He was accustomed to deliver himself in the yard, and to conclude his directions with one foot in the stirrup; but when he left the room where the life of Annie Mitchell was ebbing slowly away, our doctor said not one word, and at the sight of his face her husband's heart was troubled.

He was a dull man, Tammas, who could not read the meaning of a sign, and laboured under a perpetual disability of speech; but love was eyes to him that day, and a mouth.

"Is 't as bad as yir lookin', doctor? Tell 's the truth; wull Annie no come through?" and Tammas looked MacLure straight in the face, who never flinched his duty or said smooth things.

"A' wud gie onything tae say Annie hes a

chance, but a' daurna; a' doot yir gaein' to lose her, Tammas."

MacLure was in the saddle, and as he gave his judgment he laid his hand on Tammas's shoulder with one of the rare caresses that pass between men.

"It's a sair business, but ye 'ill play the man and no vex Annie; she 'ill dae her best, a'll warrant."

"An' a'll dae mine;" and Tammas gave MacLure's hand a grip that would have crushed the bones of a weakling. Drumtochty felt in such moments the brotherliness of this rough-looking man, and loved him.

Tammas hid his face in Jess's mane, who looked round with sorrow in her beautiful eyes, for she had seen many tragedies, and in this silent sympathy the stricken man drank his cup, drop by drop.

"A' wesna prepared for this, for a' aye thoct she wud live the langest. She's younger than me by ten years, and never wes ill. We've been mairit twal year laist Martinmas, but it's juist like a year the day. A' wes never worthy o' her, the bonniest, snoddest (neatest), kindliest lass in the Glen. A' never cud mak oot hoo she ever lookit at me, 'at hesna hed ae word tae say aboot her till it's ower late. She didna cuist up tae me that a' wesna worthy o' her, no her, but aye she said, 'Yir ma ain gudeman, and nane cud be kinder tae me.' An' a' wes minded tae be kind, but a' see noo mony little trokes a' micht hae dune for her, and noo the time is bye. Naebody kens hoo patient she wes wi' me, and aye made the best o' me, an' never pit me to shame afore the fouk. An' we never hed ae cross word, no ane in twal year. We were mair man and wife, we were sweethearts a' the time. Oh, ma bonnie lass, what 'ill the bairnies an' me dae withoot ye, Annie?"

The winter night was falling fast, the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the merciless north wind moaned through the close as Tammas wrestled with his sorrow dry-eyed, for tears were denied Drumtochty men. Neither the doctor nor Jess moved hand or foot, but their hearts were with their fellow creature, and at length the doctor made a sign to Marget Howe, who had come out in search of Tammas, and now stood by his side.

"Dinna mourn tae the brakin' o' yir hert, Tammas," she said, "as if Annie an' you hed never loved. Neither death nor time can pairt them that love; there's neathin' in a' the warld sae strong as love. If Annie gaes frae the sicht o' yir een she 'ill come the nearer tae yir hert. She wants tae see ye, and tae hear ye say that ye'll never forget her nicht nor day till ye meet in the land where there's nae partin'. Oh, a' ken what a'm sayin', for it's five year noo sin George gied awa, an' he's mair wi' me noo than when he wes in Edinboro' and I wes in Drumtochty."

"Thank ye kindly, Marget; thae are gude words and true, an' ye hev the richt tae say them; but a' canna dae without seein' Annie comin' tae meet me in the gloamin', an' gaein' in an' oot the hoose, an' hearin' her ca' me by ma name, an' a'll no can tell her that a' luve her when there's nae Annie in the hoose.

"Can naethin' be dune, doctor? Ye savit Flora Cammil, and young Burnbrae, an' yon shepherd's wife, Dunleith wy, an' we were a' sae prood o' ye, an' pleased tae think that ye hed keepit deith frae anither hame. Can ye no' think o' somethin' tae help Annie, and gie her back tae her man and bairnies?" and Tammas searched the doctor's face in the cold, weird light.

"There's nae pooer in heaven or airth like luve," Marget said to me afterwards; "it maks the weak strong and the dumb tae speak. Oor herts were as

water afore Tammas's words, an' a' saw the doctor shake in his saddle. A' never kent till that meenut hoo he hed a share in a'body's grief, an' carried the heaviest wecht o' a' the Glen. A' peetied him wi' Tammas lookin' at him sae wistfully, as if he hed the keys o' life an' deith in his hands. But he wes honest, and wudna hold oot a false houp tae deceive a sore hert or win escape for himsel'."

"Ye needna plead wi' me, Tammas, to dae the best a' can for yir wife. Man, a' kent her lang afore ye ever luved her; a'brocht her intae the warld, and a' saw her through the fever when she wes a bit lassikie; a' closed her mither's een, and it wes me hed to tell her she wes an orphan, an' nea man wes better pleased when she got a gude husband, and a' helpit her wi' her fower bairns. A've naither wife nor bairns o' ma own, an' a' coont a' the fauk o' the Glen ma family. Div ye think a' wudna save Annie if I cud? If there wes a man in Muirtown 'at cud dae mair for her, a'd have him this verra nicht, but a' the doctors in Perthshire are helpless for this tribble.

"Tammas, ma puir fallow, if it could avail, a' tell ye a' wud lay down this auld worn-oot ruckle o' a body o' mine juist tae see ye baith sittin' at the fireside, an' the bairns round ye, couthy an' canty again; but it's no tae be, Tammas, it's no tae be."

"When a' lookit at the doctor's face," Marget said, "a' thocht him the winsomest man a' ever saw. He wes transfigured that nicht, for a'm' judging there's nae transfiguration like luve."

"It's God's wull an' maun be borne, but it's a sair wull for me, an' a'm no ungratefu' tae you, doctor, for a' ye've dune and what ye said the nicht," and Tammas went back to sit with Annie for the last time.

Jess picked her way through the deep snow to the main road, with a skill that came with long

experience, and the doctor held converse with her.

"Eh, Jess wumman, yon wes the hardest wark a' hae tae face, and a' wud raither hae ta'en ma chance o' anither row in a Glen Urtach drift than tell Tammas Mitchell his wife wes deein'.

"A' said she cudna be cured, and it wes true, for there's juist ae man in the land fit for't, and they micht as weel try tae get the mune oot o' heaven. Sae a' said naethin' tae vex Tammas's hert—, for it's heavy eneuch withoot regrets.

"But it's hard, Jess, that money wull buy life after a', an' if Annie wes a duchess her man wudna lose her; but bein' only a puir cottar's wife, she maun dee afore the week's oot.

"Gin we hed him the morn there's little doot she wud be saved, for he hasna lost mair than five per cent. o' his cases, and they 'ill be puir toon's creaturs, no strappin' women like Annie.

"It's oot o' the question, Jess, sae hurry up, lass, for we've hed a heavy day. But it wud be the grandest thing that wes ever dune in the Glen in oor time if it could be managed by hook or crook.

"We'ill gang and see Drumsheugh, Jess; he's anither man sin' Geordie Hoo's deith, and he wes kinder than fouk kent;" and the doctor passed at a gallop through the village, whose lights shone across the white frost-bound road.

"Come in by, doctor; a' heard ye on the road; ye 'ill hae been at Tammas Mitchell's; hoo's the gudewife? a' doot she's sober."

"Annie's deein', Drumsheugh, an' Tammas is like tae brak his hert."

"That's no lichtsome, doctor, no lichtsome ava, for a' dinna ken ony man in Drumtochty sae bund up in his wife as Tammas, and there's no a bonnier wumman o' her age crosses oor kirk door than Annie, nor a cleverer at her wark. Man, ye'ill

need tae pit yir brains in steep. Is she clean beyond ye?"

"Beyond me and every ither in the land but ane, and it wud cost a hundred guineas tae bring him tae Drumtochty."

"Certes, he's no blate; it's a fell charge for a short day's work; but hundred or no hundred we'll hae him, an' no let Annie gang, and her no half her years."

"Are ye meanin' it, Drumsheugh?" and Mac Lure turned white below the tan.

"William MacLure," said Drumsheugh, in one of the few confidences that ever broke the Drumsheugh reserve, "a'm a lonely man, wi' naebody o' ma ain blude tae care for me livin', or tae lift me intae ma coffin when a'm deid.

"A' fecht awa at Muirtown market for an extra pund on a beast, or a shillin' on the quarter o' barley, an' what's the gute o't? Burnbrae gaes aff tae get a goon for his wife or a buke for his college laddie, an' Lachlan Campbell 'ill no leave the place noo withoot a ribbon for Flora. Ilka man in the Kildrummie train hae some bit fairin' in his pooch for the fauk at hame that he's bocht wi' the siller he won.

"But there's naebody tae be lookin' oot for me, an' comin' doon the road tae meet me, an' daffin' (joking) wi' me aboot their fairing, or feeling ma pockets. Ou a' a've seen it a' at ither hooses, though they tried tae hide it frae me for fear a' wud lauch at them. Me lauch, in' ma cauld, empty hame!

"Yir the only man kens, Weelum, that I aince luved the noblest wumman in the Glen or onywhere, an' a' luve her still, but wi' anither luve noo.

"She hed given her heart tae anither, or a've trocht a' micht hae won her, though nae man be worthy o' sic a gift. Ma hert turned tae bitter-

ness, but that passed awa beside the brier bush where George Hoo lay yon sad simmer time. Some day a'll tell ye ma story, Weelum, for you an' me are auld freends, and will be till we dee."

MacLure felt beneath the table for Drumsheugh's hand, but neither man looked at the other.

"Well, a' we can dae noo, Weelum, gin we haena mickle brichtness in oor ain hames, is tae keep the licht frae gaein' oot in anither hoose. Write the telegram, man, and Sandy 'ill send it aff frae Kildrummie this verra nicht, and ye'ill hae yir man the morn."

"Yir the man a' coonted ye, Drumsheugh, but ye 'ill grant me ae favour. Ye 'ill lat me pay the half, bit by bit — a'ken yir wull'in' tae dae 't a' — but a' haena mony pleesures, an' a' wud like tae hae ma ain share in savin' Annie's life."

Next morning a figure received Sir George on the Kildrummie platform, whom that famous surgeon took for a gillee, but who introduced himself as "MacLure, of Drumtochty." It seemed as if the East had come to meet the West when these two stood together, the one in travelling furs, handsome and distinguished, with his strong, cultured face and carriage of authority, a characteristic type of his profession; and the other more marvellously dressed than ever, for Drumsheugh's topcoat had been forced upon him for the occasion, his face and neck one redness with the bitter cold; rough and ungainly, yet not without some signs of power in his eye and voice, the most heroic type of his noble profession. MacLure compassed the precious arrival with observances till he was securely seated in Drumsheugh's dogcart — a vehicle that lent itself to history — with two full-sized plaids added to his equipment — Drumsheugh and Hillocks had both been requisitioned — and MacLure wrapped another plaid round a leather case, which was placed below

the seat with such reverence as might be given to the Queen's regalia. Peter attended their departure full of interest, and as soon as they were in the fir woods MacLure explained that it would be an eventful journey.

"It's richt in here, for the wind disna get at the snaw, but the drifts are deep in the Glen, and th'ill be some engineerin' afore we get tae oor destination."

Four times they left the road and took their way over fields, twice they forced a passage through a slap in the dyke, thrice they used gaps in the paling which MacLure had made on his downward journey.

"A' seleckt the road this mornin', an' a' ken the depth tae an inch; we 'ill get through this steadin' here tae the main road, but oor worst job 'ill be crossin' the Tochty.

"Ye see the bridge hes been shakin' wi' this winter's flood, and we daurna venture on it, sae we hev tae ford, and the snaw's been melting up Urtach way. There's nae doot the water's gey big, an' its threatenin' tae rise, but we 'ill win through wi' a warstle.

"It micht be safer tae lift the instruments oot o' reach o' the water; wud ye mind haddin' then on yir knee till we're ower, an' keep firm in yir seat in case we come on a stane in the bed o' the river."

By this time they had come to the edge, and it was not a cheering sight. The Tochty had spread out over the meadows, and while they waited they could see it cover another two inches on the trunk of a tree. There are summer floods, when the water is blown and flecked with foam, but this was a winter flood, which is black and sullen, and runs in the centre with a strong, fierce, silent current. Upon the opposite side Hillocks stood to give directions by word and hand, as the ford was on his land, and none knew the Tochty better in all its ways.

They passed through the shallow water without mishap, save when the wheel struck a hidden stone or fell suddenly into a rut; but when they neared the body of the river MacLure halted, to give Jess a minute's breathing.

"It 'ill take ye a' yir time, lass, an' a' wud raither be on yir back; but ye never failed me yet, an' a wumman's life is hangin' on the crossin'."

With the first plunge into the bed of the stream the water rose to the axles, and then it crept up to the shafts, so that the surgeon could feel it lapping in about his feet, while the dogcart began to quiver, and it seemed as if it were to be carried away. Sir George was as brave as most men, but he had never forded a Highland river in flood, and the mass of black water racing past beneath, before, behind him, affected his imagination and shook his nerves He rose from his seat and ordered MacLure to turn back, declaring that he would be condemned utterly and eternally if he allowed himself to be drowned for any person.

"Sit doon," thundered MacLure; "condemned ye will be suner or later gin ye shirk yir duty, but through the water ye gang the day."

Both men spoke much more strongly and shortly, but this is what they intended to say, and it was MacLure that prevailed.

Jess trailed her feet along the ground with cunning art, and held her shoulder against the stream; MacLure leaned forward in his seat, a rein in each hand, and his eyes fixed on Hillocks, who was now standing up to the waist in the water, shouting directions and cheering on horse and driver.

"Haud tae the richt, doctor; there's a hole yonder. Keep oot o' t for ony sake. That's it; yir daein' fine. Steady, man, steady. Yir at the deepest; sit heavy in yir seats. Up the channel noo, an' ye' ll be oot o' the swirl. Weel dune, Jess, weel dune, auld mare. Mak straicht for me, doctor,

an' a'll gie ye the road oot. Ma word, ye've dune yir best, baith o' ye this mornin',» cried Hillocks, splashing up to the dogcart, now in the shallows.

«Sall, it wes titch an' go for a meenut in the middle; a Hielan' ford is a kittle (hazardous) road in the snaw time, but ye're safe noo.

«Gude luck tae ye up at Westerton, sir; nane but a richt-hearted man wud hae riskit the Tochty in flood. Ye're bound tae succeed aifter sic a graund beginnin',» for it had spread already that a famous surgeon had come to do his best for Annie, Tammas Mitchell's wife.

Two hours later MacLure came out from Annie's room and laid hold of Tammas, a heap of speechless misery by the kitchen fire, and carried him off to the barn, and spread some corn on the threshing floor and thrust a flail into his hands.

«Noo we've tae begin, an' we 'ill no be dune for an' oor, and ye've tae lay on withoot stoppin' till a' come for ye, an' a'll shut the door tae haud in the noise, an' keep yir dog beside ye, for there maunna be a cheep aboot the hoose for Annie's sake.»

«A'll dae onything ye want me, but if — if ——»

«A'll come for ye, Tammas, gin there be danger; but what are ye feared for wi' the Queen's ain surgeon here?»

Fifty minutes did the flail rise and fall, save twice, when Tammas crept to the door and listened, the dog lifting his head and whining.

It seemed twelve hours instead of one when the door swung back, and MacLure filled the doorway, preceded by a great burst of light, for the sun had arisen, on the snow.

His face was as tidings of great joy, and Elspeth told me that there was nothing like it to be seen that afternoon for glory, save the sun itself in the heavens.

«A' never saw the marrow o't, Tammas, an' a'll never see the like again; it's a' over, man,

withoot a hitch frae beginnin' tae end, and she's fa'n asleep as fine as ye like."

"Dis he think Annie . . . 'll live?"

"Of coorse he dis, and be aboot the house inside a month; that's the gude o' bein' a clean-bluidded, weel-livin'——

"Preserve ye, man, what's wrang wi' ye? It's a mercy a' keppit ye, or we wud hev anither job for Sir George.

"Ye're a' richt noo; sit doon on the strae. A'll come back in a whilie, an' ye'll see Annie juist for a meenut; but ye maunna say a word."

Marget took him in and let him kneel by Annie's bedside.

He said nothing then or afterward, for speech came only once in his lifetime to Tammas, but Annie whispered, "Ma ain dear man."

When the doctor placed the precious bag beside Sir George in our solitary first next morning, he laid a check beside it and was about to leave.

"No, no," said the great man. "Mrs. Macfadyen and I were on the gossip last night, and I know the whole story about you and your friend."

"You have some right to call me a coward, but I'll never let you count me a mean, miserly rascal," and the check with Drumsheugh's painful writing fell in fifty pieces on the floor.

As the train began to move, a voice from the first called so that all in the station heard:—

"Give 's another shake of your hand, MacLure; I'm proud to have met you; you are an honor to our profession. Mind the antiseptic dressings."

It was market-day, but only Jamie Soutar and Hillocks had ventured down.

"Did ye hear yon, Hillocks? hoo dae ye feel? A'll no deny a'm lifted."

Half way to the Junction Hillocks had recovered and began to grasp the situation.

"Tell 's what he said. A' wud like to hae it exact for Drumsheugh."

"Thae 's the eedentical words, an' they're true; there's no a man in Drumtochty disna ken that, except ane."

"An' wha's that, Jamie?"

"It's Weelum MacLure himsel. Man, a've often girned that he sud fecht awa for us a', and maybe dee before he kent that he hed githered mair luve than ony man in the Glen.

"'A'm prood tae hae met ye,' says Sir George, an' him the greatest doctor in the land. 'Yir an honor tae oor profession.'

"Hillocks, a' wudna hae missed it for twenty notes," said James Soutar, cynic-in-ordinary to the Parish of Drumtochty.

—Ian MacLaren.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR

WHEN I git to musin' deeply
'Bout them times what use to be,
An' the swellin' tide o' mem'ry
Comes a sweepin' over me,
Then among the wrecks o' long ago
That's driftin' on the crags,
I can see our fam'ly doctor
With his leather saddlebags;
With his crown so bare an' shiny
An' his whiskers white as snow,
With his nose jest like a piney
That's beginnin' fer to blow—
Fer he painted it with somethin'
From his bottles 'r his kags,
That he allus carried with him
In his rusty saddlebags.

When the whoopin'-cough was ragin'
'R the measles was aroun',
Then he'd mount his rhuburb pony
An' go trottin' out o' town
With his saddleskirts a-floppin'
An' his laigin's all in rags,
An' the roots an' herbs a-stuffin'
Out his pussy saddlebags.

Then when mam' was down with fever
An' we thought that she'ld die,
That ol' feller didn't leave 'er
An' he never shut an eye;
But he set there like a pilot
Fer to keep 'er from the snags,
An' he brought her through the riffle
With his musty saddlebags.

I can see 'im with his glasses
Set a straddle of his nose,
With his broad-'rimmed loppy beaver
An' his loose, ol' fashioned clo'es;
I can see 'im tyin' at the gate
The laziest o' nags,
An' come puffin' up the pathway
With his heavy saddlebags.

But he started on his travels,
Many, many years ago,
Fer the place where life unravels
An' dividin' waters flow;
So I hope he's reached the haven
Where no anchor ever drags,
An' has landed safe in heaven
With his shinin' saddlebags!

— *Dr. James Ball Naylor.*

A COUNTRY DOCTOR

FOR more than thirty years it has been my good fortune to possess the acquaintance of a certain country doctor — a man unknown to the world at large, but yet, like many another of his class, a man that the world would honor itself in honoring.

Even in my youngest days I knew him. His tall form, his lean but kindly countenance, his thin hair and tuft of chin beard, were among the earliest images of my childhood. Often I played in his yard. Often he would call me into his office where he sat at study, there to read to me from his books, or to demonstrate to me the bones of a skeleton, or, if the day was clear, to show me in his microscope the structure of the kidney or lung. Often, too, I went with him on his rounds; many a long summer day we rode, from farmhouse to farmhouse, uphill and downhill and along prairie, until at last, as the darkness settled about us, I clung close to his side and fell asleep beneath his arm. I naturally did not much understand in those days the various excellences of the doctor's character; but I recall how kind and gentle he always seemed to me, and I remember especially the keen sense of childish pity with which, when I happened to awake one stormy night, I heard him drive from the stable and down street in the cold wind and rain.

In my youth and early manhood it was my pleasant lot to pursue the study of medicine under this doctor, and then I ever found him both a skillful physician and a man of most interesting and amiable personality. His dominant passion, I think, was his love of children. I have never seen another man in whose affections children held so large a place. He used to shout at the children as we passed along the road, and if sickness were not

urgent he would stop his horse, call them to the side of his buggy, and teach them to count in Latin and Greek. How many a bright toy did he not take to sick children of the poor! How many a word of endearment did he not speak to them! And how many a night, when only he was up, did he not study, hour by hour, to relieve the sufferings of children the more especially!

A hundred instances occur to me of the doctor's intense devotion to children. What a night was that when Joe Shepard, worthless fellow, came in at 10 o'clock, dripping from top to toe with rain! The lightning flashed incessantly and roar after roar of thunder burst about our very ears. Joe took up his position next the stove; the night was chill. The doctor was abed, where indeed he had been for three days, sick of a fever. Would the doctor come to see his folks? No; it was out of the question, he was sick himself. "It's mainly the little feller, Doc." "What! Not the one I gave the jumping-jack to?" "Yes, him," said Joe. "All right," said the doctor, "I'll go." And go he did, though I had to help him dress.

The doctor had once in his care a child to whom he had taken a great fancy — a child of poor and shiftless parents who lived far out in the country, "on the back of another man's farm." There was not the slightest prospect of pay in the case, and the house was so situated as to require much time and trouble to reach it. Yet the doctor visited the child regularly and gave it his most earnest thought and devoted attention. Day after day we went to the cottage and day after day the doctor's face grew more clouded and anxious. At last there came a change. Yes; the child was certainly better, though the disease was treacherous. Then, one day, the doctor took with him a toy book — a brilliantly colored affair — and he showed it to me on the way, and said how cheap and poor a thing

it takes to make a child happy, and how much more intense, besides, the happiness of childhood is than the happiness of older life. I stayed in the buggy that day and waited for the doctor. As he entered the doorway I saw the toy book sticking from his pocket. He was not long gone, and when he came out his head was bowed and he had his handkerchief to his nose, blowing vigorously, and from his pocket still projected the toy book.

And the children appreciated the kind doctor. They used always to answer his shout as we passed along the road; and now and then some urchin more enthusiastic than the rest would come tearing down to the gate, mount it, and shout after us his "*Unus*, one; *duo*, two," until we were out of sight. Many of them used to call him "*My* doctor." And I have seldom seen anything more touching than once when a sick, indeed almost a dying, child, spread its thin, blue lips into a smile and murmured "*My* doctor," as the doctor approached its bed.

Next to the doctor's love of children came his love of nature. When, on our rounds we left a farmhouse the first thing was, as a matter of course, to discuss the case. That over, he invariably talked of the pleasant sights and sounds around us. It mattered not what the day was — sunny day or cloudy, colored day of autumn, white day of winter, budding green day of spring — all days alike were to him beautiful and pleasant. Even days of storm he found not wholly unacceptable. He used to say that a man listening to the rain on his buggy-top and his horse's hoofs in the pools would, if normal, possess a sense of shelter and snugness never felt elsewhere.

But his favorite days were those of early summer. Then it was that he fairly grew ecstatic. Then it was that he talked by the hour of a meadow lark that sang from a rail-tip; of a field

of wheat where a red and yellow reaper clicked and clacked round a square of standing grain; of the blue-vaulted sky and its infinite distances and its massive piled-up clouds that sailed along like chains of floating mountains. The clouds, indeed, which were the doctor's greatest delight of all, sometimes inspired him so much that he broke into verse. His lines were always somewhat stilted and bombastic, but no one could have known it better than he did himself, for he always overcharged them purposely as he neared their end, and then laughed at them heartily. Then, too, the clouds always suggested Italy. Italy — that was his theme. Italy — the land of Cæsar and Cicero, of Virgil and Horace — for the doctor was a classical scholar — but, better still, the land where cloud and sky are more than elsewhere on earth of divine and inexpressible beauty. "I shall certainly go to Italy some day," he would always say, "when I get money enough ahead."

There was one side of the doctor's character which, upon first acquaintance, you might not have suspected — his humor. Shy and even timid among strangers, he became, at times, among his older families and when we two were alone together in the buggy, the most jovial and jocular of men. Many a moment in the sickroom he rendered lighter with his merriment, and many a convalescent, leaning on elbow and listening to his happy talk and clear ringing laugh, must have thought that even sunshine could have been no better. In the buggy he sometimes stooped to nonsense. I can hear him now singing: —

"Oh, a green peach pudding and a blackberry pie,
A black cat kicked out a yellow cat's eye."

But his funny moods never lasted long. He was essentially a grave and serious man, full of cares and full of tenderness and pity for the sick.

Indeed these qualities of tenderness and pity serve to explain, I think, in some measure, his intense devotion to his studies. Medical works were to him not mere dry treatises on science. They were storehouses of facts that were to be of service to suffering humanity. Whenever he read of a disease he seemed to see some person that had it. Whenever he read of a remedy, he seemed to see some pallid countenance looking up imploringly for relief. Every new book, every new number of a journal, he read with the utmost avidity, as one whose brother was condemned to die might read some legal document in which he expected to find a word of reprieve or pardon.

Even in his experiments, to which, for some years at least, he was greatly given, you could trace the influence of his kindliness and sympathy. In his little one-room office — an apartment of his house — he would not infrequently sit up half the night pouring this thing into that and triturating something else with the other; and the commonest object of his search was — to find some way of rendering nauseous medicines pleasant and palatable. Agreeable pharmacy, you see, we did not have in those days. None of his experiments, I believe, ever came to anything. He lacked the necessary apparatus, and more than that he lacked the necessary leisure. But some of the ideas he worked on in those days have since been taken up by large manufacturing houses and have made them rich and famous.

As might be supposed from his great sympathy, the doctor almost never refused a call. Whether he was summoned in the daytime or in the early evening, or in the later evening when only he was up sitting at his books, or in the far dead of night he was always ready for duty. Suns were never glaring enough, nights were never dark enough, roads rough enough, or muddy enough, rains pour-

ing enough, frosts cold enough, snows deep enough, winds loud or chill enough, to keep him from the sick. And "rich or poor" made no difference. The only question was, did some one need him?

I remember that one morning after the doctor had been out all of a black and stormy night, we were very much startled by seeing his horse come tearing down the street to the gate, without driver, without buggy, and with only a few pieces of harness clinging to his back. A messenger arrived shortly afterward to say that the doctor had been run away with, and had been thrown from his buggy, but that he had not been much hurt, and hence had got another horse and buggy and would make another call or two before returning home. He was really in a sad and sorry plight, as we found when he got back. His clothing was torn and covered with mud, his face was scratched and bloody, and his arms and shoulders were so badly bruised that we wondered they had not been broken. He was sick, too, for several days. We scolded him not a little because he had not come back as soon as he was hurt. But what could he do, he said. There was a poor old sick woman a few miles further down the road, and a few miles further still a sick child, both of whom needed assistance badly; and as for himself, why *he* could wait.

I know of nothing more suggestive of the hardships of the doctor's life than a collection which he used to keep in a drawer of his office of the various buggy lanterns which at one time or another he had used in his practice. Why he kept them I never knew. All of them were useless. Most of them were eaten out by rust; some of them — curious, patented things — had never been of service; others were mashed and twisted from runaways and wrecks. But they told a story of many a bad night.

A man who once saw those lanterns said to me that at a time when he was sick for several weeks he used as he lay of a night to watch for the light of the doctor's lantern as it first appeared at the turn in the road. One night he became much worse. As he was a poor man and the night was so dark and stormy, he feared that the doctor would not come in time. Lying there in agony, he took one of those strange fancies that sick men not infrequently take. He said to himself that if the doctor's light appeared by 1 o'clock, the usual time, he would live; if not, he would die. And he lay and waited. A little before one the doctor's light appeared. It seemed to him, he said, the brightest star that ever dawned. I have often thought that in the many years of the doctor's practice ten thousand other eyes must have watched no less eagerly for the light of his lantern as it came shining down the country road, bearing its messages of life and health and happiness and joy.

Into the sick room this doctor must have come like hope. You could tell by the compression of his lips that he meant to save; and you could tell by the calm of his eye that his sympathy had not perverted his judgment. He had a way, when he began to examine a patient, of whistling softly to himself. Then he went slowly and cautiously from symptom to symptom. Nothing escaped him. There was no hurry. No matter how sickly the time or how sleepy and aching his head, everything must be gone over systematically, carefully, critically. Some one thing might make all the difference. I can see him now rubbing his spectacles to make sure he has read his thermometer with the utmost accuracy. Then, when he took up his "pill-bags" and placed them with the band across his knees and spread out the powder-papers on the band and took up the bottles and dosed the medicine on the papers, and then took up the papers one by

one and folded them, you saw in every step the same great precision, the same thoughtful care. What a void he must have left in the sick-room when, at last, the round of instructions gone over for the second and even the third time, he shouldered his "pill-bags" and departed! Surely no money could ever pay such a doctor, and surely, had he not had a family of his own, scarcely a thought of money had ever entered his head.

I must relate an incident that illustrates the doctor's intense and bulldog-like pertinacity in a hand-to-hand encounter with death. A man who had taken an over-dose of morphin was given up by his other physicians to die. Nothing, they said, could now be of any service to him. Anything further done to keep him awake would be mere unnecessary pain and torture to him. But *this* doctor did not give him up. He stayed with him day and night. When the lungs threatened to breathe no more he started them with electricity or with burning paper to the nape of the neck and the spine, or with artificial respiration. The neighbors came about, as neighbors sometimes will, and said it was a sin and a shame, that it ought to be stopped, that the misguided doctor was simply mutilating a corpse. But the doctor did not heed them. He turned his other cases to the other doctors and kept on. He tried everything of which he had read or heard or dreamed. The hours of the night wore slowly away. The hours of the next day wore slowly away. And then those of the next night. Finally, at sunrise on the second day, the last of the effects of the morphin had gone and the man stood up and looked upon the earth and lived. His neck and back were somewhat blistered and sore, but he lived. And he lives to-day.

Well — even in these later years my acquaintance with this country doctor does not cease. He is still in active practice, and on my visits to my

native town I always meet him and always ride with him in the country. Our rides have not much changed. Again he discusses the cases, again he shouts at the children, again he talks of the beauty of field and sky, again he says he means to visit Italy some day when he gets money enough ahead.

I am inexpressibly pained, on some of these visits, to observe that the furrows in his face are growing deeper; that his form, once erect and elastic, is getting stiff and stooped, and that his clear, almost ringing, voice is beginning to show, though happily at long intervals, the tremors and quavers of age. Yet his kindly face and his old-time figure still make, I ween, no less pleasant a picture as they enter the sick man's doorway, and his cheery voice still makes to the sick man's ear no less pleasant and hope-inspiring music. Still he goes about his duties, still he goes on his mission of health-giving and hope-giving, still he responds to the calls of rich and poor alike, by night and by day, in sunshine and in storm. Sometimes I think that he has done enough; that forty and odd years of practice on those hills should constitute sufficient of duties performed for any one man. And yet I know that did he cease to practice he would be unhappy, and that many a sick child would miss "my doctor," and that many a sick man or woman, looking out of window, would long in vain to see the old white-headed physician come once more, "pill-bags" in hand, along the path.

Such, gentle reader, is my weak and inadequate description of the character of my father. Being my father, he naturally occupies in my estimation a higher place than could possibly there be given to any other man. And yet, if I err not, there are practicing in the length and breadth of this country many hundreds, nay, possibly even thousands, of country doctors who, in skill and in judgment, in geniality, kindliness, tenderness, sympathy,

and ready response to calls; dogged and never-ending pertinacity in the fight with our old and common enemy — disease — are *almost* the equals of my father. What more could I say for them?

— *Thomas H. Shastid, M. D.*

SATISFACTORY TO ALL

IN THE country around the town of Daleyville, Georgia, there live a number of "crackers," who are as deeply religious as they are ignorant and illiterate.

For many years Dr. Jones has been the favorite physician among these people, who always wanted him to name the new babies as they arrived, and invariably insisted on having Bible names. Finally the doctor's patience gave out, and he declared he would not name any more children; it was enough for him to have the responsibility of their safe arrival in this vale of tears, without racking his brain for new and attractive Bible names. But one day twins arrived in the family of one of his "cracker" patients, and the proud parents insisted that the doctor should make an exception to his rule on such an occasion.

Remonstrance was in vain, but the doctor was in a bad humor, and said, "All right, then; I'll name them Belshazzar and Beelzebub; then you can call the girl Belle and the boy Bub."

"Them's mighty fine names, doc," said the father. "Hi, maw!" calling to the grandmother. "Doc has named the youngsters Belshazzar an' Beelzebub!"

"Waal," she replied, as she entered the room, "ef they's only ez good ez them they's named fer, hit's all I ask."

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR IN IRELAND

THERE are two enemies hard to conquer in this Country of the Young. One is belief in witchcraft, the other a love for "matter out of place." In my district the people really believe in Lilliputians, or little people. They still visit a wizened witch doctor to have "dead hands" exorcised from bewitched butter, and they hunt mythical hares as often as living red game.

Quite lately I was asked to visit a maiden of half a century who was possessed with a "demmur." Now I know Lizzie Redmond is only suffering from loneliness pure and simple. Her tiny shanty, dumped down in a narrow boreen, is surrounded by acres of golden gorse, miles of peat land, and fields of silky bog cotton. No neighbor, however, enlivens gray existence for poor Lizzie. Whatever is non-understandable to the unprofessional mind in Sallyboggin is called a "demmur," and is treated as a possession of the evil one. Hence I found Lizzie lying on the mud floor of her cabin in a "stripped" condition. On her naked breast was a penny. On the penny an end of a candle. Over both penny and candle rested an inverted tumbler. A "wise woman" was standing gazing earnestly at her handiwork and muttering a charm.

"Ah, doctor, darlint," screamed Lizzie triumphantly as I entered the room, "it's a live demmur! and the wise woman has located it, doctor, dear! See it a-leppin' an' a-risen' into the glass."

I took in the matter at a glance. The wise woman had first exhausted air by lighting her candle end and immediately covering it with a tumbler. This, of course, acted as a kind of cupping-glass, and flesh rose into the vacuum.

In vain I demonstrated on my own arm (burning a hole in my shirt sleeve as I did so). Lizzie

saw "the too, too solid flesh" thereon following the law of suction as well as the demmur under the breast-bone. But she clung to the belief in the wise woman, and I was dismissed with ignominy!

In Ireland we do not take offense at this kind of thing. I wrote to Lizzie's landlord, Lord C——, saying the woman was growing "soft," and by return post received a £1 note to pay expenses of a change for her. A short spell in Dublin worked wonders. The demmur no longer set her heart a gallopin', and "the joulting of the train stopped the beatin' ov her poolse."

My skill was equally slighted by another patient. She told me her liver was troubling her, pointing at the same time to a spot high up under her left arm. "God bless us! woman," I roared, "your liver does not lie there."

"I think I ought to know where my own liver lies," was her dignified, insulted remark. "Haven't I suffered from it these twenty years?"

A third patient was more grande dame than either of these twain. On being called in — my "token" being a certain red ticket — I asked, "And what's the matter with you, Mrs. Doolan?"

"I'm thinkin' that's for you to tell me," was the haughty response, just as if she were paying me a five-guinea fee.

I have, of course, a due circle of patients who firmly believe in every bolus given by any Esculapius. To one such went my friend, the vicar, lately.

"How are you to-day, Mrs. Neale?" was the question addressed sympathetically to the greatest grumbler in Sallyboggin.

"Ah! very, very bad. 'Tis the degestion, your reverence! Like a hive of bees a-buzzin' an' a-buzzin' in my buzzum."

"Is it always the same?" inquired the vicar, his eyes twinkling, but with immovable face (for we learn to compose our countenances in Ireland)

"Nay! not at all, your reverence. 'Tis often like a load of bricks a poundin' an' a poundin', that's when the bees ain't a buzzin'. But" — and the wrinkled, smokegrimed old face brightened; "but the doctor — God bless him — is after givin' me a description, an' if it don't cure me, he'll describe me agin."

In Sallyboggin for years a certain old woman levied a weekly tribute on charitably disposed folk. All at once a "nevvy" from America turned up, called on her "pattrons," and after thanking them for their kindness, carried off his mother's sister to end her days in comfort. But the widow Hooligan — pronounced "Hooli'han" — did not lay her bones across the water. She soon reappeared. "I couldn't stop in it, misthress, dear," she explained to a lady. "Me sister's son's a good bhoy, but between ourselves, they would ha' washed me to death."

OUT IN KANSAS

"WHAT's become of old Dr. Dulavan, who used to live down at Skaler's Cove?"

"Oh, he's been in the poor-house a long spell."

"In the poor-house? How?"

"Waal, yer see, he was caught deceivin' his patients, an' the people riz agin him, an' sorter boycotted him. He couldn't git a patient."

"What was the reason?"

"Went ter givin' bromide potas'um for snake bites, stid o' whiskey."

HIS BENEFICENT WAY

City Nephew — "What do you think of Dr. Pillsbury as a physician?"

Farmer Haycobb — "Safest dictor anywhere in this pert of the country — nearly always off fishin' when he's wanted."

CAPE COD, in one of its fishy towns, has a clever doctor, and a wag withal. In one of his rides, just leaving home, he was met by a fleshy, panting female, whose bandaged face and forlorn aspect denoted only too well her ailment.

"Oh! doctor, doctor!" she exclaimed, "I am almost dying with toothache! You must return immediately to your office and give me relief."

The good man instantly signified his willingness to do so, and they soon reached his residence.

The lady, all trepidation and nervousness, tremblingly sank into a chair and awaited the dread process. The doctor, meantime, with the kindness and considerateness which were always his characteristics, endeavored to reassure and encourage her. But as he stepped up to her with the "cruel" forceps, the perspiration ran more profusely, the patient sat more uneasily, and the mouth opened wider and wider, as if it would take in every thing in its immediate neighborhood.

"Again I beg you to be calm, madam," were the words of the physician, "and suffer yourself to have no fear. It will be but the work of a moment at the longest. And perhaps," he added, with a glance at the "cavernous" opening before him, and with just the *slightest* approach to a waggish smile, "perhaps you might even venture to *close* the mouth a *little*, particularly *as I purpose to stand upon the outside during the operation.*"

Of course the suggestion was complied with, but not until the droll smile upon the hitherto grave face of the patient had assured the doctor that his wit was appreciated, and that it had driven away all fear of the operation.

GOT WELL

Deacon Humsted—"Then I sewed up the cut with waxed ends and covered it with a coat of tar to keep of the flies, and the next day the old cow was as good as ever."

Dr. Cutter—"You don't mean to say she recovered?"

Deacon Humsted—"Come out of it straight as a string, sir!"

Dr. Cutter—"Wonderful! truly wonderful!"

Deacon Humsted—"Yes, my son says that shows the difference between amatour and perfessional surgery."

THE ONLY SURE WAY

Country Doctor (catechising)—"Now, little boy, what must we all do in order to enter heaven?"

Boy—"Die."

Country Doctor—"Quite right—but what must we all do before we die?"

Boy—"Get sick and send for you!"

A South Carolina physician, asked why he located at Monelova, said, "It is a first-rate place for a doctor. If a man is sick all you have to do is to tell his friends (no matter whether the affair is serious or not) to go to a priest and have him confessed and prepare for death. If he dies, they will say 'What a good doctor he is. He knew he must die, and so had his spiritual interests attended to.' If he recovers they will say 'What a capable physician he must be. The man was in the last extremity and prepared for death, and he cured him.' So in either event it is a first-rate place in which to achieve a medical reputation."

A COUNTRY physician, with a keen appreciation of the ludicrous side of his practice, tells the following: —

I was called to the Cross Roads the other day to see Mrs. Watson, who enjoys the singular reputation of not living amicably with her husband's relatives. I found my patient in bed, but on examining into the symptoms was puzzled to make out a diagnosis.

"Mrs. Watson," said I, "I can't make out that you're much sick."

"Well, doctor," said she, drawing a long sigh, "it's trouble, I suppose, more'n anything else. You know what *his* folks is. I ain't nothin' agin *him* in partikeler — but his *folks!*"

IN THESE energetic go-ahead days, we are continually hearing of some new and curious way of making money, but the following method is, perhaps, as ingenious as any previously devised: A little boy entered a surgery the other day when the village doctor was in attendance, and marching up to him whispered, cautiously: "Please, sir, mother sent me to say as how Lizzie's got scarlatina awful bad; and, please, mother wants to know how much you'll give her to spread it all over the village?"

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

My dear, my better haly.
—Sir Philip Sidney, Arcadia.

A CERTAIN eminent London physician has a telephone in his bedroom. One night quite recently the bell rang, waking both him and his wife from a deep sleep. At once the medico went to the phone, and over the wire came the command, "Please come at once to Lecester Square—Lady Brown is very ill." With an imprecation, he handed the phone to his wife.

"For heaven's sake" he said, "say I'm out of town."

She complied obediently. Next morning the medico called at the Brown mansion and expressed his deep regret to Lord Brown that he had been absent when called.

"But you really were not home?" inquired his lordship, anxiously.

"Of course not," unblushingly replied the physician.

"Then my dear doctor," said Brown, earnestly, "I must sympathize with you in your terrible misfortune, for I distinctly heard a man's voice in your bedroom, talking to your wife."

Physician's Wife—"Are your affairs in bad shape, John?"

Physician—"Yes, but I hope to pull through. My creditors have extended my paper to the middle of the watermelon season."

OLD Dr. B——, of St. Lawrence County, New York, practiced medicine in the early settlement of the country there, and was noted as well for his kindness of heart as his oddity. Being aroused one stormy night by a man after "the Doctor," he said to his wife, "Now I am too tired to get out. You tell him I am not at home, and if it is very necessary I can go after he is gone." Not without some scruples Mrs. B—— announced to the man that the Doctor was not at home. The fellow then proceeded to tell a most pitiful story, when the Doctor, forgetting every thing but sympathy for the case, sang out: "I guess I'll go, Mary;" and at the top of his voice to the man; "I'll go right along." Mrs. B—— never lied for him after that.

NEEDED THE MONEY

Doctor—"That man I just called on has appendicitis."

His Wife—"I think an operation will be necessary, George."

Doctor (in surprise)—"*You* do? Why?"

His Wife—"I'll need two new gowns next month."

THE DOCTOR'S HORSE

That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.
— Shakespeare, "Antony and Cleopatra," iv, 14.

THE DOCTOR TO HIS HORSE

AH BILLY, many a day and night,
Thro' sun and stormy weather,
We've jogged along, as best we might,
With aching hearts together;
We've braved the wintry blasts that poured
Their doubling fury o'er us,
And many a lonely league we've scored
With little cheer before us.

Footsore, we've plodded on and on,
O'er roads that slow unraveled
Their murky miles, from dusk to dawn,
And chilled us as we traveled;
We've threaded woods so dark and mute,
And glens with gloom so thick, sir,
The owls were half-afraid to hoot,
And whippoorwills grew sick, sir.

Down country lanes, by churchyards dim,
At midnight we have scurried,
And seen the eldrich moonlight swim
Above the dead we've buried;
For us the fire-fly's trimmed his lamp,
In many a gloomy thicket,
We've heard — down where the beetles camp —
The rasping of the cricket.

We've listened to the snap and crack
Of heartstrings, when the portal
Of life's proud temple, swinging back,
Let free the soul immortal;
We've caught the sound of spirit-wings
In hovels of affliction,
And heard, amid such sufferings,
Love's bravest benediction.

We've seen the hardened sinner's eyes
Lock up their light forever,
With groans, and agonies, and cries,
As soul and sense did sever;
We've seen the good man's eyelids close,
As o'er them death did settle,
As softly as a summer rose
Shuts up its snowy petal.

We've seen the father, stooped with years,
On many a deathbed languish,
We've heard the sobs, and seen the tears
Stream down the cheeks of anguish —
O comrade mine! our days have been
A never-ending trial,
We've starved our souls, and worn them thin,
With steady self-denial.

Old fellow! you have ever stood,
My friend in tribulation,
And I would give you, if I could,
A royal recreation;
Alas! I'm racked with aches and pains,
And you are getting bony,
And, Billy, little rest remains
For you and me, my pony.

Aha! a stranger pauses here,
With clinking gold beside us,
And he would take you, Billy dear,
If ducats could divide us;
The wretch! he does not understand
Exactly where my heart is,
Not all the wealth at his command,
My Billy-boy, could part us.

— James Newton Matthews.

THE DOCTOR'S HORSE

The horse was a colt when he was purchased with the money paid by the heirs of one of the doctor's patients, and those were his days of fire. At first it was opined that the horse would never do for the doctor: he was too nervous, and his nerves beyond the reach of the doctor's drugs. He shied at every way-side bush and stone; he ran away several times; he was loath to stand, and many a time the doctor in those days was forced to rush from the bedside of patients to seize his refractory horse by the bridle and soothe and compel him to quiet. The horse in that untamed youth of his was like a furnace of fierce animal fire; when he was given rein on a frosty morning the pound of his iron-bound hoofs on the rigid roads cleared them of the slow-plodding country teams. A current as of the very freedom and invincibility of life seemed to pass through the taut reins to the doctor's hands. But the doctor was the master of his horse, as of all other things with which he came in contact. He was a firm and hard man in the pursuance of his duty, never yielding to it with love, but unswervingly stanch. He was never cruel to his horse; he seldom whipped him, but he never petted him; he simply mastered him, and after a while the fiery animal began to go the doctor's gait, and not his own.

When the doctor was sent for in a hurry, to an emergency case, the horse stretched his legs at a gallop, no matter how little inclined he felt for it, on a burning day of summer, perhaps. When there was no haste, and the doctor disposed to take his time, the horse went at a gentle amble, even though the frosts of the winter morning were

firing his blood, and every one of his iron nerves and muscles were strained with that awful strain of repressed motion. Even on those mornings the horse would stand at the door of the patient who was ill with old-fashioned consumption or chronic liver-disease, his four legs planted widely, his head and neck describing a long downward curve, so expressive of submission and dejection that it might have served as a hieroglyphic for them, and no more thought of letting those bounding impulses of his have their way than if the doctor's will had verily bound his every foot to the ground with unbreakable chains of servitude. He had become the doctor's horse. He was the will of the doctor, embodied in a perfect compliance of action and motion. People remarked how the horse had sobered down, what a splendid animal he was for the doctor, and they had thought that he would never be able to keep him and employ him in his profession.

Now and then the horse used to look around at the empty buggy as he stood at the gate of a patient's house, to see if the doctor were there, but the will which held the reins, being still evident to his consciousness even when its owner was absent, kept him in his place. He would have no thought of taking advantage of his freedom; he would turn his head, and droop it in that curve of utter submission, shift his weight slightly to another foot, make a sound which was like a human sigh of patience, and wait again. When the doctor, carrying his little medicine-chest, came forth, he would sometimes look at him, sometimes not; but he would set every muscle into an attitude of readiness for progress at the feel of the taut lines and the sound of the masterly human voice behind him.

Then he would proceed to the house of the next patient, and the story would be repeated.

The horse seemed to live his life in a perfect monotony of identical chapters. His waiting was scarcely cheered or stimulated by the vision and anticipation of his stall and his supper, so unvarying was it. The same stall, the same measure of oats, the same allotment of hay. He was never put out to pasture, for the doctor was a poor man, and unable to buy another horse and to spare him. All the variation which came to his experience was the uncertainty as to the night calls. Sometimes he would feel a slight revival of spirit and rebellion when led forth on a bitter winter night from his stolidity of repose, broken only by the shifting of his weight for bodily comfort, never by any perturbation of his inner life. The horse had no disturbing memories, and no anticipations, but he was still somewhat sensitive to surprises. When the flare of the lantern came athwart his stall and he felt the doctor's hand at his halter in the deep silence of a midnight, he would sometimes feel himself as a separate consciousness from the doctor, and experience the individualizing of contrary desires.

Now and then he pulled back, planting his four feet firmly, but he always yielded in a second before the masterly will of the man. Sometimes he started with a vicious emphasis, but it was never more than momentary. In the end he fell back into his lost state of utter submission. The horse was not unhappy. He was well cared for. His work, though considerable, was not beyond his strength. He had lost something undoubtedly in this complete surrender of his own will, but a loss of which one is unconscious tends only to the degradation of an animal, not to his misery.

The doctor often remarked with pride that his horse was a well-broken animal, somewhat stupid, but faithful. All the timid women folk in the village looked upon him with favor; the doctor's wife,

who was nervous, loved to drive with her husband behind this docile horse, and was not afraid even to sit, while the doctor was visiting his patients, with the reins over the animal's back. The horse had become to her a piece of mechanism absolutely under the control of her husband, and he was in truth little more. Still, a furnace is a furnace, even when the fire runs low, and there is always the possibility of a blaze.

The doctor had owned the horse several years, though he was still young when the young woman came to live in the family. She was the doctor's niece, a fragile thing, so exposed as to her network of supersensitive nerves to all the winds of life that she was always in a quiver of reciprocation or repulsion. She feared everything unknown, and all strength. She was innately suspicious of the latter. She knew its power to work her harm, and believed in its desire to do so. Especially was she afraid of that rampant and uncertain strength of a horse. Never did she ride behind one but she watched his every motion; she herself shied in spirit at every wayside stone. She watched for him to do his worst. She had no faith when she was told by her uncle that this horse was so steady that she herself could drive him. She had been told that so many times, and her confidence had been betrayed. But the doctor, since she was like a pale weed grown in the shade, with no stimulus of life except that given at its birth, prescribed fresh air and, to her consternation, daily drives with him. Day after day she went. She dared not refuse, for she was as compliant in her way to a stronger will as the horse. But she went in an agony of terror, of which the doctor had no conception. She sat in the buggy all alone while the doctor visited his patients, and she watched every motion of the horse. If he turned to look at her, her heart stood still.

And at last it came to pass that the horse began in a curious fashion to regain something of his lost spirit, and met her fear of him, and became that which she dreaded. One day as he stood before a gate in late autumn, with a burning gold of maple branches over his head and the wine of the frost in his nostrils, and this timorous thing seated behind him, anticipating that which he could but had forgotten that he could do, the knowledge and the memory of it awoke in him. There was a stiff northwester blowing. The girl was huddled in shawls and robes; her little pale face looked forth from the midst with wide eyes, with a prospectus of infinite danger from all life in them; her little thin hands clutched the reins with that consciousness of helplessness and conviction of the horse's power of mischief which is sometimes like an electric current firing the blood of a beast.

Suddenly a piece of paper blew under the horse's nose. He had been unmoved by fire-crackers before, but to-day, with that current of terror behind him firing his blood, that paper put him in a sudden fury of panic, of self-assertion, of rage, of all three combined. He snorted; the girl screamed wildly. He started; the girl gave the reins a frantic pull. He stopped. Then the paper blew under his nose again, and he started again. The girl fairly gasped with terror; she pulled the reins, and the terror in her hands was like a whip of stimulus to the evil freedom of the horse. She screamed, and the sound of that scream was the climax. The horse knew all at once what he was —not the doctor, but a horse, with a great power of blood and muscle which made him not only his own master, but the master of all weaker things. He gave a great plunge that was rapture, the assertion of freedom, freedom itself, and was off. The faint screams of the frightened creature behind him stimulated him to madder progress. At

last he knew, by her terrified recognition of it, his own sovereignty of liberty.

He thundered along the road; he had no more thought of his pitiful incumbrance of servitude, the buggy, than a free soul of its mortal coil. The country road was cleared before him; plodding teams were pulled frantically to the side; women scuttled into door-yards; pale faces peered after him from windows. Now and then an adventurous man rushed into his path with wild halloos and a mad swinging of arms, then fled precipitately before his resistless might of advance. At first the horse had heard the doctor's shouts behind him, and had laughed within himself, then he left them far behind. He leaped, he plunged, his iron-shod heels touched the dash-board of the buggy. He heard splintering wood. He gave another lunging plunge. Then he swerved, and leaped a wall. Finally he had cleared himself of everything except a remnant of his harness. The buggy was a wreck, strewn piecemeal over a meadow. The girl was lying unhurt, but as still as if she were dead; but the horse which her fear had fired to new life was away in a mad gallop over the autumn fields, and his youth had returned. He was again himself — what he had been when he first awoke to a consciousness of existence and the joy of bounding motion in his mighty nerves and muscles. He was no longer the doctor's horse, but his own.

The doctor had to sell him. After that his reputation was gone, and indeed he was never safe. He ran with the doctor. He would not stand a moment unless tied, and then pawed and pulled madly at the halter, and rent the air with impatient whinnies. So the doctor sold him, and made a good bargain. The horse was formed for speed, and his lapse from virtue had increased his financial value. The man who bought him had a good eye for horseflesh, and had no wish to stand

at doors on his road to success, but to take a bee-line for the winning-post. The horse was well cared for, but for the first time he felt the lash and heard curses; however, they only served to stimulate to a fiercer glow the fire which had awakened within him. He was never his new master's horse as he had been the doctor's. He gained the reputation of speed, but also of vicious nervousness. He was put on the race-course. He made a record at the county fair. Once he killed his jockey. He used to speed along the road drawing a man crouched in a tilting gig. Few other horses could pass him. Then he began to grow old.

At last when the horse was old he came into his first master's hands again. The doctor had grown old, older than the horse, and he did not know him at first, though he did say to his old wife that he looked something like that horse which he had owned which ran away and nearly killed his niece. After he said that, nothing could induce the doctor's wife to ride behind him; but the doctor, even in his feeble old age, had no fear, and the sidelong fire in the old horse's eye, and the proud cant of his neck, and haughty resentment at unfamiliar sights on the road, pleased him. He felt a confidence in his ability to tame this untamed thing, and the old man seemed to grow younger after he had bought the horse. He had given up his practice after a severe illness, and a young man had taken it, but he began to have dreams of work again. But he never knew that he had bought his old horse until after he had owned him some weeks. He was driving him along the country road one day in October when the oaks were a ruddy blaze, and the sumacs like torches along the walls, and the air like wine with the smell of grapes and apples. Then suddenly, while the doctor was sitting in the buggy with loose reins, speeding along the familiar road, the horse stopped. And he stopped

before the house where had used to dwell the man afflicted with old-fashioned consumption, and the window which had once framed his haggard, coughing visage reflected the western sunlight like a blank page of gold. There the horse stood, his head and long neck bent in the old curve. He was ready to wait until the consumptive arose from his grave in the church-yard, if so ordered. The doctor stared at him. Then he got out and went to the animal's head, and man and horse recognized each other. The light of youth was again in the man's eyes as he looked at his own spiritual handiwork. He was once more the master, in the presence of that which he had mastered. But the horse was expressed in body and spirit only by the lines of utter yielding and patience and submission. He was again the doctor's horse.

— *Mary E. Wilkins.*

MADAME LA DOCTEUR

I think you'll force me to become your patient.
—Shackerley Marmion, "The Antiquary," iii.

THE FAIR PHYSIOLOGIST AND THE BACHELOR OF MEDICINE

A Lay of the Nineteenth Century

" H tell me, gentle maid," he cries,
"Whence flows that falling tear,
Why all-suffused those glist'ning eyes?
The cause I fain would hear."
"The cause," she says, with downcast eye,
"Unless my mem'ry fail, is
Intensified activity
In the *Glandula Lachrymalis.*"

"But oh, methinks that from your breast
There heaves a gentle sigh,
Refusing, too, to be repressed;
Sweet maiden, tell me why?"
"I think," she says, "a sigh is due
To deepened *Inspiration,*
And this, again, is owing to
Some *Reflex Excitation.*"

"But, mantling on your cheek, I see
The lovely damask rose,
Declare, oh, dearest one, to me
Whence this rich luster flows?"
"Blushing is caused," the maid replies,
"As Huxley well observes,
By much-dilated arteries
And *Vaso-motor Nerves.*"

"But tell me farther, maiden dear,
Of all these signs the reason.
Do not a blush, a sigh, a tear
Point to some *central lesion?*"
"Their cause" (she faintly makes reply)
"As yet escapes detection,
Unless-perchance — they signify
Some — *cardiac affection.*"

"Ah, maid, your diagnosis true
To sure proof is subjected,
Since, by contagion caught from you,
My heart, too, is infected.
And now, to cure us both, I trow,
One med'cine and no more is,
Oh, take the sweet prescription now:
Sume Aurantii Flores."*

—J. Harper Benson.

MADAME LA DOCTEUR

'Tis she: I know her cheerful, vibrant voice,
Her swift, light step approaching:
My languid senses, wakening, all rejoice,
Nor does the heart need coaching,
But buoyantly betrays new strength, the while
Awaiting happily the doctor's smile.

I gaze into the kindly questioning eyes,
Her warm, true heart revealing,
When suddenly, the look grows deep and wise,
Her thought from me concealing;
For Galen's science now my love allures,
Suggesting, possibly, some wondrous cures.

Still serious as a judge, she feels my pulse,
New medicine prescribing,
While I would scientific rules convulse,
My lessened ills ascribing
Not to the science learned at Galen's throne,
But to her magic influence alone.

—E. L. Jacinto.

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*Take orange Flowers.

LOVE, M. D.

H, SHE comes in silk and satin,
She is versed in roots of Latin,
As well as every root that grows below the mother earth;
She reads Sanskrit, she reads Coptic,
She's the apple of my optic;
She has a long list of degrees, and Boston saw her birth.

Yet it sets my blood ashiver
When she asks about my liver,
And I stutter and am speechless when my tongue she wants to see;
For I'm fearful to expose it,
In negligee — she knows it,
When her lovely eyes with tender light are riveted on me.

With my pulses at a hundred,
'Tis not strange that she has blundered,
And doctored me for fevers when I didn't have a sign;
'Tis her presence that is heating,
And which sets my heart a beating;
For I'm only a poor mortal man, and she is not divine.

Still it's pleasant to be ailing,
Just to have an angel sailing
Into your humble room and fill it full of life and light;
But as for a diagnosis,
Why what anybody knows is
Impossible at such a time to formulate aright.

But I'll tell you, fair physician,
All the fault of my condition;
I am dying of the heart disease, and all for love of you;
And 'tis in your power to cure it;
If you don't I'm very sure it
Will grow worse until you tell me that your love is fond and true.

BELINDA, M. D.

ELINDA is fifteen,
Hath hair of golden sheen,
And her eyes
Are the regulation blue,
Such as we're accustomed to
Idolize.

She hath a winning grace,
Complement of such a face
Of fifteen;
And this dainty little body
Is determined that she'll study
Medicine.

Was ever thought so crazy
Entertained by such a daisy
Of the field?
Surely not; but still the notion
Of professional devotion
Will not yield.

On the beach at Narragansett
She doth scan the London *Lancet*,
And I ween
Through her reading comprehensive
She is "up" on that expensive
Cocaine.

She doth cultivate affection
For Lequard and vivisection;
Though as yet
She doth draw her skirt around her
When she passeth by a flounder
In a net.

And I wish you could behold her
In the lee of some big boulder
At her ease,
In profound preoccupation,
Getting points on circulation,
If you please.

Ah, this winsome little gold-head!
When the wingéd years have folded
On the scene
Of this fancy, will the thronging
Of her lovers set her longing
For fifteen?

If, at length she must confess
To a cardiac distress
Which an elf
With a bended bow hath brought her,
Can she then, tho' Galen taught her,
Cure herself?

— *Mark Mallow.*

THE MICROBE

Bacteriology makes it plain that the Ark carried quite a few stowaways.

A TRAGEDY

GAY Bacillus, to gain him glory,
Once gave a ball in a laboratory.
The fête took place on a cover glass,
Where vulgar germs could not harass.
None but the cultured were invited
(For microbe cliques are well united),
And tightly closed the ball-room doors,
To all the germs containing spores.
The Staphylococci first arrived —
To stand in groups they all contrived —
The Streptococci took great pains
To seat themselves in graceful chains.
While, somewhat late, and two by two,
The Diplococci came in view.
The Pneumacocci, stern and haughty,
Declared the Genecocci naughty,
And would not care to stay at all
If they were present at the ball.
The ball began, the mirth ran high,
With not one thought of danger nigh.
Each germ enjoyed himself that night,
With never fear of the Phagocyte.
'Twas getting late (and some were "loaded")
When a jar of formalin exploded,
And drenched the happy dancing mass
Who swarmed the fatal cover glass.

. . . . . .

Not one survived, but perished all
At this Bacteriologic ball.

—J. Lee Hagadorn.

GEORGIE'S PAW FINDS OUT HOW TO FOOL GERMS

ittle albert cot the meezuls in Sunday school becoz me and Him wanted to Get invited to the Christmus tree doings, So we Commenct going a fue weeks before it Come off. I wouldn't of cared so mutch only they Barred me Out becoz they thot I mite Carry some Germs along in my close and pass them around amung the ones that Hadn't enny Germs of their own, so the three Sundays I went all Got waisted.

When the dockter came to See Little albert he sed maw must take the Baby in a room by Herself and not Let ennybuddy go in to see Her without Changing their coats first and shaking the Germs out of their hair.

Every time paw would go in the room to See Little albert and then started across the Hall to see the baby maw would tell him he must put on anuther coat soase not to take Enny Germs in. So paw kep an extry Coat hung on the door nob and you could see Him taking off one or putting On anuther neerly Every time a Buddy looked for about a week or So, and then one Day he told maw That he didn't Believe they was a Germ on erth with Enny spunk that would give up just becoz it had to Stick to the Saim coat all the Time and he wuzzen't going to be a Fool Enny longer.

"Don't you think two or Three germs could hop from one coat to anuther while I was Changing them?" he told maw. "I don't s'pose germs get rite Down and reason things out very often, but when they go Looking for bizness I don't Bleeve they just sit around waiting for Sumthing to Turn up."

Maw was starting to tell him what she thot about it, But the doctor Came then and paw got to asting Him questions about the habbuts of Germs.

"Do you think they would be Danger of me Carrying germs to the Baby if I didn't change my coat and brush my Whiskers Every time?" paw ast him.

"Yes," the doctor sed; "I always take off my overcoat downstairs in the Hall, you notus, before I come where the Children are. That's to Leave the germs I got at the last place I visited down there, and so when I get thru here I put my overcoat on again, and that shuts your kind of germs up inside, so they Can't get out when I go to the next place on the List."

"That's a great skeem," paw sed. "What do you think would happen if some of the germs on your Overcoat and the ones you keep shut up inside clum thru the fence some day and got all mixt up?"

The doctor sed it wuzzen't enny joak and paw told him he new it.

"How does it Come they don't get in your Eye brows?" paw ast him.

"Oh," the doctor sed, "I don't let my Eyebrows tutch Ennything in the room."

"Don't the germs ever stick to your Collar?" paw sed. "Your don't change that Every time you go from one House to anuther, do you?"

"No," the doctor anserd. "They only stick to woolen things."

"Oh," says paw; "must it always be a yard wide, too? Do germs ever get on peeple that are red Heded or Cross eyed or haven't a Good fambly Back of them? How do they act when they see a Bow legged man or a Girl that duzzen't sit pidgun toed? I s'pose if a Germ would get into a purson that wore the rong kind of Close by axidunt some day it would never Hold up its hed and Dare to

look the other germs in the fais again, would it? It must be mitey hard Being a germ that wants to keep a good Reputashen, with so menny Chances to do the rong Thing. How do you keep from Taking the Germs to your own Fambly, when you are around amung them all Day and go Home with about Leven different kinds on you at nite?"

"I have a Clozet down stairs in my offus," the Doctor sed, "and I always take off my close and Hang them in There before I go where enny of my fambly is."

"And when you Get your close took off and hung up in the Clozet down stairs," paw told Him, "do you Go around without Enny on till you Find some more?"

"Of corse not," the doctor anserd. "I keep anuther suit in the same Clozet to put on when I take the Others off."

"And do the Germs just sit around and watch you while you Change and Think it would be unprofesshunal if they Hopped from one Suit to the Other or stuck around in the Clozet and got onto your Home suit when they Thot you wuzzent looken'?"

The doctor sed he hadn't time to stay and Talk about it Enny more, so He hurried on to the Next case, and after he was gone paw sed to maw:

"I'll tell you what I think about this Germ bizness."

"What's that?" maw ast.

"Instead of trying to fool the Germs and make them Lose confadunce in us, we ot to just meat them Half way and Try to teatch them to Listen to reezun."

Maw goes around looking kind of sad becoz she thinks paw is a Little off on the Germ theory, but the baby hazzen't come down yet.

— *Georgie.*

HER COURTSHIP

MAN of modern science wooed
A maiden of accepting mood,
Who, dreading lest contagion might
Do mischief to her chosen wight,
With sol. bichloride washed her hair
And sponged her limbs and body fair.

She rinsed her mouth with Listerine,
And held, her snow-white teeth between,
A pad of antiseptic gauze,
Covering her nose, as well as jaws,
Which formed a sort of respirator
Between them and her osculator.

But this reminds: I should have told
That these were things he'd taught of old,
With others which I may not tell, in
Regard to spots that germs might dwell in.
She was a wise professor's daughter
And practised all which had been taught her.

So this good medicine man, with pride
Clasping his antiseptic bride,
In disinfected murmur low
Asked "Why she loved her doctor so?"
And softly nestling down, she sighed,
"You're such a dear old germicide."

IN BOSTON

"WHEN I grow up," said the first boy, "I hope to be a physician. Is it not noble to spend one's life in curing the ills to which flesh is heir?"

"True," said his kind-hearted little companion; "but it does seem cruel to kill the poor little microbes."

MICROBIAN HUMOR

First Microbe — "Have you ever gone up against any of these microbe killers the doctors are talking about?"

Second Microbe — "Lots of them."

First Microbe — "Are n't you afraid?"

Second Microbe — "Afraid, nothing! Why, I'm a microbe-killer killer, I am!"

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

I take not on me here as a physician.
—Shakespeare, "II Henry IV," iv. 1.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST AND THE PATIENT

Patient—"I have come to consult you in regard to my state of health. I am afflicted with severe headache upon rising."

Christian Scientist—"Oh, no. You only *think* you are subject to headache."

P.—"Yes, headache and sometimes dizziness."

C. S.—"You simply *think* so, my friend."

P. (indignantly)—"Not only dizziness, but frequently nausea."

C. S.—"Indeed you only *think* so!"

P.—"Well, as no relief seems to be offered, I must say good morning!"

C. S.—"My price, sir, is two dollars a visit."

P.—"Oh, no. You only *think* it is your price. Good morning."

THE CASE ALTERED

"Didn't I see a physician's carriage at Gidding's door this morning?" asked Cumso.

"Quite likely," replied Cawker. "Gidding is ill."

"That's odd. When his wife was sick, a month ago, he refused to call a doctor, but insisted on her taking the mind cure."

"That is true, but I told you that it was Gidding himself who is ill this time."

MISTAKEN FOR A DIVINE HEALER

Hiram—"I thought yew wuzn't a-goin' tew get yer hair cut till Bill Bryan wuz elected President?"

Jason—"So did I! But, by Gum! when a henpecked-lookin' feller walked up tew me 'bout an hour ago an' asked me tew cure him uv cold feet by the layin' on uv my hands, I bolted fer the nearest barber shop!"

TOO MUCH WORK

Hicks—"He says Christian Science makes him tired. You should hear him swear about it."

Wicks—"The idea! Why should he bother so much about it?"

Hicks—"He has to. He's the Coroner, you know."

SOMETHING OF A SCRAPPER HIMSELF

Conley—"Now, if yez wor t' call in a Christian Scientist he'd make yez acknowlidge in liss than tin minutes thot yez hod no rheumatism at all!"

Fagan (sadly)—"P'raps he could—in th' condition Oi am now; but, begorra! Oi'll lay odds he could n't do it iv Oi wor well!"

TWO CURES

"Ah! Gadsby, howdy? I want to tell you how Christian Science cured me of the grip."

"All right, old man! When you get through I want to tell you how the grip cured me of Christian Science."

NOT AN ENTHUSIAST

Faith Doctor — "Now, my dear sir, tell me just how you feel."

Impatient patient (who has stared the doctor in the eye steadily for hours, in a vain endeavor to forget his pain) — "I feel like a d——d fool; what's the bill?"

AN ATTRACTION

Isaacs — "If I had der time I mighd look into dot Chreestian Zience."

Miss Isaacs (astounded) — "Vot for?"

Isaacs — "Vell, dere seems to be some moneysh in it."

ANOTHER COMBINATION

"NOTHING like whiskey and quinine for a cold."

"I don't like quinine. I think I'll try whiskey and Christian Science."

NOT THAT BREED

Mc Swatters — "A healer, eh? Divine?"

Mc Switters — "No; ward."

Mrs. Hix — I don't take any stock in these faith cures brought about by the laying on of hands.

Mrs. Dix — Well, I do; I cured my little boy of the cigarette habit that way.

THE QUACK

The patient must minister to himself.
Throw physic to the dogs.
—Shakespeare, "Macbeth," v, 3.

QUACKS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THE quacks of the present day are sufficiently numerous, and meet with enough success to cause astonishment to every thinking person; but, compared with their predecessors of the eighteenth century, they pale into insignificance. It may not be uninteresting to the reader to have brought before him a few of the men who treated upon the credulity of our forefathers in the days of Anne and the three Georges, the days of Addison, Pope, and Johnson. When we consider their numbers, their ignorance, and the impudence of their pretensions, we find it almost impossible to understand the success they met with, and the way they were spoken of and patronized by the highest in the land. Cobblers, tinkers, footmen, and tailors (some not able to read their own advertisements), assumed the title of doctor, and pretended to be able to cure every known disease. They advertised particulars of their wonderful cures, and by the use of scraps of Latin or doggerel rhymes, or by claiming to be "seventh son of a seventh son," or an "unborn doctor," secured the patronage of the lowest orders. They put forward the most extraordinary assertions, as inducements for the public to confide in their med-

ical ability. One asserted that "he had arrived at the knowledge of the green and red dragon, and had discovered the female fern seed;" another stated that "he had studied thirty years by candlelight for the good of his countrymen;" whilst a third, by heading his bills with the word

"TETRACHYMAGOGON,"

ensured their being read by crowds of people, of whom the majority when sick would go to no other but this learned man. The poverty and ignorance of the lower classes may explain the success these quacks met with amongst them; but what are we to think when we find them patronized by the nobility, and even called in to the aid of suffering royalty? — when we find them receiving titles from an English sovereign and being honored with the thanks of the House of Commons?

The strange fact that these quacks found so many people to trust in them is well considered by Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, in No. 572 of the *Spectator:* "The desire of life is so natural and strong a passion that I have long since ceased to wonder at the great encouragement which the practice of medicine finds among us. Those who have little or no faith in the abilities of a quack will apply themselves to him, either because he is willing to sell health at a reasonable profit, or because the patient, like a drowning man, catches at every twig, and hopes for relief from the most ignorant, when the most able physicians give him none. Though impudence and many words are as necessary to these itinerary Galens as a laced hat to a merry-andrew, yet they would turn very little to the advantage of the owner if there were not some inward disposition in the sick man to favor the pretensions of the mountebank. Love of life in the one and of money in the other creates a good correspondence between them."

One of the most pertinacious advertisers in the early part of the century was Sir William Read. Originally a tailor, he became oculist to Queen Anne and afterwards to George the First. From Queen Anne he received the honor of knighthood. Though so ignorant that he could hardly read, yet, by an unusual amount of impudence and by the use of a few scraps of Latin in his advertisements, he obtained a great reputation for learning, and such an amount of patronage as enabled him to ride in his own chariot. When travelling in the provinces he practised ("by the light of nature") not only in small towns and villages, where the ignorance of the inhabitants might be supposed to favor his pretensions, but also in the principal seats of learning. In one of his advertisements he calls upon the vice-chancellor, university, and city of Oxford, to vouch for his cures. He advertised in the *Tatler* that he had been "thirty-five years in the practice of couching cataracts, taking off all sorts of wens, curing wry necks, and *hair* lips, without blemish, though never so deformed." His wife assisted him, and after his death, which occurred at Rochester, on the 24th of May 1715, carried on his business.

In those days, as at present, the quacks advertised testimonials from grateful patients. These are referred to in the *Spectator:* "Upon this a man of wit and learning told us, he thought it would not be amiss if we paid the *Spectator* the same compliment that is often made in our publick prints to Sir William Read, Dr. Grant, Mr. Moore the apothecary, and *other eminent physicians*, where it is usual for the patients to publish the cures which have been made upon them, and the several distempers under which they labored."

The Dr. Grant here referred to was a celebrated advertising quack. Commencing life as a tinker, he afterwards, though very illiterate, be-

came a Baptist preacher in Southwark, then turning quack, he eventually became oculist to Queen Anne. Speaking of Read and Grant, a writer in the *Grub Street Journal* says:—

"Her Majesty, sure, was in a surprise,
Or else was very short-sighted,
When a tinker was sworn to look after her eyes
And the mountebank Read was knighted."

Dr. Grant had his portrait engraved on a copper-plate, from which copies were printed for distribution. Of this portrait the same writer says:—

"A tinker first his scene of life began;
That failing, he set up for cunning man;
But wanting luck, puts on a new disguise,
And now pretends that he can mend your eyes.
But this expect, that like a tinker true,
Where he repairs one eye he puts out two."

Mr. Moore, the apothecary, was known as the "Worm Doctor," because of a celebrated worm-powder that he sold. In one of the numbers of the *Tatler* a London tradesman advertises that he had been cured of rheumatism by Mr. Moore, of the Pestle and Mortar, Abchurch Lane. Moore and his worm-powders will be handed down to posterity, since they form the subject of one of Pope's poems, of which one distich runs:—

"Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat e'en thee."

Early in the century flourished Dr. Tom Saffold, who used to publish his bills in verse, thus:—

"Here's Saffold's pills, much better than the rest,
Deservedly have gained the name of best;
A box of eighteen pills for eighteenpence,
Though 'tis too cheap in any man's own sense."

Specimens of his poetical powers were also placed on his doorpost. Dr. Case, who afterwards lived

in the same house, erased the verses of his predecessor and substituted two lines of his own:—

"Within this place
Lives Doctor Case."

He is said to have gained more by this couplet than Dryden did by all his works.

The following elegy appeared on the death of Dr. Saffold:—

"Lament, ye damsels of our London city,
Poor unprovided girls, though fair and witty;
Who masked would to his house in couples come
To understand your matrimonial doom;
To know what kind of man you were to marry,
And how long time, poor things, you were to tarry,
Your oracle is silent; none can tell
On whom his astrologic mantle fell;
For he when sick refused the doctor's aid,
And only to his pills devotion paid.
Yet it was surely a most sad disaster
The saucy pills at last should kill their master."

To understand some allusions in the above the reader must be reminded that nearly all these quacks pretended to a great skill in astrology, and joined the business of fortune-telling with that of selling drops and pills.

The sterner sex were not, however, allowed to monopolise the field of quackery. One of the best-known characters of the last century was Mrs. Mapp, the Bone-setter, who, after leading a wandering life for some time, settled down at Epsom, then a place of fashionable resort. The remarkable strength with which she was endowed, together with such knowledge as she had acquired from her father (himself a bone-setter), mainly contributed to the success which, in many cases, undoubtedly attended her operations. She journeyed to town twice a week in a coach-and-four, and, at the *Grecian Coffee House*, operated on her town patients, carrying

their crutches back to Epsom as trophies of her skill. During one of these visits she was called in to the aid of Sir Hans Sloane's niece, and the success which she met with on this occasion became the talk of the town. A comedy called "The Husband's Relief, or the Female Bone-setter and the Worm Doctor," was brought out at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Mrs. Mapp attended the first performance, accompanied by Ward and Taylor, two quacks, who will be noticed presently. A song in her praise was sung, of which one verse runs:—

"You doctors of London, who puzzle your pates
To ride in your coaches and purchase estates;
Give over, for shame, for your pride has a fall,
And the Doctress of Epsom has outdone you all."

Many remarkable cures effected by her are noted in the public journals of the day, and there is no doubt that she was in the receipt of a very large income. The following extract from the *Grub Street Journal*, of the 19th of April, 1736, will give the reader a sufficient insight into her brief married life: "We hear that the husband of Mrs. Mapp, the famous bone-setter at Epsom, ran away from her last week, taking with him upwards of a hundred guineas, and such other portable things as lay next to his hand. Several letters from Epsom mention that the footman, whom the fair bone-setter married the week before, had taken a sudden journey from thence with what money his wife had earned, and that her concern at first was very great, but as soon as the surprise was over, she grew gay, and seems to think the money well disposed of, as it was like to rid her of a husband." At this time she was at the height of her prosperity; in December of the next year she died, "at her lodgings near Seven Dials, so miserably poor that the parish was obliged to bury her."

Dr. Ward, one of the quacks mentioned as accompanying Mrs. Mapp to the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, was the son of a drysalter in Thames Street. He became a footman, and it is said that whilst travelling with his master on the continent he obtained from some monks those receipts by which he afterwards made his "Friar's Balsam" and other nostrums. He began to practice physic about 1733, and for some time combated the united efforts of wit, learning, argument, and ridicule. The *Grub Street Journal* attacked him in a well-written article, showing the mischievous effects of his "pill," giving instances of fatal results from its use, and pointing out its probable principal ingredient. He replied, giving copies of depositions made before certain magistrates to show that these fatalities arose from other causes. He also inserted in his reply several testimonials to his wonderful success. The controversy went on for some time, no doubt much to Ward's profit. One of his detractors finishes an article with the following warning to the public:—

"Before you take his drop or pill
Take leave of friends and make your will."

Praised by General Churchill and Lord Chief Justice Reynolds, he was called in to prescribe for George the Second. The king recovering in spite of his attentions, Ward received a solemn vote of thanks from the House of Commons, and obtained the privilege of driving his carriage through St. James's Park. He died in 1761, leaving his statue, by Carlini, to the Society of Arts.

Dr. Taylor, or the Chevalier Taylor, as he called himself, was a quack oculist, whose impudence was unparalleled, as his memoirs written by himself will testify. Dr. Johnson, in a conversation with his friend Beauclerk, talking of celebrated and successful irregular practisers in physic, said: "Taylor was the most ignorant man I ever knew,

but sprightly; Ward the dullest. Taylor challenged me once to talk Latin with him. I quoted some of Horace, which he took to be part of my own speech. He said a few words well enough." *Beauclerk.*—"I remember, sir, you said that Taylor was an instance how far impudence could carry ignorance." It was said of Taylor that five of his coach-horses were blind in consequence of their master having exercised his skill upon them.

About this time there practiced in Moorfields a quack who advertised himself as the "Unborn Doctor." A writer of the time speaks of him as the "stuttering Unborn Doctor," and relates that a gentleman having asked him to explain his title, he replied, "Why, you s–s–ee, sir, I w–w–as not b–born a d–d–doctor, and s–s–so I am an u–u–u–unborn doctor."

We may mention here Dr. Hancock, who recommended cold water and stewed prunes as a universal panacea. There was also the proprietor of the Anodyne Necklace, the wearing of which for one night would enable children to cut their teeth without pain, even though they had previously been on the brink of the grave. These necklaces had a good sale at the really moderate price, considering their effect, of five shillings each.

We must not pass over the gentleman who thus introduces himself in the *Evening Post* of August the 6th, 1717: "This is to give notice that Dr. Benjamin Thornhill, sworn servant to His Majesty King George, *seventh son of the seventh son*, who has kept a stage in the rounds of West Smithfield for several months past, will continue to be advised with every day in the week, from eight in the morning till eight at night, at his lodgings at the *Swan Inn*, in West Smithfield, till Michaelmas, for the good of all people that lie languishing under distempers, he knowing that *Talenta in agro non est abscondita*—that a talent ought not to be hid

in [the earth. Therefore he exposes himself in public for the good of the poor. The many cures he has performed *has* given the world great satisfaction, having cured fifteen hundred people of the king's evil, and several hundreds that have been blind, lame, deaf, and diseased. God Almighty having been pleased to bestow upon him so great a talent, he thinks himself bound in duty to be helpful to all sorts of persons that are afflicted with any distemper. He will tell you in a minute what distemper you are troubled with and whether you are curable or not. If not curable he will not take any one in hand if he might have five hundred pounds for a reward."

Of foreign quacks who have resided in England we may mention Dominicetti, Katerfelto, and Cagliostro. Dominicetti in 1765 set up medicated baths in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, which, although they made a considerable sensation for a time, do not seem to have secured the lasting favor of the public, for in 1782 Dominicetti became bankrupt. Katerfelto, an ex-Prussian soldier, practised in England during the great prevalence of influenza in 1782. To the sale of his nostrums he added the attractions of legerdemain, and electric and microscopical exhibitions. Cowper, in his "Task," alludes to him:—

> "And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
> At his own wonders, wondering for his bread."

The "arch-quack" Cagliostro, whose story is told by Carlyle, favored England with his presence from 1785 to 1787. He lived in Sloane Street, Knightsbridge, where he did a good trade in Egyptian pills at thirty shillings the drachm.

In 1780 Dr. Graham opened a house in the Adelphi Terrace as the Temple of Health. His rooms were stuffed with glass globes, marble statues, medico-electric apparatus, figures of dragons,

stained glass, and other theatrical properties. The air was drugged with incense, and the ear was charmed with strains of music from a self-acting organ. Here he lectured on the beneficial effects of electricity and magnetism, and explained according to his advertisements "the whole art of enjoying health and vigor of body and mind, and of preserving and exalting personal beauty and loveliness: or, in other words, of living with health, honor, and happiness in this world for at least a hundred years." One of the means to this end was the frequent use of mud baths at a guinea each; and on certain occasions he might be seen up to his chin in mud, accompanied by the priestess of the temple, otherwise Vestina, the Goddess of Health. This "goddess" was Emma Lyons, previously a domestic servant, afterwards the wife of Sir William Hamilton and the *friend* of Lord Nelson. Dr. Graham removed to Schomberg House in Pall Mall, where he opened the Temple of Health and Hymen. Here he had his celestial bed, which he professed cost sixty thousand pounds. One night in this bed secured a beautiful progeny, and might be had for one hundred pounds. For a supply of his Elixir of Life he required one thousand pounds in advance. A Prussian traveller who was in England at the time described this temple, with its vari-colored transparent glasses, its rich vases of perfumes, half-guinea treatises on health, and divine balm, at a guinea a bottle. Magneto-electric beds were on the second-floor, and might be slept in for fifty pounds a night. Each bed rested on six massive transparent columns. The perfumed drapery was of purple, the curtains of celestial blue.

Graham spared no expense to attract visitors. He had two footmen in gaudy liveries and gold-laced hats to stand at the entrance. His rooms at night were brilliantly lighted. With an admittance

fee of five shillings his rooms were crowded by people anxious to see this magnificent show and to hear the lecture of the quack or his assistants. One of his advertisements informs us that "Vestina, the rosy Goddess of Health, presides at the evening lecture, assisting at the display of the celestial meteors, and of that sacred vital fire over which she watches, and whose application in the cure of diseases she daily has the honor of directing. The descriptive exhibition of the apparatus in the daytime is conducted by the officiating junior priest." This priest was a young medical man, afterwards Dr. Mitford, and father of the celebrated authoress.

Graham's expenses were very large, and when the public ceased to patronize him and his receipts fell off, the Temple of Health was closed, and the whole of the "properties" were sold by auction in 1784. Graham died poor in the neighborhood of Glasgow.

MARRIED — At the residence of the bride's father, on the northwest corner of Askin and Windham streets, facing Lawnview Park, being the only three-story pressed-brick house in the block, James T. Spooner, Jr., eldest and only son of Dr. James T. Spooner, discoverer and sole owner of Spooner's Cough Killer, price 25 cents per bottle — for sale by all druggists — to Cordelia Frances, youngest and only daughter of J. Mortimer Brown, M. D., who glories in the best medical practice in these here parts.

— *Cleburne (Tex.) Review.*

IN AN Irish daily there recently appeared this advertisement: "Wanted — A gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine; the advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker."

REMINISCENCE OF OLD TIME QUACKERY

T is amazing that quackery should not only survive, but flourish in New England, where there is a newspaper in every family and an educated physician in every hamlet. I am not now referring to that form of it which finds expression in patent or proprietary medicines, for in the most of those which attain any popularity there is some merit. I have in mind the more disreputable class which deals in charms, commands, and superstitions, the natural bone-setters, the seventh sons of seventh sons, who claim they inherit the gift of healing; who suppose that those are most capable of repairing the delicate machinery of human lives who are most ignorant of its structure and functions. It is incredible that such pretentious ignorance should be able to secure a foothold in an intelligent community. That it does, goes far to prove the good old Presbyterian doctrine of the total depravity of the human heart. An occurrence with which I was once invited to have something to do professionally will illustrate the impudence of the quack and the credulity of his victim.

A farmer of average intelligence, in good circumstances, was thrown from his wagon and suffered a compound fracture of his thigh-bone. An experienced country surgeon was called, who restored the parts to their places, dressed the limb in proper splints, and, with a suitable weight and pulley, arranged to keep it extended until there was a formation of the fragments of bone. He gave to the patient and his family very positive and emphatic instructions. The reparation would

take a long time and involve some pain. Unless the farmer wished to leave his bed a cripple for life, with one leg some inches shorter than the other, he must endure the pain without taking off the weights or handling the limb in any way; that if the extension was once relaxed the cure would be difficult, perhaps impossible. As the surgeon lived several miles away, he should not visit him more than once a week, nor would more frequent visits be necessary if his instructions were obeyed. On his second visit the surgeon saw that his instructions had not been followed. After denials and prevarications the family confessed that the weights had been removed and the position of the body changed several times because the pain was greater than the farmer could endure. They had therefore relieved the pressure, removed the bandages, and bathed the limb with hot water. The doctor was indignant. He ridiculed the pretended inability of the patient, a strong man, to bear a pain which children could endure without complaint, repeated his directions with greater emphasis, and declared that unless his advice was followed his further attendance was useless, and if that upon his next visit he found that it had been disregarded he would abandon the case and leave the patient to become a permanent cripple.

Just at that time, drawn by a pair of the celebrated Morgan horses, driven by a colored servant in livery, a very remarkable person, according to his own estimate, appeared and took a suite of rooms at the hotel in the country town. He wore a long dark coat of velvet, with a crimson collar and trimmings, buckskin trousers, a vest of figured satin covering a ruffled shirt made fast in the bosom by an enormous yellow diamond pin. Thus equipped and ornamented, he appeared before the modest dwelling of the farmer ready to guarantee his cure.

His rule was "no cure, no pay," but this case had been so mismanaged by the country surgeon that he would make it an exception. If the wounded farmer would execute and give to him his promissory note for twenty-five hundred dollars as an advance payment in the nature of a retaining fee, he would not only promise but guarantee his cure. Of course the farmer accepted his conditions and signed the promissory note. There is a hypnotic control which these quacks can exercise that for the time is stronger than the judgment of their victims. He did not even remove the dressings of the wounded limb. He made various motions over it, recited formulas in unknown tongues, declared that the cure would shortly be complete, pocketed his promissory note, and went in search of new victims.

The poor farmer had a distressing experience. The directions of the surgeon were no longer obeyed; the splints and the dressings of the limb were removed; ulceration began, promoted by bathing the leg in hot water; there was no union of the fractured bones; new joints were formed at the fractures, and when he finally hobbled from his bed he was a permanent cripple, with a useless limb, condemned to the use of crutches for the remainder of his life. The quack visited him a few times, assured him that his directions as a natural bone-setter had never failed, and that in the end his cure would be perfect. The promissory note was made payable at the —— Bank. On the day it matured it was presented, payment was demanded, and the note was protested for non-payment. Suit was commenced upon it, and, as the unjust statutes of the State then permitted, all the horses, cattle, and personal property of the farmer were attached and about to be removed by the sheriff, when his neighbors volunteered and gave

an undertaking to pay any judgment which the quack should recover in the action.

When the issues in the action came on to be tried the farmer was represented by one of the most skillful advocates at the bar. The quack could not pay counsel and intrusted his case to the attorney who had commenced the action. Instead of proving the execution of the note and resting his case, as he might have done, the attorney called the quack to the stand and proved by him the demand of payment and the farmer's refusal to comply with the demand. His personal appearance on the witness-stand suggested a combination of dancing-master and a mountebank. His velvet coat with scarlet ornamentation, his broad expanse of shirt the ruffles whereof were transfixed by the diamond pin, his velvet knee-breeches, silk stockings, pink gloves, and patent leather shoes; his hair bleached to a sickly yellow; his long, waxed mustache curled at the ends, suggested a comparison which would have been to the disadvantage of a monkey; his compressed mouth, pointed nose and chin gave him the expression of a rat, which did not at all comport with the air of lofty dignity which he attempted but failed to assume. Without waiting for a question he launched out upon a story of his tremendous professional successes, the kings and the great persons who had been his patients, and of his excuses for treating the farmer for so small a compensation, his regular fee for a broken leg being five thousand dollars! When he had damaged his case as much as he could by these improbable statements he was turned over to the farmer's counsel for cross-examination.

"I will trouble you, doctor," said the counsel, "to name some patient who ever paid, or promised to pay, you a fee of five thousand dollars."

"Must I answer such an insulting question?" said the doctor, appealing to the judge.

"I think you must," said the judge, "unless you plead your privilege."

"Then I plead my privilege," he said promptly.

"What do you mean by your privilege?" demanded the counsel.

"I mean my privilege to answer such questions as I choose."

"Are you quite certain that you know what is the meaning of the privilege of a physician?"

"I know everything that any doctor knows."

"That being the case, I will not presume this inquiry. Now will you kindly tell us what kind of a doctor you are?"

"I am a universal doctor, sir. I cure all kinds of cases."

"That is not precisely what I mean. To what school of medicine do you belong? I should have asked."

"I don't belong to no school. I don't believe in no school. I'm a born doctor. I am a seventh son."

"Now, doctor, pray gratify my curiosity and tell me whether you are a botanic, a hydropathic, an allopathic, or a homœopathic; what kind of a doctor do you call yourself."

"I don't know nothing about no paths, sir. I am a universal doctor, only I don't use no markery."

"I see; you would be understood by your professional brethern as an eclectic doctor, what the Japanese would call a very high-class doctor?"

"Yes, that's it. I didn't understand you. I'm an eklektik doctor."

There was a hesitation, a slight pause after his pronunciation of the first syllable, which gave to the word the sound of "ecoletic," and proved to be

the rock on which the quack was to suffer shipwreck. In his very gentle and kindly tone the counsel said:—

"Doctor, please give us the orthography of the word you have just used."

The wily impostor hesitated, demurred, finally objected. He did not claim to be a teacher of spelling; he never was a very good speller. He appealed to the court. Was he under any obligation to tell the counsel how to spell hard words? Judge Pierpont said he would be pleased to accommodate the witness, but, unfortunately, the counsel was insisting upon his clear legal right.

"Then I'll be d——d if I tell him," burst out the doctor. "I will not be put on exhibition by any pettifogging attorney!"

"As you please," observed the judge. "Since you refuse to answer a proper question on cross-examination, it is my duty to direct the jury to return a verdict for the defendant."

"No! no! Don't do that!" exclaimed the mountebank. "I'll spell her—she's easy enough." He hastily muttered some unintelligible sounds, and said: "That's the way I spell her, sir."

"Please stop, sir!" said the counsel in his gentle, but very decisive style. "Pronounce each letter and syllable distinctly so that they may be written down."

"I can spell her, sir," he exclaimed. "She goes this way: E, k, ek, k, o, ko, l, e, k, lek, t, i, k, tik—ekkolektik!"

He was at the end of his exercise before the court and spectators appreciated the ludicrous exhibition of his language. The court made no effort to suppress the roar of laughter which followed.

The witness was very angry. "I am entitled to three guesses," he said, "if I have not fetched her the first time."

"Go on," said the counsel. "I have no objection."

"E, c, k, ek, c, h, o, ko——" The applause now completely stopped him. His colossal impudence

gave way — it could not survive such ridicule. He rushed from the witness-box foaming at the mouth and cursing the court and jury. His attorney had nothing to say, and the jury, without leaving their seats, returned a verdict for the crippled farmer.

— *L. E. Chittenden, « Personal Reminiscences.»*

AN ECCENTRIC ADVERTISEMENT «IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS»

« THESE are to give notice (for the benefit of the public), that there is newly arrived from his travels, a gentleman, who, after forty years' study, hath, by a wonderful blessing on his endeavors, discovered, as well the nature as the infallible cure of several strange diseases, which (though as yet not known to the world) he will plainly demonstrate to any ingenious artist, to be the greatest causes of the most common distempers incident to the body of man. The names of which take as follow: —

The strong fives
The marthambles
The moon-pall
The hockogrocle.

« Now, though the names, natures, symptoms, and several cures of these diseases, are altogether unknown to our greatest physicians, and the particular knowledge of them would (if concealed) be a vast advantage to the aforesaid person; yet, he well knowing that his country's good is to be preferred to his private interest, doth hereby promise all sorts of people, a faithful cure of all or any of the diseases aforesaid, at as reasonable rates as our modern doctors have for that of any common distemper.

« He is to be spoken with at the ordinary hours of business, at the Three Compasses, in Maiden-lane.»

— *Harleian, MSS.*

A TERRIBLE STATE OF AFFAIRS

"THERE was a street-doctor sellin' medicine from a waggin' on the post-office corner while I was in town this afternoon," said shrewd old Farmer Hornbeak upon his return from a half-day's visit to the county seat, "that struck me as bein' just about the slickest chap of the kind that I ever had the pleasure of listenin' to. He described in an awful and far reachin' voice, a strange and horrid disease with a terrible Latin name as long as your arm, and thundered that hundreds, nay, thousands, of people go all their lives long with that awful malady ensconced in their insides and never know it. And, b'jing! he sold his remedy as fast as he could hand it out, at a dollar a bottle, to people who were actually pale with the conviction that if they didn't git his nostrum to drive that 'ere horrid Latin disease out of their systems they would never be aware that they were sufferin' from it."

EASILY REMEDIED

Manager (patent-medicine company)—"The printers have made a mistake in these colored folders we just got out for our new medicine. It was to cure catarrh, and they've printed it cancer. It is too costly a job for us to throw these things away, but it's a bad blunder."

Proprietor—"Yes it is. We'll have to change the name to cancer on the labels on the bottles."

REVISING IT FOR PUBLICATION

Clerk—"This man writes that he feels ten per cent. better since he began to take our remedy."

Patent Medicine Man—"H'm!—evidently a clerical error;—he meant one hundred per cent. Correct it accordingly and have the letter published."

AN AVALANCHE OF DRUGS

I HAVE been the victim of a somewhat singular persecution for several weeks past. When we came here to live, Judge Pitman was partially bald. Somebody induced him to apply to his head a hair restorative made by a Chicago man named Pulsifer. After using this liquid for a few months, the judge was gratified to find that his hair had returned; and, as he naturally regarded the remedy with admiration, he concluded that it would be simply fair to give expression to his feelings in some form. As I happened to be familiar with all the facts of the case, the judge induced me to draw up a certificate affirming them over my signature. This he mailed to Pulsifer. I have not yet ceased to regret the weakness which permitted me to stand sponsor for Judge Pitman's hair. Of course Pulsifer immediately inserted the certificate, with my name and residence attached to it, in half the papers in the country, as a displayed advertisement, beginning with the words, "Hope for the bald-headed; the most remarkable cure on record."

I have had faith in advertising since that time; and Pulsifer had confidence in it, too, for he wrote to me to know what I would take to get him up a series of similar certificates of cures performed by his other patent medicines. He had a Corn Salve which ragged a little in its sales, and he was prepared to offer me a commission if I would write him a strong letter to the effect that six or eight frightful corns had been eradicated from my feet with his admirable preparation. He was in a position also to do something handsome if I could describe a few miraculous cures that had been effected by his Rheumatic Lotion, or if I would name certain ruined stomachs which had, as it were, been born again through the influence of

Pulsifer's Herb Bitters; and from the manner in which he wrote, I think he would have taken me into partnership if I had consented to write an assurance that his Ready Relief had healed a bad leg of eighteen years' standing, and that I could never feel that my duty was honorably performed until he sent me a dozen bottles more for distribution among my friends whose legs were in that defective and tiresome condition. I was obliged to decline Pulsifers generous offer.

I heard with singular promptness from other medical men. Fillemup & Killem forwarded some of their Hair Tonic, with a request for me to try it on any bald heads I happened to encounter, and report. Doser & Co. sent on two packages of their Capillary Pills, with a suggestion to the effect that if Pitman lost his hair again he would get it back finally by following the inclosed directions. I also heard from Brown and Bromley, the agents for Johnson's Scalp Awakener. They sent me twelve bottles for distribution among my bald friends. Then Smith & Smithson wrote to say that a cask of their Vesuvian Wash for the hair would be delivered in my cellar by the express company; and a man called on me from Jones, Butler & Co., with a proposition to pump out my vinegar barrel, and fill it with Balm of Peru for the gratuitous use of the afflicted in the vicinity of my residence.

But this persecution was simply unalloyed felicity when compared with the suffering that came in other forms. I will not attempt to give the number of letters received. I cherish a conviction that the mail received at our post-office doubled the first week after Judge Pitman's cure was announced to a hairless world. I think every bald-headed man in the Tropic of Cancer must have written to me at least twice upon the subject of Pulsifer's Renovator and Pitman's hair. Persons dropped me a line to inquire if Pitman's baldness was hereditary;

and, if so, if it came from his father's or his mother's side. One man, a phrenologist, sent on a plaster head mapped out into town lots, with a suggestion that I should ink over the bumps that had been barest and most fertile in the case of Pitman. He said he had a little theory which he wanted to demonstrate. A man in San Francisco wrote to inquire if my Pitman was the same Pitman who came out to California in 1849 with a bald head; and, if he was, would I try to collect $2 Pitman had borrowed from him in that year? The superintendent of a Sunday-school in Vermont forwarded eight pages of foolscap, covered with an argument supporting the theory that it was impious to attempt to force hair to grow upon a head which had been made bald, because, although Elisha was bald, we find no record in the Bible that he used a renovator of any kind. He warned Pitman to beware of Absalom's fate, and to avoid riding mules out in the woods. A woman in Snyder County, Pa., sent me a poem inspired by the incident, and entitled "Lines on the Return of Pitman's Hair." A party in Kansas desired to know whether I thought Pulsifer's Renovator could be used beneficially by a man who had been scalped. Two men in New Jersey wrote, in a manner totally irrelevant to the subject, to inquire if I could get each of them a good hired girl.

I received a confidential letter from a man who was willing to let me into a "good thing" if I had five hundred dollars cash capital. Mrs. Singerly, of Frankford, related that she had shaved her dog, and shaved him too close, and she would be relieved if I would inform her if the Renovator would make hair grow on a dog. A devoted mother in Rhode Island said her little boy had accidently drank a bottle of the stuff, and she would go mad unless I could assure her that there was no danger of her child having his stomach choked up with hair.

And over eleven hundred boys inquired what effect the Renovator would have on the growth of whiskers which betrayed an inclination to stagnation. And all of these expected immediate answer.

But the visitors were a more horrible torment. Bald men came to see me in droves. They persecuted me at home and abroad. If I went to church the sexton would call me out during prayers to see a man in the vestibule who wished to ascertain if Pitman merely bathed his head or rubbed the medicine in with a brush. When I went to a party, some bald-headed miscreant would stop me in the midst of a dance to ask if Pitman's hair began to grow in the full of the moon or when it was new. While I was being shaved, some one would bolt into the shop and insist, as the barber held me by the nose, upon knowing whether Pitman wore ventilators in his hat. If I attended a wedding, as likely as not a bare-headed outlaw would stand by me at the altar and ask if Pitman ever slept in nightcaps; and more than once I was called out of bed at night by wretches who wished to learn, before they left the town, if I thought it hurt the hair to part it behind.

It became unendurable. I issued orders to the servants to admit to the house no man with a bald head. But that very day a stranger obtained admission to the parlor: and when I went down to see him, he stepped softly around, closed all the doors mysteriously, and asked me, in a whisper, if any one could hear us. Then he pulled off a wig, and handing me a microscope, he requested me to examine his scalp and tell him if there was any hope. I sent him over to see Pitman, and I gloat over the fact that he bored Pitman for two hours with his baldness.

I am sorry now that I ever wrote anything upon the subject of his hair. A bald Pitman, I know, is less fascinating than a Pitman with hair;

but rather than have suffered the misery, I would prefer a Pitman without an eye-winker, or fuzz enough on him to make a camel's-hair pencil. But I shall hardly give another certificate of cure in any event. If I should see a patent medicine man take a mummy which died the year Joseph was sold into Egypt, and dose it until it kicked off its rags and danced the polka mazurka while it whistled the tune, I would die at the stake sooner than acknowledge the miracle on paper. Pitman's hair winds me up as far as medical certificates are concerned.

—*Max Adeler.*

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

Patent Medicine Proprietor—"Here's a recommend for our medicine from a life-insurance president."

Junior Partner—"Good! What does he say?"

Proprietor—"Says fewer of his policy-holders die from taking our medicine than any other."

WOULD FILL THE BILL

Mrs. Isaacs—"Liddle Shakey says he vants somedings oxciting to read—hair-breadth esgapes, marvellous resgues, und all dot!"

Mr. Isaacs—"He shall haf it! I vill cut him oud a lot of batent medicine adverdisements at vunce!"

SUCH IS FAME

Affable Stranger—"I can't help thinking I have seen your picture somewhere in the newspapers."

Hon. Mr. Greatman—"Oh, no doubt, no doubt. It's often been published."

Stranger—"Then I was not mistaken. What were you cured of?"

MEDICINE FOR THE MILLION

PROPERLY speaking, Medicine for the Million consists of Universal Vegetable Pills, Pills and Ointment, and Life Pills; all of which possess the singular property of curing all diseases.

That they possess this property has been ascertained by satisfactory experiments, made by a board of physicians. This board is established by the government, which licenses the sale of medicines, and guarantees the assertions of their proprietors; a thing which it never would have the profligacy to do, if it were not certain of the truth of them.

Ordinary medicines, if they have any operation on the human system at all, act, when taken unnecessarily as poisons. Universal Vegetable Pills, Pills and Ointment, and Life Pills, never can be taken unnecessarily, even when a man has nothing the matter with him; so that it is impossible that they should poison anybody. On the contrary, Life Pills, being meant to prolong life, may be taken daily in large quantities, like the staff of life, namely, bread, without doing the slightest harm.

If any gentleman or lady has hydrophobia, inflammation of the lungs, cholera morbus, or any other disease ever so dangerous, he or she has nothing to do but to take either the Vegetable Pills, or the Pills and Ointment, or Life Pills, whichever they please, and they will certainly be cured.

The attestations in favour of these several medicines may all be depended on. None of them are false; and every cobbler, tinker, tailor, clodhopper, and mechanic who signs his name to them is perfectly qualified to judge of diseases; so that when he says he has had this or that complaint, and has been cured of it by the said medicines, his word may safely be taken by the British public.

We therefore unhesitatingly recommend all persons to take Medicine for the Million whether they are ill or not, instead of having recourse to medical men; who, having made disease the study of their lives, cannot possibly be expected to know anything about them.

ART IN ADVERTISING

Patent Medicine Proprietor — "I wish particularly to reach the lower classes with our liver pill."

Advertising Agent — "Then you should advertise it as the gentleman's liver pill."

NATURAL SUCCESS

Dr. Pille — "How are you getting along, Nostrum, since you invented that cure for colds?"

Dr. Nostrum — "Oh, I'm filling my coughers!"

THE OCULIST

I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

—Shakespeare, "Much Ado about Nothing," ii, 1.

AWAITING THE BLACK CAP

HUGH LANKESTER stumbled out into the open.

The great doctor had passed sentence. It was a black-cap case. Hugh Lankester was to lose his sight.

Sir William had not said it in so many words. But there was no doubt left in Lankester's mind. Lankester had had no idea things had gone so far when he decided to consult Sir William. Suddenly, something that Sir William said startled him, and Lankester had asked him point-blank: "Shall I go blind?"

"You follow my treatment carefully," answered the doctor, "and I think we shall get you all right. You've been overworking yourself; you must give up all thoughts of the Exam. for the present. You'll have to use your sight sparingly now. You must take to dark glasses. You must——"

"Yes, but you don't tell me. Shall I go blind?" Lankester had interrupted, almost rudely.

"Your sight may last you many years."

"Thanks."

"It all comes from brain wear. You've been fidgeting about that Exam. You must leave town

for a while, and go into the country, and forget that there are such things as books as quickly as possible. Amuse yourself. On no account allow yourself to be depressed. Good-by, and let me see you again in a month. Meanwhile, keep up your pecker."

The great doctor, a stern person to look at, had spoken almost tenderly.

And now Hugh Lankester was outside.

"Curse Elphinstone!" he muttered.

Elphinstone was the man, a former schoolfellow of Lankester's, now walking the hospitals, who had advised him to go and see the great doctor. Lankester had met him one afternoon — it was one of his bad days — and had told him of the curious tricks his eyes were playing.

"They get all misty," he explained.

Elphinstone looked grave, and said:—

"Take my advice, old man, and go to a specialist."

Lankester said he would take the advice. But when he got home, and looked at his eyes in the glass, he could see that there was nothing at all the matter with them, and he set Elphinstone down as an alarmist. Then, in a few days, he ran across Elphinstone again.

"Well, have you been to an oculist?" he asked.

"No."

Elphinstone then told him plainly that he was a confounded young idiot to delay the thing like that.

"I'll go after my Exam.," said Lankester.

"No, go to-morrow," said Elphinstone.

And now he had been, and he was cursing the man who had sent him. If a fellow had to go blind — well, let it come suddenly and unexpectedly. Far better so than to have to sit at home watching for it day by day. Curse Elphinstone!

Curse everyone! Why the devil did they all

get in his way? He was hurrying down Oxford Street now — he did not quite know where to — and people kept running into him, and jostling up against him as he passed.

"Curse you!" he cried, savagely, to a child who got in his path, and the child ran off howling to its mother.

Then, by a strange irony, he knocked into an old blind man who was standing on the curb, and upset his tray of matches.

"Shame!" said a woman. "Look what you've done, you clumsy lout — and him blind, too."

Lankester turned.

"What's that? Blind, do you say? Poor devil! I didn't know that. You can't see at all? Ah, that's bad. God knows, I'm sorry for you. It must be hard not to see — cruel hard — devilish hard. Here."

And he took half-a-sovereign from his pocket, and gave it to the man.

"You are generous, my lord," said the woman, who thought it was a farthing.

Lankester continued on his way. At last he got a stretch of pavement to himself, which set him free to think again. Well, one thing, at any rate, was pretty certain; it was all up with his career. The Indian Civil Service would have to try and get along without the aid of Hugh Lankester. He supposed, by the bye, that the guv'nor would stump up all right. Or would he have to walk the streets, led by a mongrel cur, selling matches?

"Fusees, a haypenny a box; pity the poor blind man!" he rehearsed between his teeth.

The idea tickled him and he smiled. Then, suddenly, he thought of Ethel and got serious again. Ethel! Ah, that was the worst. That was where it hit hardest. Of course, he could not — would not marry her now. He must let her off. And yet — he might get better. For what had the

doctor said? "Your sight may last you many years." What a duffer he was to make up his mind for the worst. That was just like him. Perhaps, after all, the sight would not give out. And yet — what was the good of deceiving himself? That had only been a way of putting it. The doctor knew well enough it would go, and soon. It was not to be doubted. He must give up Ethel. Under the circumstances he could not expect her to marry him. Imagine pleasure-loving little Ethel wedded to a blind man — or, at best, a man with black goggles! He laughed aloud at the idea. Hargreaves would have her now. . . . For a moment he felt remarkably like blubbering. . . . Then he began to wonder whether he should have warning of it, or would it come quite suddenly? Why hadn't he asked the doctor that? But, of course, the sight would gradually get weaker and weaker until it went out altogether. That is how it would be. Well, he knew what he would do as soon as he felt it coming. He was not going to live in darkness all his life. Hugh Lankester was not quite such a fool as that. Not quite.

He had reached Bond Street. Two ladies bowed to him. It did not strike him till they had passed that he had not raised his hat to them. Hang it all, how abominably rude they must have thought him. He must wake up. He stretched his eyes. How strong the sun was! Then he fell to thinking again. He called to mind now how once, at an "At Home" about a couple of years ago, a palmistry woman had examined his hand, and had said: —

"You won't have a very long life — you'll commit suicide." At the time he had treated it as a good joke.

But suppose, after all, the thing should come suddenly, without warning? It was just possible. Then it would be too late; he would not be able

to see to do anything. . . . Better, perhaps, to have done with it at once. Yes, yes. No, not quite at once, though. He would go on the bust for a week, and then —— How should he do it? He must buy a pistol. Or poison? No, poison was a woman's way. Better get the pistol. Still, poison was cleaner. And yet he did not know. Pistol — poison? Poison — pistol? Pistol ——

Suddenly he stopped, and put his hand to his eyes.

"Hell!" he cried, staggering back against a shop-window, "Hell! it's come!"

People ran up.

"It's come!" he cried, "its come!" Then added, "But it's too soon. It's not fair, it's not fair."

"What's come?" asked the crowd.

"It — it. Oh, light the gas — light the gas; won't somebody light the gas?"

He tore at his eyes.

The eyes were still open, but the sight was gone.

They led him away.

"Five pounds to the man who'll kill me! Ten pounds! A hundred pounds! Oh, for mercy's sake! — is there no Christian here who'll do it?"

"Billay!" shouted a boy, "'ere's a bloke off 'is nut."

—*Walter L. Emanuel.*

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION

Optician — "I cannot sell you spectacles for your husband. He must come for them in person. What is the nature of his visual defect?"

Woman — "A 5-cent piece looks bigger to him than a $5 bank note to other people."

THE MEDICAL MAN TO HIS MISTRESS

Upon one "fringed curtain"
Of thy so lustrous eyne,
Hath come, 'tis but too certain,
A residence for swine.
That eye with tears suffusing,
Is plaintiff in eclipse,
My tardy hand accusing,
Accuse me, too, thy lips.

Dearest, my willing lancet
Must yet delay its lunge;
Somewhat thou may'st advance it
With poultice and with sponge.
Once cut, a little later,
The blinding stye shall heal,
And make a new Spectator
With the gentle touch of Steel.

A man applied to an optician for a pair of spectacles, and after having tried several, said he could not read with them. "Could you ever read?" replied the optician. "No," said the fellow. "If I could, do you think me so great an ass as to wish to *wear glasses?*"

"Yes," said the doctor, "that young man you just met has a strange affection of the eyes. He sees everything upside down."

"Oh, dear!" wailed the sweet young thing, "how immodest I feel!"

"My dear doctor, I suffer a great deal with my eyes."

"Be patient, madam," said he, "you would probably suffer a great deal more without them."

SHAPE OF AN ANESTHETIC

A PHYSICIAN tells the following:—

"Some time ago I happened to spend the night in a country town not far from Bath, and it happened that there was stopping at the same hotel an itinerant eye specialist.

"We drifted into a conversation, and during the course of the evening he told me of some of the marvellous operations he had performed on the eye. One case, in particular, he spoke of that caused me considerable astonishment, for I didn't know, I confess, that the operation had been successfully performed. He said he had recently taken out a patient's eye, scraped the back of it, and returned it to its proper place. The patient, he said, was never troubled with bad eyesight afterward.

"'That was a difficult operation, doctor,' said I.

"'Yes,' he said, 'it was.'

"'I suppose you found it necessary to employ an anesthetic?'

"'Yes; I did,' he admitted.

"'What anesthetic did you use, doctor?' I persisted.

"'Oh! well, unless you are familiar with such operations you probably wouldn't understand if I were to tell you. But—well, it was shaped something like a spoon,' explained the eminent specialist."

THE DENTIST

Uneasy lies the root that wears a crown

WAITING FOR THE DENTIST

THROUGH many dismal years I've been
To dull old Care apprenticed,
Of smaller woes the worst I've seen
Is—waiting for the dentist!

How dreary is the cheerless room
Where pain must bide his pleasure,
The very chairs are steeped in gloom
And seem to grieve at leasure,

As if his patients' molar grief,
So uncontrolled its swelling,
For its fierce tide had sought relief
By deluging the dwelling.

Books cannot soothe a rampant tooth
Though they enrich a table,
Sorrow alone seems kin to truth,
And joy a lying fable.

When from the window you, perchance,
Behold sweet girlhood's graces,
They only make you look askance
And think how sore your face is.

On many chairs and sofas, too,
More martyrs round you languish,
You glance at them, they glance at you,
And give a groan of anguish.

You deem it hard their turn arrives
Before you in rotation,
Or they wax wrath that yours deprives
Their case of consolation.

You muse upon the ruthless wrench
That buys a tooth's departing,
Or how the stopping-pangs to quench,
In which you may be starting;

Or haply on these ivory chips
Harsh Nature may deny you,
But which the "golden key" equips
Man's genius to supply you.

No words your mood of mind express,
A mood devoid of quiet,
Where pain, delight, and keen distress
Mingle in hopeless riot.

Yes, though much sorrow one must know
While to old Care apprenticed,
The greatest unheroic woe
Is—waiting for the dentist.

—*Mackenzie Bell.*

A SWEET TOOTH

"So your sweet tooth was the cause of all your trouble at the dentist's?"

"Yes, and I'll tell you what—it wasn't exactly 'sweetness long drawn out,' either."

NATURE SUFFICIENT

Dentist—"With or without gas? With gas, fifty cents extra."

Mr. Hardache—"Ef you can't see in this glaring sunlight, I hain't goin' to pay you extry for gas, that's sartain."

ANCIENT DENTISTRY

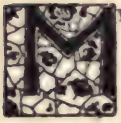
"HILE no specific data can be obtained as to the origin of dentistry," says a writer in the *North American Review*, "we know it was practised among the Egyptians at a very early age. Herodotus (500 B.C.), in writing of his travels through Egypt, at that time one of the greatest and most civilized countries in the world, mentions the division of medicine in that kingdom into special branches, and the existence of physicians, each of whom 'applies himself to one disease only and not more. Some [physicians] are for the eyes, others for the head, others for the teeth, and others for internal disorders.' It is thought that the Egyptians and Etruscans were further advanced in the art of dentistry than any other people in that early period, for teeth filled with gold have been found in the mouths of mummies, indicating their advanced ideas. These people were the first to supply artificial substitutes in the mouth. Belzoni and others have found artificial teeth made of sycamore wood in ancient sarcophagi. The mode of fastening was by ligatures or bands of cord or gold wire, tying the substitute to its natural neighbors.

"In 1885 some specimens of prehistoric dentistry were brought to this country by an English dentist of Liverpool. One was a gold plate with several human teeth attached. The specimens were found in an Etruscan tomb. The plate was ingeniously made, and I was surprised to see gold used for a base by such an ancient people."

FOR there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently.

— *Shakespeare:* "*Much Ado About Nothing.*" Act V. Sc. 1.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE



Y CURSE upon thy venomed stang,
That shoots my tortured gums alang;
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang;
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes;
Our neighbor's sympathy may ease us
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee — thou hell o' a' diseases,
Aye mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
I kick the wee stools o'er the meikle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup;
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools,
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
Sad sight to me!
The tricks o' knaves or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, TOOTHACHE, surely bear'st the bell
Amang them a'!

O thou grim, mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes o' discord squeel,
'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick;—
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's Toothache.

— *Robert Burns.*

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortured gums alang;
And thro' my lug gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or colics squeezes,
Our neighbor's sympathy can ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee — thou hell o' a' diseases,
Aye mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle;
I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup;
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.

O' a' the numerous human dools,
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools,
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadful raw,
Thou, TOOTHACHE, surely bear'st the bell
Amang them a'!

O thou grim, mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes o' discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick;—
Gie a' the fiends o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's toothache.

—*Robert Burns.*

AT THE DENTIST'S

AT THE DENTIST'S

SURPRISING

PAT came to the dentist's with his jaw very much swollen from a tooth he desired to have pulled. But when the suffering son of Erin got into the dentist's chair and saw the gleaming pair of forceps approaching his face, he positively refused to open his mouth. The dentist quietly told his page boy to prick his patient with a pin, and when Pat opened his mouth to yell the dentist seized the tooth, and out it came. "It didn't hurt as much as you expected it would, did it?" the dentist asked, smilingly.

"Well, no," replied Pat hesitatingly, as if doubting the truthfulness of his admission. "But," he added, placing his hand on the spot where the little boy pricked him with the pin, "begorra, little did I think the roots would reach down like that."

A SWELL AFFAIR

AN IRISHMAN, with one side of his face badly swollen, stepped into a dentist's office and inquired if the dentist was in. "I am the dentist," said Dr. W. "Well, thin, I want ye to see what's the matter wid me tooth." The doctor then examined the offending molar and explained that "The nerves are dead, that's what's the matter."

"Thin, by the holy Saint Patrick!" the Irishman exclaimed, "the dom tooth must be houldin' a wake over thim!"

A USUAL FEELING

Dentist—"I have pulled the tooth out. Now, how do you feel?"

Sufferer—"Feel! Why, I feel as if you had pulled my head out and left the tooth."

THE SOLE EXCEPTION

The new lodger—"I must look for another room, Mrs. Chamberhall. The noise in the neighborhood last night was simply unbearable! Three times was I awakened by the shrieks of some person in agony."

Mrs. Chamberhall—"Oh, please do not be hasty. It is but one night in the week when the painless dentist keeps open."

ENTERPRISE

Dentist—"Will you take gas sir?"

Patient—"I think I'd better."

Dentist (to clerk)—"Henry make out a life and accident policy for this gentleman—no extra charge, sir—you see competition is keen these days—what's the name, please?—and we have to offer extra inducements to hold our trade; all ready now, sir."

A BELATED tourist was obliged to ask for a bed at a farm-house, having wandered far from his hotel. On rising in the morning he found himself without tooth-powder. Looking about him, he espied on the mantel-piece a small box containing powder, which he used. When he paid for his bed, he apologized to the farmer's wife for having used her tooth-powder. "Tooth-powder?" she queried; "we have none." "Yes, my good woman. It was in a small round box on the mantel-piece." "That," she screamed—"that was not tooth-powder! That was aunty!" Aunty had been cremated.

A DENTIST advertised: "Teeth extracted with great pains."

THE STRICTEST CONFIDENCE

Dentist — "Oh, madame may be perfectly easy in her mind. We dental surgeons always make a point of observing the strictest confidence. Only last week, for instance, I supplied Countess Pampmann and Baroness Borgheim with a complete set each, and not a soul living knows a word about it."

— *Munchener Blatter.*

One said a tooth-drawer was a kind of unconscionable trade, because his trade was nothing else but to take away those things whereby every man gets his living.

— *Hazlitt "Shakespeare Jest Books."*

"Do you know," said the man who was going to have a tooth pulled, "I don't think 'dental parlor' is a good phrase." "No?" "Drawing-room would be much better."

"You look so pleased; where have you been?" "I've been visiting dentists' offices, and had a lovely time; got a lot of new ideas for our college yell."

"Speaking of getting a tooth pulled," said the corn-fed philosopher, "that is one instance where a man is bound to stay and see the thing out."

No professional man lives so much from *hand to mouth* as a dentist.

A dentist at work at his vocation always looks down in the mouth.

THE CHEMIST

Mingle a little folly with your wisdom.
—Horace.

A CHEMIST'S VALENTINE

I LOVE thee, Mary, and thou lovest me,
Our mutual flame is like the affinity
That doth exist between two simple bodies;
I am potassium to thy oxygen;
'Tis little that the holy marriage vow
Shall shortly make us one. That unity
Is, after all, but metaphysical.
Oh! would that I, my Mary, were an acid—
A living acid, thou an alkali,
Endowed with human sense, that, brought together,
We both might coalesce into one salt,
One homogeneous crystal. Oh, that thou
Wert carbon, and myself wert hydrogen!
We would unite to form olefiant gas
Of common coal or naptha. Would to heaven
That I were phosphorus and thou wert lime
And we of lime composed a phosphuret!
I'd be content to be sulphuric acid,
So that thou might'st soda be. In that case
We'd be Glauber's salts. Wert thou magnesia,
Instead, we'd form the salt that's named from Epsom.
Could'st thou potassa be, I aquafortis,
Our happy union should that compound form,
Nitrate of potash—otherwise saltpetre,
And thus, our several natures sweetly blent,
We'd live and love together until death
Should decompose this fleshy *tertium quid*,
Leaving our souls to all eternity
Amalgamated! Sweet, thy name is Briggs,
And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should not we
Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs?

A CHEMICAL TRAGEDY

Our Willie passed away to-day,
His face we'll see no more;
What Willie took for H_2O,
Proved H_2SO_4.

HIS SCHEME

Friend — "What are you working at, Professor?"

Chemist — "I'm trying to devise a method of preventing milk from mixing with water. Then I'll organize the "Bighed Waterproof Milk Company, and my fortune will be made."

Mother — "Well, Judith, did you get promoted in school?"

Daughter — "Yes, mamma, and I shall study chemistry and physics."

Mother — "Well do you know the difference?"

Daughter — "Oh yes. Lillie has been in the chemistry and physics class a whole year, and explained everything to me. When the bottles remain complete, it is physics; when they break, it is chemistry."

An ignorant woman asked a gentleman what was the difference between oxygen and hydrogen. He replied: "Oxy-gin is pure gin and hydro-gin is gin and water."

OUR FRIEND, THE APOTHECARY

I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells.
—Shakespeare, "Romeo and Juliet," v. i.

APOTHECARIES

OF THE brilliant shops of the modern city the apothecary's is usually the most splendid: a flood of light falls on the gay array of salts and essences; a lavish expense is wasted in preparing a chamber that seems borrowed from a fairy place. The apothecary surrounds himself with carving and gilding, with mirrors and colored glass, and revels in a magnificence that might have satisfied a Louis XIV. It is supposed that the Arab physicians first invented the prescription, and thus gave rise to the necessity of providing a particular place for the sale of drugs. From Cordova and Granada the practice passed into Italy. The medical schools of Naples or Salerno brought into use the prescriptions of Avicenna and the ancients, and most of the materials of medicine came from Arabia and the distant East.

A formidable list of dangerous compounds was soon provided, and it was found necessary to enact stringent laws regulating their sale. In many cities the apothecaries' shops were established at the public expense; gardens were prepared for raising the necessary plants and herbs; laboratories, furnaces,

and the means of distillation were added; royal and noble women sometimes presided over the preparation of drugs, and the court apothecary was held in high esteem. In Brunswick a princess maintained a drug shop at her court for the benefit of the poor, and with Christian compassion gave away medicines and distilled waters to strangers as well as her own people.

Yet the apothecary was not without his defamers. Lemnus asserted that the early English lived longest when no physic was used in the island. Montaigne suggests that his father and grandfather reached a peaceful old age because they avoided drugs. Cardan thought there was much "cozening" among doctors, but Burton defends medicine as a noble and divine science. From the fifteenth century druggists' shops spread rapidly over Europe, and have risen through much defamation to unprecedented splendor. It is not likely that those of Bagdad or Cordova could have vied with their modern rivals.

Among the early materials of medicine, precious stones and jewels held a high place. A topaz, if hung about the neck, was supposed "to resist sorrow and recreate the heart." The onyx kept the whole body in a good condition. Coral was a cure for many ills; the emerald was equally effective. But the loadstone, Cabeus, the Jesuit, tells us, if taken inwardly, like viper's wine, will restore one to his youth.

—*Eugene Lawrence.*

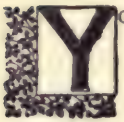
A MODERN DRUG STORE ADD

JUST drop into our store to-day
And see the bargains fall.
Our peerless bargains bring disease
Within the reach of all!

THE LAMENT

Of an Unfortunate Druggist

A member of the pharmaceutical society, whose matrimonial speculations have been disappointed.



ou that have charge of wedded love, take heed
To keep the vessel which contains it air-tight;
So that no *oxygen* may enter there!
Lest (like as in a keg of elder wine,
The which, when made, thy careless hand forgot
To bung securely down) full soon, alas!
Acetous fermentation supervene
And winter find thee wineless, and, instead
Of wine, afford thee nought but vinegar.

Thus hath it been with me: there was a time
When neither rosemary nor jessamine,
Cloves or verbena, maréchale, resedé,
Or e'en great Otto's self, were more delicious
Unto my nose, than Betsy to mine eyes;
And, in our days of courtship, I have thought
That my career through life, with her, would be
Bright as my own show-bottles; but, ah me!
It was a vision'd scene. From what she *was*
To what she *is*, is as the pearliness
Of Creta Præp. compared with Antim. Nig.
There was a time when she was all *Almond-mixture*
(A bland emulsion; I can recommend it
To him who hath a cold), but now, woe! woe!
She is a fierce and foaming combination
Of *turpentine* with *vitriolic* oil.

Oh! name not Sulphur, when you speak of her,
For she is Brimstone's very incarnation,
She is the Bitter-apple of my life,
The Scillæ oxymel of my existence,
That knows no sweets with her.

What shall I do?—where fly?—What Hellebore
Can ease the madness that distracts my brain!
What aromatic vinegar restore
The drooping memory of brighter days!

They bid me seek relief in Prussic acid;
They tell me Arsenic holds a mighty power
To put to flight each ill and care of life:
They mention Opium, too; they say its essence,
Call'd Battley's Sedative, can steep the soul
Chin-deep in blest imaginings; till grief,
Chang'd by its chemic agency, becomes
One lump of blessed *Saccharum;*—these things
They tell to *me*—*me*, who for twelve long years
Have triturated drugs for a subsistence,
From seven i' th morn, until the midnight hour.
I have no faith in physic's agency
E'en when most "*genuine*," for I have seen
And analysed its nature, and I know
That Humbug is its Active Principle,
Its ultimate and Elemental Basis.
What then is left? No more to Fate I'll bend;
I will rush into chops! and Stout shall be—my end!

NOT A SEIDLITZ POWDER

SINCE Lord Beauchamp the present British Governor of New South Wales, has occupied the government house at Sydney, he has ordained that at official receptions only guests of a certain rank shall be permitted to approach the presence through designated doors. To these blue tickets are awarded; to others of inferior mold, white. At a recent function, through some mismanagement, an important public man received a blue card, while a white one was sent to his wife. When the pair reached the audience chamber, the lady declined to be separated from her husband, or to abandon the aristocratic blue ranks. An aid-de-camp endeavored to reason with her, and explain the commotion that would ensue if the blue and white were suffered to mingle together. But the fair one was equal to the occasion. "Nonsense," said she, as she pressed forward; "What do you take us for—a seidlitz powder?" The aid collapsed.

HE THOUGHT HE WAS STILL ON LAND

AN EASTERN captain of a coasting-vessel tells a remarkable story of a "green hand," an Irishman, whom he employed at a pinch: "When we were under way," said the captain, "I had a mind to try him on the lookout, after we struck clear water, as he couldn't tell a halyard from a sheet-line. 'Long about dark I stayed on deck, the mate at the wheel. Pretty soon he comes aft and says, 'There's something foreninst the boat, sorr.' 'What is it?' I says. 'I don't know, sorr,' says the man. 'Well, go back and find out and report,' I says then, and back he goes. A few minutes and back he comes aft. 'I don't know what it is yet,' he says, 'but it's coming this way, and we can find out for sure in a little while.' 'You go for'ard, and don't come back till you know what it is,' says I, getting mad. He goes up again, but is back again in a minute and all smiling. 'Well?' says I. 'If you please, sorr, I don't know for sure what it is,' says he, 'but whatever it is, it has a red light and a green light, and I think it must be a drug-shtore.'"

ABOUT THE SAME

AGITATED Doctor (at the drug store) — "There's been a mistake made somehow. I thought I gave a prescription to Fosterson's little boy this morning, but it seems I didn't. Here it is now, in my pocket." Druggist's Clerk — "You certainly gave him the prescription. I filled it for him not an hour ago." "Let me see it?" "Here it is." "Heavens! Do you mean to say you took that for a prescription?" "Certainly. Why not?" (Sinking into a chair) "That's a check from my Chinese laundryman!"

IN A DRUG STORE

Boy—"Mister, I want to get a—um—I—want a pint of—a—thunder—I forgot."

Druggist's Clerk—"Little man, have you forgotten what you came for?"

Boy—"That's it!"

Clerk—"What's it?"

Boy—"Camphor."

HE KNEW THE LOCALITY

Druggist (just opened)—"I want to get these two plate-glass windows insured. What would it cost me?"

Agent—"Well, the rate would be two dollars a year for the window with a green light in it, and twenty dollars a week for the window with the orange light in it."

A WISE DRUGGIST

"Well sonny, what is it?" asked the drug clerk, peering over the counter at the three-foot mite of humanity.

"Mammy sent me to get a piece of soap—cast-iron, I think she said."

"We don't keep any summer-hotel soap here," returned the clerk; "you must have mistaken the metal. Wasn't it Castile?"

HELPING A GOOD THING

"You told me to come and begin work today," said the new boy.

"Oh, yes," replied the druggist, "you may begin by catching flies and putting them on those sheets of 'Sure Catch Flypaper' we're displaying in the window."

AND SHE TOOK THE CAKE

Little Girl — "I wants a cake of soap."

Drug-clerk — "Have it scented?"

Little Girl — "No, I won't have it sented, I'll take it wit' me. We only live around de corner."

TIME 2:30 A. M.

Druggist — "Well, what is it; is it a case of extreme necessity?"

Caller — "I — hic — should think — sho. Would you — hic — please let me look at — hic — your directory 'till I — hic — find out where I live?"

THE USUAL REMEDIES

Customer — "I am troubled with rats in my room."

Druggist — "Yes, sir. Bromide or ammonia cock-tail?"

TRADE SECRETS

Customer — "How much is that medicine worth?"

New Clerk — "I'd get fired right out if I told you that sir?"

Robert Ford tells us of the wife of a small farmer in Perthshire who went to a druggist with two prescriptions to be filled — one for her husband, the other for her cow. Finding she had not money enough to pay for both, the druggist asked her which one she would take. "Gie me the stuff for the coo," said she, "the morn will do well eneuch for him, puir bodie. Gin he were to dee I could sune get anither man, but I'm no sure that I could sae sune get anither coo."

A DRUGGIST in Philadelphia, amused at the style of orders which were sometimes presented at his counter for medicine, made a collection of curious specimens. A few are herewith given:—

6 cents word spice Ruback (rhubarb).

6 cents word crima datoer (cream of tartar).

Gum Rabick (gum arabic).

6 cents of exolasses (oxalic acid).

Clanaide (chloride) Lime to take the bad smeel out of the scelar.

I—A —did potass (iodide of potassium).

A fips worth of Blood Rought (root).

Abekack (ipecacuanha).

3 Sinic A (Seneca) Snake root.

3 Pruvian borks (Peruvian bark).

3 black Licrice (licorice).

3 cts Mur.

3 cts Charcole.

3 cts Ores root.

A box of Brandeth's pills or some kind that is good for clensing the stumech.

Wone ounce of the Surrip of Epecacuanna.

Bossom com pey (balsam of copaiva).

A Botel of Bruster's Coler (cholera) mixter.

Gum De Achum (gum guaiacum).

2 ownces of gumarrerbeck and 2 ownces of Kiann Pepper & one quart of alcohaw I want the Pulverised gumarrerbac give him a slip of paper with figers of how much it caust.

please put the costoc (caustic) in a quill with one Eight of a inch out.

3 Cents worth of peneroil the Earb.

AN OLD servant stepped in and laid on the counter a prescription for a mixture containing two decigrammes of morphia. The chemist weighed the dangerous medicant with the utmost care.

"What a shame!" then said the old woman, nudging his elbow. "Don't be so near; it is for an orphan girl!"

THE daughter of the blacksmith who "struck ile" has recently become one of our fashionables. She called on one of our druggists some time since. Hear them:—

Daughter—"Mister, say, have you got any *scents?*"

Urbane Druggist—"Yes, ma'am, we have quite a number of the old copper coin, which we would be glad to get rid of."

Daughter—"Oh, you dry! I don't mean bungtums. I want some *scents* for the hankercher."

Urbane Druggist—"Ah, I comprehend. You wish for some perfume."

Daughter—"Yes, that's it. What kind you got?"

Urbane Druggist—"All kinds, madam. Lubin's, Harrison's, Phalon's, and all the best makes."

Daughter—"Oh, I don't want none o' them. Gimme some *essence o' Jack o' Clubs* if you got it. That's the kind I like."

A MAN WITHOUT FRIENDS

Customer—"Have you anything to cure a cold?"

Druggist—"Heavens! Have you no friends?"

Doctor—"Madam, I may put your husband on his feet again, but I fear that he will never quite recover the complete use of his nerves."

Wife—"Oh, dear, what has John been doing to bring on such an attack?"

Doctor—"He has confessed all to me. He tells me that yesterday he was rash enough to drink a cocktail that was made in a drugstore."

Chemist—"Pills, eh?" (emphasizing question) "Anti-bilious?"

Child (readily)—"No, sir; uncle is!"

Druggist (in alarm, to boy)—"James, run to Mrs. Smith's at once. I've made an awful mistake!"

James (seizing his hat)—"Morphine—quinine—arsenic——"

Druggist—"No, no; she sent for ten cents worth of one cent stamps, and I sent her ten twos!"

"HAB yo' any medicine dat will purify the blood?"

"Yes, we keep this sarsaparilla, at one dollar a bottle. It purifies the blood and clears the complexion."

"Well, boss, hasn't yo' sumfin' fo' about fifty cents, jess fo' the blood? I don' keer about de complexion."

Customer—"I bought some medicine here yesterday for my dog and after I gave it to him he died. What do you mean anyway? I didn't tell you I wanted to kill him."

Druggist—"You said he belonged to your wife."

Druggist—"I'm going to discharge that new clerk. He's too careless."

Friend—"What has he done?"

Druggist—"This morning he sold a wild-eyed woman a dose of poison and trusted her for the money."

A YANKEE peddler in his cart, overtaking another, asked him what he was carrying. "Drugs," was the reply. "Go *ahead*," said the former; "I carry tombstones."

"THAT druggist must get good returns from his soda fountain."

"Yes; as soon as you drink a glass of his soda-water you want some medicine."

THE FAMILY

Health to the art whose glory is to give
The crowning boon that makes it life to live.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes, "A Modest Request."

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN

IN ALL enlightened communities the greater number of families have a medical man who occupies toward them the relation expressed by the term family physician. It is the purpose of this article to examine as to what is, and to suggest what should be, included in this relation.

The family physician is the medical man to whom the family are accustomed to apply when they suppose themselves to be in need of medical assistance. In rural communities he is generally accepted in this relation rather than selected to occupy it, for the reason that there is probably only one doctor within reaching distance. This fact also makes his tenure of office secure, unless, indeed he displays extraordinary unfitness. But in towns and cities there is abundant opportunity for selection and also for change. The basis upon which the choice is made is oftener a matter of accident than the result of a careful inquiry as to the qualifications. A physician is selected because some friend has him; or because he belongs to the same church; or because he drives a handsome equipage and seems to be doing a large business; or because he lives in the same street. Very rarely indeed is it because

he has been thoroughly educated in his profession, because he possesses a sound and trained judgment and a wide experience, because he realizes the responsibility of his position, because he has a deep and tender sympathy with suffering humanity, and believes that the noblest secular work a man can do is ministering to its needs. In fact in the majority of cases less thought is bestowed upon choosing for the family the man who is to have the power possibly of life, certainly of death, than upon hiring a butler or buying a pair of horses.

The relation thus lightly entered upon is apt to be as lightly discontinued. The most trivial circumstances may induce a change. An illness proves more protracted then it was thought it would be, and some friend, with an enviable sense of propriety, suggests: "Why don't you have my doctor? He would put you on your feet in no time." "Dr. Q. has just cured Mrs. B.'s child of exactly what your boy has. Why don't you call him in?" And so it may come about that the doctor is changed with very little more ceremony than is employed in substituting one coachman for another.

On the other hand, the relation however begun, often grows to be one of the strongest ties that bind man and man. The position which a conscientious, sympathetic physician holds in an appreciative family may be higher than that of near kindred or of life-long friends. His aid and support in moments of supreme necessity may win for him a devotion such as seldom falls to the lot of other men. In the course of a long professional life he may be a sharer of the joys and sorrows of successive generations, all of whom hold him in the most affectionate esteem.

But even when this is the case the position of the family physician lacks something that if present would enhance immeasurably his power for

good. He is the counsellor only when illness is present; he is called upon only when the patient or family think he is needed. His work is to attend upon the particular case of disease or injury, and this done he retires until his services are thought again to be required. Thus he exercises his functions only at the discretion of persons who, however intelligent they may be, are not qualified to recognize in every case the necessity for medical aid. Hence it often happens that disease has already advanced to an extent that involves serious if not fatal consequences before it is discovered that the person is really ill.

In acute cases it may not always be possible to avoid this, but even in chronic disease the time for effectual aid not unfrequently passes before it is thought worth while to summon the doctor. A cough is regarded as a simple cold, and is treated with domestic remedies, often of the kind to disorder the digestion, upon which all hope of cure must ultimately depend. After a time the very persistence of the cough compels recourse to medical advice, when it is ascertained for the first time that the lungs are the seat of tubercular disease.

Or, again, a person after a period of more or less languor or of feeling indefinitely ill, observes that the ankles are swollen. The doctor is called, and it is discovered that disorganization of the kidneys is far advanced, so that the best the patient can hope for is a longer or shorter postponement of the inevitably fatal termination.

Examples of this kind could be multiplied indefinitely. They merely show that the present relation of the family physician to his families, even under the most favorable circumstances, does not permit him to render services which might be of the utmost value. It sometimes requires as much technical skill to determine when treatment is necessary as to carry out the treatment itself.

Yet, under existing conditions, this skill is required to be exercised by persons who lay no claim to its possession. This results not only in depriving the sick of the timely aid they might receive but at the same time it exposes medicine to reproach for an efficiency which is the fault not so much of the art as the conditions under which it is practised.

The achievements of practical medicine handicapped in this manner are not such and cannot be such, as to command for it the fullest measure of popular confidence. It stands before the public merely as aspiring to relieve existing suffering, to remove existing disease. The scope of its aim is indicated by the name it bears — the Science of Medicine, as if the giving of medicine were its principal function. It does not seem to appreciate that a wider field is before it, that there is a higher office also which it should aim to fulfil. There is a science, as yet not well defined, which has for its object the promotion of the physical well being of the race. Instead of representing a mere fragment of this science, medicine should aspire to embrace the whole. This is its legitimate sphere, which it ought in practice and in theory to occupy.

The necessary limitations to success in the narrower field give the general aspect of failure. Men must die, and the art which opposes itself to this fiat cannot build much upon its ultimate triumphs. But in the broader field the limitations to success are not so inflexibly defined. We are not so constantly confronted with the impossible; there is more room for demonstrable achievement. It presents stronger claims, therefore, to public recognition and public confidence. And this is just what the medicine of to-day is lacking. It is a patent fact that the medical profession does not exert in the community that influence which would seem to be its right by virtue of the important interests with which it is intrusted.

A successful lawyer is known far beyond the circle in which he lives. He is looked to for advice and assistance in all cases of public necessity. He is expected to take a prominent part in every public movement. His personality is stamped upon local contemporaneous history. The same is true of men eminent in letters, in science, in theology, in finance. They are regarded as natural leaders, the framers of public opinion, the exponents of the sentiments of the day.

But let a medical man be ever so eminent in his profession, it gives him prominence only among medical men. His writings may be in every medical library, but his name will never appear in a secular paper. He may have a host of devoted friends, but not one of them ever thinks of naming him for a public position. Even the hospitals, which are dependent upon him to carry out the object for which they are organized, ignore his existence when making up their boards of management. The local board of health, if asking him to be a member, will put a layman over him as president. In fact no one thinks of him as doing anything but writing prescriptions, with the occasional variation of hewing off a limb or cutting out a tumor.

And yet the education and life training of medical men should fit them pre-eminently to fill positions of public trust and influence. No one comes in contact with a greater variety of character and social position; no one has a better opportunity to look human nature through and through; no one is required to think more accurately, to judge more correctly, to decide more promptly; no one sees more behind the scenes in the great drama of life; no one knows more of the hidden springs of the public weal and woe; no one gathers into his own brain more of the experience of others. And if we look to the magnitude and the importance of the

interests he represents, no one has more of a responsibility resting on him. No one has to administer more sacred trusts; no one has more of happiness or misery depending upon his capacity and fidelity.

All these considerations, however, are no more applicable to the family physician to-day than they have been in the past. But there is a factor of comparatively recent origin which has materially changed his position, weakening it in one way, strengthening it in another. This is the development of specialties in medicine. Formerly the family physician was the sole arbiter of his patient's fate. Now there is an opportunity for appeal; nay, the appellate judge is fast becoming the one of primary jurisdiction. The practice of medicine is now divided into as many specialties as there are different sets of organs in the body, or rather into more, for there are specialties based upon the age of the patient as well as upon the organ affected. It will readily be seen that amid all these claimants for pathological territory there is scarcely standing-room left for the general practitioner.

But these specialties do not exist without reason. The field of medicine is so vast that no one can cultivate it adequately in every part. But by confining himself within comparatively narrow limits the specialist may become completely master of what is known on the subject with which he deals.

Out of the practice of specialties grow special hospitals, which attract patients from all parts of the adjacent country, and often also from great distances, and thus are brought together examples of those rarer affections which otherwise would be seen scarcely twice in a lifetime. The opportunity thus afforded for studying a single class of diseases on an enormous scale is eagerly embraced by the attending physicians or surgeons, and he must be dull

indeed who cannot thus acquire in a few months more experience in his particular line than would fall to the lot of the general practitioner in the course of his whole professional career.

Moreover for the practice of most of the specialties a very extensive and costly array of instruments and appliances is required, which the general practitioner could not afford to own and keep in order for the small number of cases of each class for which he would employ them.

It will thus be seen that a necessity exists for specialties in medicine, and that they are capable of rendering vast service to the public. But they are by no means an unmixed good, at least as they are now too often practiced. Like everything else that is good, they are liable to abuse. And this abuse results in harm to the public, to the family doctor, and to the whole body of medicine.

Particularly in the cities, where specialties of every variety are easily accessible, it is becoming more and more the habit of patients to resort to them independently, if only the locality of the disease is sufficiently plain to indicate to what specialty it belongs. When this is not the case the family physician is called upon to supply the necessary information, and as a return of courtesy he may be asked to indicate the specialist to whom he would be most willing to have the case consigned.

But the latter is without a knowledge of the history of the ailment or of the previous treatment, and therefore the case comes before him without any of the side lights which previous knowledge of the patient would supply. More than one organ may be affected, and the disease in one may have a causual relation to that in the other. For example, as little as the eyes seem to be related to the kidneys, disease in the former is often the result of disease in the latter, and

the only treatment possible for the eye affection must be addressed to the kidneys. On the other hand very serious nervous disturbances have their origin in defects of the eye, and can be relieved only by correcting the ocular trouble. And so throughout the body there is scarcely a single organ which suffers alone, or whose ailments can be successfully treated without taking into account its pathological relations to other organs. Hence the specialist is not in a position to take a comprehensive view of the case. For although a specialist, to be in any degree successful, must be grounded in general medicine, yet the fact that he is specially familiar with one class of disease implies almost of necessity a corresponding unfamiliarity with disease in general.

When to these considerations is added the very common complication of two or more specialists attending the same patient at the same time for different diseases, each one perhaps in ignorance of what other treatment is being employed, the incongruity of the situation is sufficiently apparent.

The disadvantage of the general practitioner resulting from the abuse referred to grows out of his apparent subordination to the specialist. The superior skill of the latter, though limited to a narrower field, gives him for the time being a prominence which reacts unfavorably upon the position of the family doctor. His dictum, based perhaps upon a very imperfect view of the case as a whole, is a stumbling-block over which the family physician, ignorant of precisely what has been told his patient, is liable to fall at every step. The latter has the mortification of seeing his confidence which he formally inspired in part withdrawn, and as a consequence he becomes disgusted and indifferent. As a result, it is not an uncommon thing that a professional relation which had existed for years to

the entire satisfaction of both parties is brought to a close.

A very natural consequence of this is a feeling of antagonism on the part of the general practitioner against specialism and specialists which may incline him to withold from his patients the benefit which superior skill might confer. The patients, preceiving this, are the more ready to seek such aid independently, and thus the original cause of dissatisfaction is aggravated.

From the operation of such causes, to which may be added in many cases ignorance or negligence, it often happens that the favorable time for a treatment of a disease has passed by before the case is brought to the notice of a specialist. Doubtless very many eyes are lost because the family doctor does not appreciate early the seriousness of the disease, or is unwilling to call in the aid of a specialist. Many a case of deafness might have been prevented by the adoption of proper treatment before the inflammation had resulted in structural change. And so through all the specialties cases very frequently occur in which the delay resulting from ignorance, carelessness, or unwillingness on the part of the family doctor makes the task of the specialist doubly difficult or entirely hopeless.

But it is not always or generally true that the family doctor is altogether responsible for such results. The mischief is often done before the case comes to his notice. He is not at liberty, according to existing notions, to look for patients among those for whom his aid is not specially requested; and the patient, or, in the case of a child, the parents, cannot be expected in every instance to appreciate at once that a condition is present which demands professional attention. It is just here that a gap exists which the one party may not and the other

cannot bridge over. But it is a wrong to be righted nevertheless.

The tendency of specialism when pursued independently and without reference to the family practitioner is to lower the tone and diminish the influence of medicine as a whole. For medicine can be a power in the world only as it is represented by the general practitioner. The specialist operates along a single line, and the lines of the several specialists are ever divergent. There is lacking among them that element of cohesion which binds medicine together as a homogeneous if not always a harmonious whole, and which gives unity and definiteness to its common aims. And, furthermore, specialists have to do with a constantly changing clientele, and lack entirely the opportunity for continuous influence. They cannot impress themselves on their calling upon patients whom they see to-day and loose sight of to-morrow. And again being concerned with the relief of existing disease, they take little cognizance of the broader field already alluded to, which it is the proper province of medicine to cultivate.

Within recent years the development of medicine has looked especially toward the prevention of diseases. The microscope, with its greatly increased powers, is ever busy searching out the agents of infection. A marvellous success has attended these researches. One by one the specific germs of very many of the infective diseases have been discovered, and their casual relation to the disease demonstrated. The germs taken from a diseased person have been isolated and cultivated in successive crops without the body. These artificially cultivated germs, of perhaps the third or fourth generation, have then been inoculated into the bodies of animals, and have produced in them the original disease. Every few months a new discovery of this nature is announced, and doubtless the time is near at hand

when the germ of each infectious disease will be recognized and described.

The problem, therefore, is not only to destroy these germs when they are present in the system, but much more to prevent their affecting a lodgment within the body. When this can be done the task of preventive medicine will be completed so far as this class of diseases is concerned. The sources of other forms of disease, however, will have to be guarded against, and the question is at once one of the most complex and one of the most important which can engage the human mind. To its elucidation must be brought the researches of the laboratory, the labours of the meteorologist, and after all and above all the practical experience and observation of the medical practitioner. And in this the family doctor must take the lead. It is he alone who can have such access to the primary facts in each case as is necessary in order to trace out the relation of cause and effect in the production of disease. In this the specialist, from the nature of the case, can afford him but little aid.

Whatever advance, then, is made in developing medicine into a farther reaching and more efficient agency for the benefit of mankind — an agency that shall attempt more than the relief of present suffering or the cure of present disease — must come chiefly from the efforts of the general practitioner.

Descartes has said, "If it be possible to perfect the human race it is in medicine that we must seek the means." While not looking forward to the perfection to which he refers, we may well believe that whatever progress is made toward it will be worked out essentially through the agency which he indicates.

But in order that the best results may be reached, a change is necessary in the relation of the family physician to the families under his care.

The defects in it to which brief allusion has been made must be removed. First of all the relation must have a more rational and a more permanent basis. There should be full recognition that it implies obligations on both sides; the obligation on the one side of the physician to do everything in his power, at all times and under all circumstances, not only to relieve sickness when it occurs, but to prevent its occurrence, and the obligation on the side of the family to be loyal to the physician, to give him their complete confidence, to permit to him the fullest access to their history in the past and their lives in the present, and to respect his judgment, and so far as possible to be guided by it in all matters pertaining to his professional relation to them.

The first effect of a formal recognition of these obligations would be that the family physician would be selected with more care. His qualifications of mind and heart, of skill and experience, would be carefully inquired into, and the choice once made would have the elements of permanence. It would not be sacrificed to a momentary feeling of annoyance or a hysterical impatience of plain speaking. And should a death occur in the family, after every means to avert it had been faithfully applied, the bitterness of grief would not find vent in unmerited censure, nor disappointment at the result lead to withdrawal of confidence.

And thus day by day the bond would become more closely drawn, the physician requiring more and more that familiarity with the characteristics of each member of the family which would enable him to detect the slightest aberration from the standard of health, and the family learning more and more to trust in the wisdom and skill and devotion of the physician. A relation established on such a basis would probably continue during the whole professional life of the practitioner, and include more than the first generation of his clients.

The family physician, if fitted for his office, would have such a general knowledge of all the specialties as would enable him to decide promptly upon the necessity for special treatment that might arise. Such a necessity existing, he would be the first to suggest the employment of a specialist, and his knowledge of the different men available would enable him to select the right one. To the specialist he would give a full history of the case and of the previous treatment, and there being perfect accord between them, the special treatment would go in harmony with the general management. There would be no clashing, no jealousy, each one recognizing and respecting the province of the other, and thus the best attainable results would be secured. This would be a long step forward in preventive medicine, in the sense of preventing the serious consequences which flow from the lack of such co-operation between the family physician and the specialist.

But in order that the prevention of disease, so far as it lies with the family physician, may be carried to the fullest extent, it is essential that he should have constant opportunity to know just what is the physical condition of each member of the family in the absence of any manifest evidence of disease. To this end periodical examinations should be made of such a character as to reveal any lurking morbid tendency without waiting for its development into actual disease. There should be no such thing as a discoverable affection remaining undiscovered. Death from *unsuspected* heart or kidney disease, for example, should cease to be possible. There should be no more histories like the following, now so frequently repeated: —

A person supposed to be in good health in hastening along the street, perhaps hurrying to catch a train. All at once is seen to stagger and fall. Passers-by rush to his assistance, but he gasps a

few times, and before any aid can be rendered he is dead. An autopsy reveals that he had fatty degeneration of the heart, and the extra demand made upon the heart by the unusual exertion was more than its enfeebled walls could respond to. He was not aware of the existence of this condition, but if his doctor had merely laid his finger upon the pulse his suspicion would have been aroused, and listening to the heart would immediately have confirmed it. By proper treatment and the avoidance of severe exertion the catastrophe might have been averted for many years, and the usual limit of life might perhaps have been obtained.

Or again, a gentleman who has thought himself quite well goes as usual in the morning to his place of business. A few hours later he is brought home in a carriage in a state of unconsciousness. In spite of the most prompt and judicious treatment he does not recover from his coma. Unknown to him or to his family he has been suffering from Bright's disease, the symptoms being latent up to the last moment. Yet a very simple examination would have revealed to his doctor the actual condition of affairs, and by proper care and by proper treatment the fatal termination might have been almost indefinitely deferred.

The records of examinations by the physicians of life-insurance companies show numerous instances in which very serious disease exists without being suspected either by the patient or his friends.

This fact, in addition to the frequency of cases such as those described above, is enough to show the extreme importance of a system by which the actual condition of persons not consciously ill should be periodically investigated.

In view of this it should be a part of the duty of the family physician to make a thorough physical examination of every member of the family at least

twice a year, and in the case of a feeble or delicate person at much shorter intervals. The results of these examinations should be fully recorded, and the record kept in the possession of the doctor, to be transmitted to his successor. A record of this kind would possess immense value, not only for the persons immediately interested, but also for their posterity. It is by knowing the vital history of the parents that we know what to expect of the children. Heredity is an influence which it is difficult to estimate, for the reason that the absence of records prevents our tracing it backward in the family history. Yet we know that this influence may shape the physical destiny of generations to come. Dr. Holmes has said that the proper time to begin the treatment of some diseases is a hundred years before the birth of the patient. He might have added that the treatment sometimes needs to be continued for a hundred years after his death.

But the opportunity afforded to the family physician to ward off injurious influences from those under his care might be extended much farther. It should be within his province to indicate what occupations were suitable to a given youth, and what, in the interests of his health, should be avoided. He should be able to prevent a feeble, ill-nourished, narrow-chested lad being put behind a desk in a counting-room, where the tendency to pulmonary disease already existing would certainly be developed. He should have such a voice in the selection of boarding-schools as would prevent the children being sent to institutions in unhealthy localities, or in which there was danger from defective sanitary precautions. In the selection of a new dwelling, and even in choosing a summer resort, his judgment as to the topography and the sanitary conditions should have a controlling influence. His supervision should extend to a proper adaptation of educational methods to the capabilities of the sev-

eral children of the family, and to the order in which their faculties develop. On this latter point it is high time that the influence of medicine should be felt in pedagogics. Mental physiology should lie at the foundation of every school curriculum. It is incongruous that at this age of the world the development of the mind should be intrusted unreservedly to those who have not even the most elementary knowledge of the mind's organ, the brain.

"A manufacturer would not intrust his steam-engine to the care of one who knew nothing about machinery; yet how many parents submit the finest mechanism on earth — a mechanism so fine that, once seriously disabled, no human engineer can repair, their children's brains — to those who have neither knowledge, sympathy, nor training for the task."

— *Galloway*, "*Education Scientific and Technical.*"

In a hundred other ways, which the limits of this article forbid to specify, the influence of the family physician should make itself felt in the household. But it should not stop here. The human race is a family, and the medical profession should be its family physician. The same protecting care which is required in the household should be extended to the state. As the individual may not safely be left without supervision until the disease is actually upon him, so the community may not safely be left unguarded until the advent of the pestilence.

As the sanitary condition of the dwelling requires constant watchfulness, so the sanitary conditions of towns and cities may not be neglected with impunity. As personal habit both of body and mind affect the physical well-being of their possessor, so national habits of life and thought affect for good or ill the physical development of a people.

These considerations open up vast problems which it is the province of medicine to solve. In

their solution the family physician must bear his part, and his fitness to do so will depend largely upon the closeness of his relation to his families; the extent to which he comes in touch with their daily life. In proportion as its influence permeates the general family life, in that proportion medicine will find a wider field of usefulness opening before it, and on the basis of higher achievement will command a greater measure of respect and confidence.

To recapitulate briefly. It belongs to the office of the family physician to know fully the medical history of the family; to keep himself constantly informed as to the physical condition of each member; to advise as to education, choice of occupation, residence, and whatever else may have an influence, present or prospective upon conditions of health; to apply all the means which science affords for the prevention of disease; to treat such cases of illness as may arise, employing freely the aid of specialists whenever necessary; and lastly, to regard the experience which he accumulates as a trust to be used for the benefit of the public in initiating and furthering such measures as will advance the physical welfare of the community.

That this enlargement of his sphere will demand greater capacity and increased powers on the part of the physician goes without saying. But the rising generation of medical men, in this country at least, is furnishing many who are fully equipped to meet this demand. Every year the standard of medical education is higher, and the profession has now in its ranks numbers of young men whose peers it would not be easy to find in any other body. In their hands the office of the family physician cannot fail to become every year more useful and more honored, until it shall stand first among the secular influences which promote the welfare of the race. —*Dr. Andrew H. Smith.*

AT THE BEGINNING

Where children are, there is the golden age.
—Novalis.

A CHRISTMAS GUEST

A Monologue

BOY, you say, doctor? An' she don't know it yet? Then what're you tellin' *me* for? No, sir—take it away. I don't want to lay my eyes on it tell she's saw it—not ef I *am* its father. She's its *mother*, I reckon!

Better lay it down somew'eres an' go to *her*—not there on the rockin'-cheer, for somebody to set on—'n' not on the trunk, please. That ain't none o' yo' ord'nary new-born bundles, to be dumped on a box that'll maybe be opened sudden d'rec'ly for somethin' needed, an' be dropped ag'in' the wall-paper behind it.

It's hers whether she knows it or not.

Don't, for *gracious* sakes! lay 'im on the *table; anybody* knows *that's* bad luck.

You think it might bother her on the bed? She's that bad? An' they ain't no fire kindled in the settin'-room, to lay it in there.

S-i-r? Well, yas, I—I reck'n i'll *haf* to hold it, ef you say so—that is—of co'se.

Wait, doctor! *Don't* let go of it *yet!* Lordy! but I'm thess *shore* to drop it! Lemme set down first, doctor, here by the fire an' git het through. Not yet! My ol' shin-bones stan' up thess like a pair o' dog-irons. Lemme bridge 'em over first 'th somethin'

soft. That'll do. She patched that quilt herself. Hold on a minute tell I git the aidges of it under my ol' boots, to keep it f'om saggin' down in the middle.

There, now! Merciful goodness! but I never! I'd ruther trus' myself with a whole playin' fountain and blowed glass 'n sech ez this.

Stoop down there, doctor, please, sir, an' shove the end o' this quilt a leetle further under my foot, won't you? Ef it was to let up sudden, I wouldn't have no more lap 'n what any other fool man's got.

'N' now — you go to *her*.

I'd feel a heap safeter ef this quilt was nailed to the flo' on each side o' my legs. They're trimblin' so I dunno what minute my feet 'll let go their holt.

An' she don't know it yet! An' he layin' here, dressed up in all the little clo'es she sewed! She mus' be purty bad. I dunno, though; maybe that's gen'ally the way.

They're keepin' mighty still in that room. Blessed ef I don't begin to feel 'is warmth in my ol' knee-bones! An' he 's a-breathin' thess ez reg'lar ez that clock, on'y quicker. Lordy! An' she don't know it yet! An' he a boy! He took that after the Joneses; we've all been boys in our male branch. When that name strikes, seem like it comes to stay. Now for a girl ——

Wonder ef he ain't covered up 'most too clost. Seem like he snuffles purty loud — for a beginner.

Doctor! *oh*, doctor! I say, *doctor!*

Strange he don't hear — 'n' I don't like to holler no louder. Wonder ef she could be worse. Ef I could thess reach somethin' to knock with! I dares'n't lif' my foot, less'n the whole business'd fall through.

Oh, doc! — here he comes now — Doctor, I say, don't you think maybe he's covered up too ——

How's *she*, doctor? "Thess the same," you say; 'n' she don't know yet — about him? "In a couple of hours," you say? Well, don't let me keep you, doctor. But, tell me, don't you think maybe he 's covered up a leetle too clost?

That's better. An' now I've saw him befo' she did! An' I didn't want to, neither.

Poor leetle, teenchy, weenchy bit of a thing! Ef he ain't the *very* littlest! Lordy, Lordy, *Lordy!* But I s'pose all thet's needed in a baby is a startin'-p'int big enough to hol the fam'ly ch'*rac*teristics. I s'pose maybe he is, but the po' little thing mus' feel sort o' scrouged with 'em, ef he got 'em all — the Joneses' an' the Simses'. Seem to me he favors her a little thess aroun' the mouth.

An' she don't know it yet!

Lord! But my legs ache like ez ef they was bein' wrenched off. I've got 'em on sech a strain, somehow. An' he on'y a half hour ol', an' two hours mo' 'fo' I can budge! Lord, Lord! how *will* I stand it!

God bless 'im! Doc! He's a-sneezin'! Come quick! Shore ez I'm here, he snez twicet!

Don't you reckon you better pile some mo' wood on the fire an'——

What's that you say? "Fetch 'im along"? An' has she ast for 'im? Bless the Lord! I say. But a couple of you'll have to come help me loosen up 'fo' I can move, doctor.

Here, you stan' on that side of the quilt, whiles I move my foot to the flo' where it won't slip — an' Dicey — where's that nigger Dicey? You Dicey, come on here, an' tromp on the other side o' this bed-quilt tell I h'ist yo' young marster up on to my shoulder. No, you don't take 'im, neither. I'll tote 'im myself.

Now, go fetch a piller tell I lay 'im on it. That's it. And now get me somethin' stiff to lay the piller on. There! That lapboa'd 'll do. Why

didn't I think about that befo'? It's a heap safeter 'n my ol' knee-j'ints. Now, I've got 'im secure —*wait*, doctor — hold on! I'm afeered you'll haf to ca'y 'im to her after all. I'll cry ef I do it. I'm trimblin' like ez ef I had a'ager, thess a-startin' in with 'im — an' seein' me give way might make her nervious. You take 'im to her, an' lemme come in sort o' unconcerned terreckly, after she an' him 've kind o' got acquainted. Dast you hold 'im that-a-way, doctor, 'thout no support to 'is spinal column? I s'pose he *is* too sof' to snap, but I would n't resk it. Reckon I can slip in the other do' where she won't see me, an' view the meetin'.

Yes; I'm right here, honey! (The idee o' her a-callin' for me — an' *him* in 'er arms!) I'm right here, honey — *mother!* Don't min' me a-cryin'. I'm all broke up, somehow; but don't you fret. I'm right here by yo' side on my knees, in pure thankfulness.

Bless His name, I say! You know he's a boy, don't yer? I been a-holdin' 'im all day — 't least ever sense they dressed 'im, purty nigh a' hour ago. An' he's slep' — an' waked up — an' yawned — an' snez — an' wunk — an' sniffed — 'thout me sayin' a word. Opened an' shet his little fist, oncet, like ez if he craved to shake hands, howdy! He cert'n'y does perform 'is functions wonderful.

Yas, doctor; I'm a-comin', right now.

Go to sleep now, honey, you an' 'im, an' I'll be right on the spot when needed. Lemme whisper to her thess a minute, doctor?

I thess want to tell you, honey, thet you never, even in yo' young days, looked ez purty to my eyes ez what you do right now. An' that boy is *yo' boy*, an' I ain't a-goin' to lay no mo' claim to 'im 'n to see that you have yo' way with 'im — you hear? An' now good night, honey, an' go to sleep.

They was n't nothin' lef' for me to do but to come out here in this ol' woodshed where nobody would n't see me ac' like a plumb baby.

An' now, seem like I *can't* git over it! The idee o' me, fifty year ol', actin' like this!

An' she knows it! An' she's *got* 'im — *a boy* — layin' in the bed 'longside 'er.

"Mother an' child doin' well!" Lord, Lord! How often I've heerd that said! But it never gimme the all-overs like it does now, someway.

Guess I'll gether up a' armful o' wood, an' try to act unconcerned — an' laws-a-mercy me! ef — to-day — ain't — been — Christmas! My! my! my! An' it come an' gone befo' I remembered!

I'll haf to lay this wood down ag'in *an' think.*

I've had many a welcome Christmas-gif' in my life, but the idee o' the good Lord a-timin' *this* like that!

Christmas! An' a boy! An' she doin' well!

No wonder that ol' turkey-gobbler sets up on them rafters blinkin' at me so peaceful! He knows he's done passed a critical time o' life.

You've done crossed another bridge saft, ol' gobbly, an' you can *afford* to blink — an' to set out in the clair moonlight, 'stid o' roostin' back in the shadders, same ez you been doin'.

You was to 've died by accident las' night, but the new visitor that's dropped in on us ain't cut 'is turkey teeth yet, an' his mother ——

Lord how that name does sound! Mother! I hardly know 'er by it, long ez I been tryin' to fit the name to 'er — an' fearin' to, too, less'n somethin' might go wrong with either one.

I even been callin' him "it" to myself all along, so 'feerd thet ef I set my min' on either the "he" or the "she" the other one might take a notion to come — an' I did n't want any disappointment mixed in with the arrival.

But now he's come, — *an'* registered, ez they say at the polls, — I know I sort o' counted on the boy, some way.

Lordy! but he's little! Ef he had n't a' showed up so many of his functions spontaneous, I'd be

oneasy less'n he might n't have 'em; but they're there, bless goodness! they're there!

An' he snez perzac'ly, for all the world, like my po' ol' pap — a reg'lar little cat sneeze, thess like all the Joneses.

Well, Mr. Turkey, befo' I go back into the house, I'm a-goin' to make you a solemn promise.

You go free tell about this time next year, *anyhow*. You an' me 'll celebrate the birthday between ourselves with that contrac'. You need n't git oneasy Thanksgivin', or picnic-time, or Easter, or no other time 'twixt this an' nex' Christmas — less'n, of co'se, you stray off an' git stole.

An' this here reprieve, I want you to understand, is a present from the junior member of this firm.

Lord! but I'm that tickled! This here wood ain't much needed in the house, — the wood-boxes 're all full, — but I can't *de*vise no other excuse for vacatin' — thess at this time.

S'pose I *might* gether up some eggs out'n the nestes, but it 'd look sort o' flighty to go egg-huntin' here at midnight — an' he not two hours ol'.

I dunno, either, come to think; she might need a new-laid egg — sof' 'biled. Guess I'll take a couple in my hands — an' one or two sticks o' wood — an' I'll draw a bucket o' water too — an' tote *that* in.

Goodness! but this back yard is bright ez day! Goin' to be a clair, cool night — moon out, full an' white. Ef this ain't the *stillest* stillness!

Thess sech a night, for all the world, I reckon, ez the first Christmas, when He come,

> When shepherds watched their flocks by night,
> All seated on the ground,
> The angel o' the Lord come down,
> An' glory shone around.

— thess like the hymn says.

The whole o' this back yard is full o' glory this minute. Th' ain't nothin' too low down an' mean for it to shine on, neither — not even the well-pump 'r the cattle-trough —'r the pig pen — 'r even me.

Thess look at me, covered over with it! An' how it does shine on the roof o' the house where they lay — her an' 'im!

I suppose that roof has shined that-a-way frosty nights 'fo' to-night; but someway I never seemed to see it.

Don't reckon the creakin' o' this windlass could disturb her — or 'im.

Reckon I might go turn a little mo' cotton-seed in the troughs for them cows — an' put some extry oats out for the mules an' the doctor's mare — an' onchain Rover, an' let 'im stretch 'is legs a little. I'd like everything on the place to know *he's* come, an' to feel the diff'ence.

Well, now I'll load up — an' I do hope nobody won't notice the *re*dic'lousness of it.

You say she's asleep, doctor, an' th' ain't nothin' mo' needed to be did — an' yo' 're goin'!

Don't, for gracious sakes go, doctor, an' leave me! I won't know what on top o' the round earth to do, ef — ef — You know she — she might wake up — or he!

You say Dicey she knows. But she's on'y a nigger, doctor. Yes; I know she's had exper'ence with the common run o' babies, but ——

Lemme go an' set down this bucket, an' lay this stick o' wood on the fire, an' put these eggs down, so's I can talk to you free-handed.

Step here to the do', doctor. I say, doc, ef it 's a question o' the size o' yo' bill, you can make it out to suit yo'self — or, I'll tell you what I'll do. You stay right along here a day or so — tell to-morrer or nex' day, anyhow — an' I'll sen' you a

whole bale o' cotton — an' you can sen' back any change you see fit — or none — *or*, *none*, I say. Or, ef you'd ruther take it out in pertaters an' corn an' sorghum, thess say so, an' how much of each.

But *what?* "It wouldn't be right? Th' ain't no use," you say? An' you'll *shore* come back to-morrer? Well. But, by the way, doctor, did you know to-day was Christmas? Of co'se I might've knew you did — but *I* never. An' now it seems to me like Christmas, an' Fo'th o' July, an' "Hail Columbia, happy lan'," all b'iled down into one big jubilee!

But tell me, doctor, confidential — sh — step here a leetle further back — tell me, don't you think he's to say a leetle bit undersized? Speak out, ef he is.

Wh — how'd you say? "Mejum," eh? Thess mejum! An' they do come even littler yet? An' you say mejum babies 're thess ez liable to turn out likely an' strong ez over-sizes, eh? M — m! Well, I reckon you *know* — an' maybe the less they have to contend with at the start the better.

Oh, thanky, doctor! Don't be afeered o' wrenchin' my wris'! A thousand thankies! Yo' word for it, he's a fine boy! An' you've inspected a good many, an' of co'se you know — yas, yas! Shake ez hard ez you like — up an' down — up an' down!

An' now I'll go git yo' horse — an' don't ride 'er too hard to-night, 'cause I've put a double po'tion of oats in her trough awhile ago. The junior member he give instructions that everything on the place was to have a' extry feed to-night — an' of co'se I went and obeyed orders.

Now — 'fo' you start, doctor — I ain't got a thing stronger 'n raspberry vinegar in the house — but ef you'll drink a glass o' that with me? (Of co'se he will!)

She made this 'erself, doctor — picked the berries 'n all — an' I raised the little sugar that's in it. Well, good night, doctor! To-morrer, shore!

Sh-h!

How that do'-latch does click! Thess like thunder!

Sh-h! Dicey, you go draw yo' palet closet outside the do', an' lay down — an' I'll set here by the fire an' keep watch.

How my ol' stockin'-feet do tromp! Do lemme hurry an' set down! Seem like this room 's awful rackety, the fire a-poppin' an' tumblin', an' me breathin' like a porpoise. Even the clock ticks ez excited ez I feel. Wonder how they sleep through it all! But they do. He beats her a-snorin' a'ready, blest ef he don't! Wonder ef he knows he's born into the world, po' little thing! I reckon not; but they's no tellin'. Maybe that's the one thing the good Lord gives them *to* know, so's they'll realize what to begin to study about — theirselves an' the world — how to fight it an' keep friends with it at the same time. Ef I could giggle an' sigh both at oncet, seem like I'd be relieved — somehow I feel sort o' tight 'roun' the heart — an' wide awake an'——

How that clock *does* travel — an' how they all keep time, he — an' she — an' it — an' me — an' the fire roa'in' up the chimbly playin' a tune all around us like a' organ, an' he — an' she — an' he — an' it — an' he — an'——

Blest ef I don't hear singing — an' how white the moonlight is! They 's angels all over the house — an' their robes is breshin' the roof whiles they sing——

His head had fallen. He was dreaming.

— *Ruth McEnery Stuart.*

AN IMPORTANT PETITION

NO END of amusement has been created in a certain neighborhood on the West Side, in Buffalo, over the performance of a small boy who has been making up the most unique subscription list, or petition, whichever it may be, that I have ever heard of.

This little fellow is seven years old and is one of the brightest pupils in the State Normal School training department. Not long ago he spent the afternoon with a playmate who has a baby brother. His visitor, whom we may call Clarence, is fond, very fond, of babies, and the good fortune of his friend made him discontented.

So, no sooner had he returned home than Clarence sought out his mother and said: —

"Why can't we have a baby? I want one very much!"

His mother regarded him for a moment with an amused smile and replied: "Very well; ask Dr. Fredericks. He has brought all the babies we ever had."

The next day the small boy disappeared for a time, and when his anxious mother set eyes on him again, he was coming into the house triumphantly waving a paper.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed.

"Got what?" asked his mother, taking the paper and examining it.

"A list of people that want babies," replied the little fellow.

It developed that the small boy had been about the neighborhood and had actually got a large number of signatures of men and women to a petition asking Dr. Fredericks to bring them a baby. It was later learned that the small petition-circulator had created no end of merriment in the

various families visited, but all fell into the spirit of the joke and promptly put down their names.

"But why did you think it necessary to get other people to ask the doctor for a baby?" curiously asked his mother.

"Oh, I thought if he had a large order we would be more apt to get one," replied the little boy.

IMPOSSIBLE CURE

Bodkins — "Doctor, how can insomnia be cured?"

Doctor — "Well, the patient should count slowly, and in a meditative manner five hundred, and then ——"

Bodkins — "That's all very well, doctor; but our baby can't count."

A FAR-SEEING BOY

Little Willie Bykerr — "Who brought the baby, Auntie?"

Auntie — "Doctor Jones, dear!"

Little Willie — "Well, you'd better not forget his address."

Auntie — "And why, Willie?"

Little Willie — "'Cause if the kid ever breaks an arm or a leg we'll have to get new parts for him, won't we?"

Little Bessie lived in the suburbs of a city where hardly a day passed that an agent or canvasser for some article didn't call at the house. One day her father called her into her mother's room and showed her a little baby brother that had just arrived. "Where did he come from?" asked Bessie. "The doctor brought him," was the reply. "Why," she exclaimed, "I didn't know he was the agent for babies."

YESTERDAY morning there was a strange and unusual commotion in heaven. A little angel, with big black eyes, and the softest of white wings, asked St. Peter to let him out of the pearly gates. The good saint hesitated — he was loth to lose so sweet a treasure — but when the little angel told him he would come back sometime the gate was opened a trifle and the treasure crept out. Of course he came right down to earth and, peering anxiously around, he found no pleasanter, easier home than that of Mrs. Skiff. It was very, very early in the morning, and so he slipped quietly in through the door and, snuggling up close to the lady, said: "I am a little angel and you must be very good to me. I will stay with you always, and when you are old and weak you will be glad that the little angel came to you." Mrs. Skiff bade the stranger angel welcome and just then good Dr. French, happening to pass the house, heard sweet music that he knew could only come from heaven. So he went in and saw the little angel on the couch. In a moment his keen lancet was out, and he had clipped off the wings of the little angel and they had flown back to heaven alone. "This is too precious a treasure to lose," said the good doctor. "We must keep him with us always." And so the little angel stays, a joy to the home he has found on earth and a pride to those whom he will, God willing, call father and mother. Let us hope that the angels in heaven may not miss their absent cherub that they will say "Come back"; but when the summons comes, let it come from the lips of the father and mother on the confines of the Beautiful, away over there in the Beyond.

— *Eugene Field.*

THERE are two things in this life for which we are never fully prepared, and they are twins.

HIS FIRST BORN

Young Father — "By Jove! He's a queer-looking duffer. Wouldn't suspect he belonged to one of the four hundred, would you?"

Doctor — "I'm not so sure of that; there's very little expression in his face."

Dr. Bolus— "And how are you enjoying life, my dear."

Miss Gracie Young— "Oh, not very well, doctor; you see, I'm not in society yet."

Dr. Bolus— "Is that possible? Why, I clearly remember being present at your first bawl!"

Friend of the Family— "Johnny, I suppose you are delighted with the new little brother at your house?"

Johnny — "New, nothin'! He's second-hand! The doctor brought him, and there's no tellin' how many families has had him before."

"Doctor, what is the meaning of the peculiar formation just back of baby's ear?"

"Combativeness, perhaps."

"Why, some one said it was love of domestic life."

"Oh, well, its all one and the same thing."

"Did you hear what Whimpton's little boy said when they showed him the twins?"

"No; what was it?"

"He said, 'There! mamma's been getting bargains again.'"

UNTIL THE DOCTOR COMES

You rub the sore
When you should bring the plaster.
—Shakespeare, "The Tempest," iii, i.

"MY HUSBAND is so poetic," said one lady to another, in a Washington street car the other day. "Have you ever tried rubbin' his jints with hartshorn liniment, mum?" interrupted a beefy looking woman with a market basket at her feet, who was sitting at her elbow and overheard the remark. "That'll straighten him out as quick as anything I know of, if he hain't got it too bad."

A CERTAIN doctor, who was noted for a keen eye to business, was driving along the street of a country town, when his horse took fright and ran away. He was thrown violently out of his trap and rendered senseless. Presently he recovered a little from his unconsciousness, and, noticing the crowd which had gathered about him, asked: "What's the matter, gentlemen? Anybody hurt? I am Dr. B——. Can I be of any service?"

Surgeon (at the New York Hospital) — "What brought you to this dreadful condition? Were you run over by a street car?"

Patient — "No, sir; I fainted, and was brought to by a member of the 'Society of First Aid to the Injured.'"

Anxious Mother—"It was after nine o'clock when Clara came down to breakfast this morning, and the poor girl didn't look well at all. Her system needs toning up. What do you think of iron?"

Father—"Good idea."

Mother—"What kind of iron had she better take?"

Father—"She had better take a flat-iron."

The Doctor—"Mrs. Brown has sent for me to go and see her boy, and I must go at once."

His Wife—"What is the matter with the boy?"

The Doctor—"I don't know, but Mrs. Brown has a book on 'What to Do Before the Doctor Comes,' and I must hurry up before she does it."

"RUN for the doctor, quick!" panted Mrs. Pneer. "Johnny's been eating mushrooms, and he says he feels sick!"

"Wouldn't it be cheaper," suggested Mr. Pneer, "to ask some expert's opinion about the mushrooms?"

Mrs. Selby—"Doctah, de chile dun gone swaller 'r pint ob ink."

Doctor—"Hab yo' dun ennyding fo' de relief ob 'im?"

Mrs. Selby—"I'se dun made 'im eat free sheet ob blottin'-paper, doctah. Was dat rite?"

THE YOUNG HOPEFUL

Dispel not the happy delusions of children.
— Goethe.

HE ENGAGED THE BOY

DR. MCTAVISH of Edinburgh was something of a ventriloquist, and it befell that he wanted a lad to assist in the surgery who must necessarily be of strong nerves.

He received several applications, and when telling a lad what the duties were, in order to test his nerves, he would say, while pointing to a grinning skeleton standing upright in a corner:—

"Part of your work would be to feed the skeleton there, and while you are here you may as well have a try to do so."

A few lads would consent to a trial, and received a basin of hot gruel and a spoon.

While they were pouring a hot mass into the skull the doctor would throw his voice so as to make it appear to proceed from the jaws of the bony customer, and gurgle out:—

"Gr-r-r-rgr-h-uh! That's hot!"

This was too much and without exception the lads dropped the basin and bolted.

The doctor began to despair of ever getting a suitable helpmate until a small boy came and was given the basin and spoon.

After the first spoonful the skeleton appeared to say:—

"Gr-r-r-uh-r-hr! That's hot!"

Shoveling in the scalding gruel as fast as ever, the boy rapped the skull and impatiently retorted:

"Well, jist blow on't, ye auld bony!"

The doctor sat down on his chair and fairly roared, but when the laugh was over he engaged the lad on the spot.

WOULDN'T LET HIM SPEAK

"YES, you will, Eddie," declared both grandmother and mother, firmly; and the majority being two to one, at bed-time the poultice was ready. If the poultice was ready, the boy was not, and he proved so refractory that a switch was brought into requisition.

It was arranged that the grandmother should apply the poultice, while the mother was to stand with the uplifted switch at the bedside. The boy was told that if he "opened his mouth," he would receive that which would keep him quiet. As the hot poultice touched the boy's foot, he opened his mouth. "You——" he began.

"Keep still," said his mother, shaking the stick, while the grandmother busily applied the poultice.

Once more the little fellow opened his mouth. "I——" but the uplifted switch awed him to silence.

In a minute more the poultice was firmly in place and the boy was tucked in bed. "There now," said his mother, "the old sliver will be drawn out and Eddie's foot will be all well."

As the mother and grandmother moved triumphantly away, a shrill, small voice came from under the bedclothes:—

"You've got it on the wrong foot!"

ON HIS OWN GROUND

Dr. Pillbury—"So you have been eating too much candy again. You will never get well as long as you do that."

Emma (who has lately taken up physiology)—"Oh, I guess I will! The ghastly juice will chyme it into chyle when the agitation of the diagram will naturalize the inspiration and resolve it into sweet bread or pan-grease, which merely acts as a superific."

A SHREWD PATIENT

A COUNTRY lad had his leg injured and was treated for some time by the local doctor without much favorable result. His mother had great faith in a certain "quack" bone-setter, and wanted her son to go to him; but the boy objected, preferring, as he said, the "reg'lar faculty."

Finally, however, he yielded to his mother's persuasions and was taken to town, where the famous bone-setter resided.

The leg was duly examined, and it was found necessary to pull it very severely, in order "to get the bone in," as the quack expressed it. The patient howled in agony, but at last the bone was "got in," and he was bidden to go home. In a few days he would be all right, and could resume work.

"Didn't he do it well?" said the joyous old lady, as they started homeward.

"Yes, he did, mother," said the lad. "He pulled it well; but I was na sic a fool as to gie him the sair leg!"

A BLUFF GAME

Doctor—"Now my little man, you take this medicine and I will give you five cents."

Young America—"You take it yourself and I will go you five cents better."

WITH A RESERVATION

Mamma (to Johnny, who had been given a pear with pills artfully concealed in it)—"Well, dear, have you finished your pear?"

Johnny—"Yes, mamma, all but the seeds."

A SHREWD PATIENT

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The leg was duly examined, and it was found necessary to pull it [illegible] "to get the bone in," as the quack explained. The patient howled in agony, but [illegible] was "got in," and he was [illegible]. In a few days he would [illegible].

"Didn't he do it well?" said the joyous old lady, as they started homeward.

"Yes, he did, mother," said the lad. "He pulled it well; but I was [illegible] fool as to gie him the sair leg!"

AN IRISH PATIENT

A BUSY DAME

Doctor—"Now my [illegible], you take this medicine and I will give you five cents."

Young American—"[illegible] it yourself and I will go you five cents better."

WITH A RESERVATION

Mamma (to Johnny, who had been given a pear with pills artfully concealed in it)—"Well, dear, have you finished your pear?"

Johnny—"Yes, mamma, all but the seeds."

FAMILY ECONOMY

Uncle (to the children, who had just had a dose of cod-liver oil all around) — "Well do you like cod-liver oil?"

Children — "Oh, no; but mamma gives us five cents for every spoonful."

Uncle — "And then do you buy something nice?"

Children — "No, mamma puts it in the savings bank."

Uncle — "And then you buy something by and by?"

Children — "No, mamma buys more cod-liver oil with it."

— *Fliegende Blatter.*

[SCENE: *A sick-room;* MASTER JOHNNY, *a five-year-old, propped up on pillows;* MAMMA *and the* DOCTOR *in the foreground.*]

Mamma (Interlocutor) — "Now, Johnny, darling, here's some castor oil for you, fixed up with nice wine and sugar."

Doctor (beseechingly) — "Remember, mamma, don't let Johnny have it all; keep some for me."

Johnny (knowingly) — "Mamma, doctor's such a dear, good man, let him drink the whole of it, won't you?"

TEDDY was much interested in physiology. One day his teacher gave a lesson on "the bones," in which she incidentally remarked that the bones protect the vital organs, and then proceeded to explain the meaning of the term. That evening Teddy's sister Katherine was drumming with her fingers on the table pretending that she was playing on a piano. Teddy watched her in silence for a moment and then remarked: "Why don't you play on your vital organs, Katherine?"

LITTLE four-year-old Harry was not feeling well, and his father suggested that he might be taking the chickenpox, then prevalent. Harry went to bed laughing at the idea, but early next morning he came downstairs looking very serious, and said: "You're right, papa; it is the chicken-pox; I found a feather in the bed."

A CHILD who had a Mild type of Measles, invited a number of her Acquaintances to a Party, and, producing a bowl of Sweetmeats from the Pantry, said: "Behold now an Act of Generosity. I will take the Sweetmeats, and you, unless you immediately take your Departure, will take the measles." This fable illustrates the ingenuousness of Childhood.

THE other day a couple of little girls came to a physician's office to be vaccinated. One of them undertook to speak for the other, and explained: "Doctor, this is my sister. She is too young to know her left arm from her right, so mamma washed both of them."

Doctor—"Well, my fine little fellow, you have got quite well again. I was sure that the pills I left for you would cure you. How did you take them—in water or in cake?"

"Oh, I used them in my blow-gun!"

Jimmy—"I'd like to be a doctor when I grow up."

Tommy—"What for?"

Jimmy—"So's when fellers' mothers brought 'em to me I could say to keep 'em home from school a week or two."

A PHYSICIAN says: "If a child does not thrive on fresh milk, boil it." This is too severe. Why not spank it?

THE FATHER

When I was sick you gave me bitter pills.
—Shakespeare, "Two Gentlemen of Verona," ii, 4.

WHEN PAPA'S SICK

HEN papa's sick, my goodness sakes!
Such awful, awful times it makes;
He speaks in, oh! such lonesome tones,
And gives such ghas'ly kinds of groans,
And rolls his eyes and holds his head,
And makes ma help him up in bed.
While Sis and Bridget run to heat,
Hot-water bags to warm his feet;
And I must get the doctor quick—
We have to jump when papa's sick.

When papa's sick ma has to stand
Right side the bed and hold his hand,
While Sis she has to fan an' fan,
For he says he's "a dyin' man,"
And wants the children round him to
Be there when "sufferin' pa gets through";
He says he wants to say good-bye
And kiss us all and then he'll die;
Then moans and says his "breathin's thick"—
It's awful sad when papa's sick.

When papa's sick he acts that way
Until he hears the doctor say:
"You've only got a cold, you know;
You'll be all right 'n a day or so;"

And then — well, say! you ought to see,
He's different as he can be,
And growls and swears from noon to night
Just 'cause his dinner ain't cooked right,
And all he does is fuss and kick —
We're all used up when papa's sick.

— Joe Lincoln.

THE WISE FATHER

Doctor — "I see what the matter is. You do not get sleep enough. Take this prescription to a chemist's."

Mr. Blinkers — "Thank you. I presume that's what's the matter."

Doctor (next day) — "Ah, good morning. You are looking much better to-day. Slept last night, didn't you?"

Mr. Blinkers — "Slept like a top. I feel first-rate."

Doctor — "How many doses of that opiate did you take?"

Mr. Blinkers (in surprise) — "I didn't take any. I gave it to the baby."

PROBABLY EXPENSIVE

Smith — "I saw you carrying home a couple of nice looking watermelons last night, Brown. How much did they cost you?"

Brown — "I don't know yet. The doctor is up at the house now."

I was recently attending a patient whose husband came to see me concerning her condition, and greeted me with the words: "Mr. Irving, do you think there is any need for any unnecessary anxiety about my wife?"

An old toper, afflicted with the dropsy, was advised to be tapped. His little son objected, saying: "Daddy, don't let them, for you know there was never anything tapped in this house that *lasted more than a week.*"

Mrs. Sheenstein — "Oh, you vas awfully sick, Isaac!"

Sheenstein — "Yes, Repecca, but dere is von goot tings about it — I am getting the vort of my money out of the doctor."

THE WIFE

And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
—John Gay, «Fables.»

A HOPELESS CASE

Doctor—«Not so well to-day, eh? Have you kept him quiet and given him his medicine regularly?»

Mrs. Richard Bevylin Buckner—«Dey ain't been nobody in de room wid him 'cept me an' de children, so he's been nice an' quiet; an' I give him de med'cine like you tole me—three spoonfuls every hour.»

Doctor—«Great heavens, woman, it's a wonder he's alive! I said *one* spoonful every three hours.»

Mrs. Richard Bevylin Buckner—«Well, now, doctah, they ain't no diff'rence between one three an' three ones. Count 'em fo' yo'self an' see.»

VERY AGGRAVATING

Wife—«Oh, doctor! will John pull through?»

Doctor—«Can't say, ma'ma. The crisis will not arrive at least for a week.»

Wife—«Oh, dear! And that bargain-sale of mourning goods ends to-morrow.»

EVIDENTLY WANDERING

Mrs. Jones—«Oh, doctor! is my husband still irrational.»

Doctor Dosem—«Extremely so. When I told him your mother was coming tomorrow he smiled.»

DISCOUNTING THE FUTURE

Doctor — "From now you may let your husband have a glass of beer every day. You understand?"

Wife — "Yes, doctor; just one glass a day."

Doctor (a week later) — "Now, I hope you have kept strictly to that one glass per day that I allowed your husband to take?"

Wife — "Most decidedly, doctor; only he is four weeks in advance with his allowance."

INSANITY IN THE FAMILY

Doctor — "Your husband appears to be run down, anxious, and overworked; but I see no signs of insanity."

Mrs. De Fashion — "I'm sure he is in danger of it. Insanity runs in his family, you know."

Doctor — "Does it?"

Mrs. De Fashion — "Yes, indeed! Two of his sisters had chances to marry rich men, and then married poor ones."

HIS GOOD WIFE

Dr. Price — "Your husband's trouble is melancholia. Now, you'd help him materially if you'd only arrange some pleasant surprise for him."

Mrs. Sharpe — "I know! I'll tell him you said he needn't bother about paying your bill till he feels like it."

HE KNEW SHE SUFFERED

"My wife is very sick, doctor."

"Is she suffering much?"

"Suffering? Well, I should say so. Why, she has such a cold she can't talk!"

THE little one's mother had said:—

"Now doctor, if there is any rise of temperature" — she was great on temperature, by the way — "I will send for you at once. As you know, I have a clinical thermometer, and can take the temperature myself without troubling you to come in for the purpose."

Just as I was going to bed I was startled by a violent ring at the bell, and hastening to the door saw a terrified domestic, who gasped:—

"Oh, sir, please, sir, do come round at once! Miss Marjory is worse. Missus said I was to tell you her temperature is 108, and is risin' fast."

Scarcely waiting to put on my hat, I rushed round to the house of my little patient, and discovered the whole family assembled in the sick room awaiting the end of poor little Marjory, the mother wringing her hands in agony and crying dreadfully.

"What's the temperature now?" I almost shouted in my agitation.

"Oh!" sobbed the mother, "I haven't dared to look since. My poor darling! It was 108, and they say that 105 is always fatal," and she broke down completely.

Without wasting any more time, I turned down the blanket and found that the thermometer had been thrust between the child's side and arm and the bulb imbedded in a freshly-applied hot poultice!

Patient — "Doctor, does my wife seem to feel sad because of my illness?"

Doctor — "Sad? That is no name for it. She is beside herself with grief."

Patient — "Alas, I thought so. If I don't pull through she knows that the money I intended to let her have for a sealskin will have to go toward my funeral expenses."

A DOCTOR finds it difficult sometimes to secure for the patient the quiet necessary for his recovery. One doctor, however, was equal to the emergency. The fussy, worrying wife of a man who was ill came up to him as he was leaving the house, asking: "Oh, doctor, how is he? How is he to-day?"

"Above everything, he must positively have quiet, so I have written out a prescription here for a couple of opium powders," replied the doctor.

"When shall he take them? When shall I give them to him?"

"Him?" said the doctor. "I've prescribed them for you."

Doctor—"I would advise you, dear madam, to take frequent baths, plenty of fresh air, and dress in cool gowns."

Husband (an hour later)—"What did the doctor say?"

Wife—"He said I ought to go to a watering place, and afterward to the mountains, and to get some new light gowns at once."

The Wife—"Doctor, can you do anything for my husband?"

Doctor—"What seems to be the matter?"

The Wife—"Worrying about money."

Doctor—"Oh, I can relieve him of that all right."

Mrs. Fairview—"Doctor, do you think my husband fully realizes his condition?"

The Doctor—"I do. He asked me to-day if I was a married man."

Mrs. Potter—"What were poor Mr. Dunaway's last words?"

Dr. Potter—"He didn't have any. His wife was with him."

THE FEE

But, by the Lords, lads, I am glad you have the money.
—Shakespeare, "Henry IV," Pt. i, ii, 4.

BEFORE AND AFTER TREATMENT

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS YOURSELF, JOB!

Very ill

AME, oh, doctor! name your fee!
Ask——, I'll pay whate'er it be!
Skill like yours, I know comes high:
Only do not let me die;
Get me out of this, and I
Cash will ante, instantly!

Convalescent

Cut, oh, doctor; cut that fee;
Cut, or not a dime from me;
I am not a millionaire,
But I'll do whatever's square;
Only make a bill that's fair,
And I'll settle presently.

Well!

Book, oh, doctor; book your fee!
Charge——, I'll pay it futurely,
When the crops all by are laid,
When every other bill is paid
(Or when of death again afraid),
I will pay it—grudgingly.

SOME DOCTORS' FEES

THE fees of great surgeons and physicians have an interest for the public as well as for the recipients. Hunter never gained more than £6,000 a year, and for many years he gained less than £1,000. Sir Astley's profession brought him trifling sums for several years; in the fifth year of his practice he only gained £100; but in time his income rose to £15,000 a year, and one year it reached £21,000. Sir Benjamin Brodie's receipts from first to last are stated to have far exceeded Cooper's. It was Dr. Hope, if we remember rightly, who said that no physician, he did not say no surgeon, could fairly earn more than £5,000 a year. That statement was made, however, when physicians were content with smaller fees than at the present time; but even now there are probably not a large number of London physicians who have the choice of following Sir Henry Holland's example and confining their professional income to £5,000 a year, in order to retain leisure for study, recreation, and travel. It was vulgarly reported of Dr. Chambers, when his right hand was injured by blood poisoning, that his fingers had become crooked from the continual habit of taking fees. Few physicians have been more popular, and it is said he could scarcely depend on one regular meal a day, so great was the demand for his services. "He literally rushed through the streets, driven post haste at ten miles an hour." Yet his fees do not appear to have exceeded 9,000 guineas a year, a limitation that may be accounted for by frequent illnesses. Dr. Baillie, the brother of Joanna Baillie, who flourished in the early part of the century, had, perhaps, at that time the leading practice of London, and is said to have made £10,000 in some years. And this high remuneration

was not confined to the metropolis, for forty years ago Sir Dominic Corrigan, of Dublin, was receiving an income of £9,000 per annum. It might be judged from these figures that the medical profession is one of the most profitable. No doubt it is so to eminent doctors, just as the Bar is profitable to distinguished barristers; but the medical profession has, we think, this advantage over the Bar — that any man of average ability, if his character be good and his purpose steady, is almost certain to gain a living by medicine, although he may fail to win an independence.

PAYABLE C. O. D.

A DOCTOR received a professional visit from an old Scotchman, to whom he gave instructions, regulating his diet, etc., particularly advising him to drink no spirits for some time. On the patient's rising to leave without having referred to the usual fee, the doctor spoke: "I am in the way of charging for my advice, and will trouble you for half a crown."

"Oh, maybe," said the canny Scot, "but I'm nae gaun to tak' your advice!"

AN EMINENT doctor at one time was called upon to give the necessary certificate to secure the admission of a young man to the insane asylum. After the necessary examination he handed the required certificate to the father of the young man, accompanied by his bill of five dollars. The father complained of the bill as excessive, whereupon the doctor said, "Oh, just pay me that for this one, and *I will give you a certificate for all the other members of your family for nothing.*"

MANY years ago, there lived in the north of England a man notorious for his wealth, his extreme parsimony, and the great difficulty which people found in collecting their bills from him. One day his wife fell sick. After delaying the matter as long as he could, he was obliged to call in a physician. "Will you ever pay me?" said the doctor. "I will give you my note," said the man; "and furthermore," said he, "I will make the note payable 'kill or cure.'" The lady died. The note became due, overdue, and, after many months of patient waiting, the doctor brought suit. The justice scanned the note, found it exact and perfect in detail, and asked the defendant if he knew of any reason why judgment should not be rendered against him. The old man arose and said that he had no attorney to represent him, for the reason that he did not think it necessary; that he only wanted to ask the plaintiff two questions. The court agreeing, he said to the doctor: "Did you cure my wife?" "No," said the doctor, "that was impossible." "Did you kill her?"

DOCTORS' BILLS

A GENTLEMAN, the other day, wrote a letter to the *Times*, complaining of a bill which had been sent in to him by his medical man. His grievance was, that the items of professional service had, therein, been generalised under the two heads of "Medicine and Attendance" simply, instead of being set forth severally and at large. He wished the account had been drawn up according to the good old formula, which was a specific enumeration of the different pills, draughts, boluses, and other matters and articles, constituting the "value received."

This gentleman evidently prided himself upon his common sense, which told him that it would have been satisfactory to know what he had to pay for. The same faculty, perhaps, informed him that medicine has a marketable value, like tea or sugar; and that skill and science can be sold by weight and measure.

We hope the gentleman will approve of the following model of a bill, which we draw up for the guidance of those medical men who may have patients of his way of thinking to deal with:—

——— ———, Esq.

To ——— ———, Surgeon, Apothecary, &c.

	£.	s.	d.
Jan. 11, 1884.—To attending you at your own house, at your own request, at a distance of five miles	0	5	0
To listening for half an hour to a detail of your symptoms	0	4	2
To asking you to put out your tongue	0	1	0
To feeling your pulse	0	1	0
To inquiring whether you had slept well on the previous night	0	1	0
To replying, in the negative, to your question, Whether oyster-sauce was good for you	0	6	8
To answer to your question, Whether I considered you consumptive? by telling you to make your mind easy, for that your lungs were as sound as my own	0	6	8
To saying "Yes," when you inquired, Whether you were bilious?	0	6	8
To telling you, in answer to your question, What I thought was the matter with you? "that you had got a common cold"	0	6	8
To recommending you to put your feet into warm water, and take a basin of hot gruel, on going to bed	0	3	4
To calomel pill	0	0	6
To black dose	0	1	0
Total	£2	3	8

That bill was settled long ago.

The above is the sort of bill to please your sensible man of business, who looks upon medical attendance as journey-work, and medicine as merchandise. For those who, in their simplicity think that one question prompted by skill and science, which in a moment elicits the nature of a disorder, is worth as much as a thousand; and that the value of physic depends rather upon its efficiency than its quantity, the charge of "Medicine and Attendance," if reasonable in amount, may suffice.

SOUND ADVICE

"SORTER funny thing happened durin' the show at the Opery House, night before last," said the landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Arkansas, addressing the drummer with whom he had a yarning acquaintance. "Tell you how it was. Along about the middle of the second act, the comedian in the play advanced to the front of the stage and anxiously asked if there was a physician in the house. The only doctor present was old Doc Quackenboss, who had been sorter drinkin' for a week or so and was then snoozin' away the happy hours in peaceful oblivion of the performance, so to express it. Somebody jabbed Doc in the back and told him what was up, and he riz up in his seat to see what was wanted.

"'Ah, glad you are here, Doctor!' grinned the comedian. 'Just remain where you are please; I am going to sing.'

"Everybody but the doctor howled with laughter; but old Quackenboss jerked out his gun and pulled down on the funny man.

"'Wa-al, before you favor us, young feller,' says he, grimly, 'just let me give you a piece of advice. Don't do this 'ere side-splittin' trick again, for the next time you might wake up the wrong doctor, with painful consequences to yourself. All physicians haven't the keen sense of humor that I possess. Understand? And, now, as two dollars is my regular price for professional advice, just come down here and fork over!'

"And, by jing! with the doctor's gun p'intin' at his brain-box you better believe he done so!

"'Thanks, young feller!' says old Doc, as he pocketed the fee. 'You didn't know I was loaded, did you?'

"And, then, everybody but the funny man howled with laughter." —*Tom P. Morgan.*

MUST PAY FOR LUXURIES

SOME time ago a certain wealthy gentleman, well known for his extreme stinginess, drove up hurriedly in his carriage to the door of the celebrated Dr. S——, of Manchester, England. He was in a state of acute discomfort and fear for the simple fact that at the moment a piece of fish-bone was sticking somewhere in the region of his throat. Dr. S——, however, speedily removed the dangerous obstacle, and the gentleman breathed freely. "Thank you, thank you, doctor!" he exclaimed, much relieved. "I swear I will never eat salmon again, never! And with what ease you removed it—a mere minute's operation, was it not? How much—a—what is your fee?" "Half a guinea," replied Dr. S——. "Half a guinea," exclaimed the gentleman, "for half a minute's work? Impossible." "But, consider," said Dr. S——, "a salmon bone." "What has that got to do with it?" "Oh, a great deal," replied Dr. S——. "Had it been halibut or fresh haddock I should have charged less—perhaps 5s.; codfish or eels, 2s. 6d. would have been ample payment; mackerel, 2s.; while red herring I might even have removed free of charge; but salmon at this time of the year—well, really, Mr. B——, one has to pay for these luxuries."

THE DOCTOR

THREE faces wears the doctor; when first sought,
An angel's; and a god's, the cure half wrought;
But when, that cure complete, he seeks his fee,
The devil looks less terrible than he.

Patient—"Doctor, how is society as you have found it?"

Dr. Highbill—"Bilious—very bilious."

EMPLOYED THE WRONG MAN

Dr. S.—"You don't mean to tell me that old Sawbones charged you fifteen dollars for cutting off your arm?"

Mr. P.—"Yes, fifteen dollars."

Dr. S.—"Now, why didn't you send for me? I would have cut both arms off for less money than that."

FEARS A RELAPSE

Doctor—"Did you say to your husband, Mrs. Hendricks, that, if agreeable to him, I would send my bill for services rendered during his recent severe illness?"

Mrs. Hendricks—"Yes, doctor; and he thought you had better wait until he gets a little stronger."

MEDICAL CHANGES

Citizen (to elderly physician)—"You don't bleed patients as often as you did fifteen or twenty years ago?"

Physician (looking over package of unpaid bills)—"No, we don't bleed 'em at all; they bleed us!"

Doctor Jebb was once paid three guineas by a rich patient from whom he had a right to expect five. He dropped them on the floor, when a servant picked them up and restored them. The doctor, instead of walking off, continued his search on the carpet.

"Are all the guineas found?" asked the rich man.

"There must be two still on the floor," said the doctor, "for I have only three."

The hint was taken, and the two immediately handed over.

"THAT was a pretty hard doctor's bill I had to pay."

"How was that?"

"You see it was for injuries received by being thrown from a horse I was riding by the doctor's advice."

A MAN who had been very ill told a pious friend, that Dr. Jones had brought him through. "No," said his friend, "Providence brought you safely through this illness, not the doctor." "Well, maybe he did, but the *doctor* will charge for it."

AN IRISHMAN, looking over a physician's bill, said he had no objection to paying for the medicine, but his *visits* he would return.

IN THE DOCTOR'S WAITING-ROOM

Physicians, of all men, are most happy.
—Francis Quarles, "Hieroglyphics of the Life of Man."

A CASE OF DOUBT

Doctor—"James, did that lady in the waiting-room come in her own coach or a trolley-car?"

Servant—"Trolley-car, sir!"

Doctor—"Thanks! I couldn't tell from her dress whether to prescribe three months at Newport or sulphur and molasses!"

A MARVELLOUS CURE

"He is a wonderful physician," said Mrs. Ultra-faith, languidly. "When I first went to him I was simply prostrated with health. From that time I began to mend, and really feel now that I am what might be called an interesting invalid."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Kate—"Louise dear, there's crape on the Van Brisket's front door. Some one must have died!"

Louise—"Impossible! I'm positive the doctor hasn't been there for several weeks."

A lady asked a physician whether snuff was injurious to the brain. "No," said he; "for anybody who has any *brains* never takes snuff."

HER DREAD

Dr. Howls — "But, surely, you don't fear death, being so sure of heaven?"

Mrs. Beacon Hill (of Boston) — "But just think of leaving Boston forever!"

Mrs. Jones-Brown — "My husband has no confidence at all in Dr. Bolus."

Mrs. Smith-Jenkins — "How absurd! Why, the doctor has an enormous practice."

Mrs. Jones-Brown — "Yes; but my husband says it includes very few people who are really sick."

Mrs. Cilly — "You are a terrible man, doctor. I believe you think women have no brains at all."

Dr. Sharpem — "You are mistaken, madam, I have seen them at autopsies."

A MEDICAL VIEW

"PHYSICIANS, as a rule, are bitterly down on the hard times."

"For what special reason?"

"They say people have had to eat such plain food that they are too healthy to be interesting."

Medicus — "I wish I knew how to get even with that undertaker."

She — "Why not retire from practice?"

Pruyn — "Have you heard that horrible story about old Stiffe being buried alive?"

Dr. Bolus (hastily) — "Buried alive? Impossible. Why, he was one of my patients!"

Lady Patient (who has been looking over the periodicals on doctor's table) — "Do you take *Life* now?"

Doctor (embarrassed) — "Well — I — I'm still in the medical profession!"

Visitor — "Is the doctor in?"

Servant — "No, sir."

Visitor — "That's a pity, as I had come to pay my account."

Servant — "Oh, in that case I will ask again."

"Do you think raw oysters are healthy?" asked a lady of her physician.

"Yes," he replied, "I never knew one to complain."

AMONG OURSELVES

Then the Doctors! O to hear
The Doctors! O to watch the thirsty plants
Imbibing.

—Tennyson, "The Princess," ii.

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. BEGOSH

IT WAS a lovely spring morning when Dr. Begosh arose to a sitting posture in his bed, feeling as if the roof of his head was floating in the air. Dr. Begosh had been to a little reunion of twenty or thirty classmates of '81, and there had been cheese and salmon and appollinaries and other things.

"I wonder what I ate?" mused the doctor, holding his temples; "must have been rosin or alum; I'm all puckered up; and what a strange buzzing in my head! I wonder what's the matter with me? What makes my hand shake so?"

The gentle reader may wonder why a doctor should not know his own ailments; but the gentle reader does not know a doctor in private life.

Doctor Begosh arose and drank a quart of water, and then drew on his garments with some difficulty. When he came to his hat, he found to his dismay that it was much too small for his head, and only a careful inspection convinced him that it was his own.

"I wonder," he repeated again, "what *is* the matter with me? I believe I'll see Doctor McSwat."

Doctor Begosh had been in practice about eighteen years, but was not troubled with patients, which did not trouble him, as he was in receipt of a large income from a deluded aunt.

In five minutes the doctor had felt his way to the street, and almost the first man he met was Doctor Blupil.

"Ah, Begosh," said Blupil, affably, "howdy, howdy? Not looking well; bilious, my boy, bilious—take blue mass and follow up with castor-oil. Ta-ta——"

"I thought I was bilious," said Begosh, gloomily. "I've such a dull feeling——Ah, Doctor Sawem! I was on my way to see you. I have such a queer feeling in my head."

"Say no more," said Sawem, pleasantly; "I can see it in your eyes. Incipient anuerism of the heart. Must take care of yourself; avoid excitement, and take this three times a day."

He dashed off a prescription and walked away, leaving Begosh all in a tremble.

"I never noticed it before, but now," said he to himself, "I believe I *do* perceive a weakness in the cardiac region. Ah! there's Megrim; he's a specialist in heart and lungs."

Doctor Megrim drew his friend in a convenient doorway and tapped him around a bit.

"Rather peculiar symptoms," he said gravely.

"I understand," said Doctor Begosh. "My heart——"

"Heart be—blowed," said Doctor Megrim. "There's nothing the matter with your heart; but I think I detect—yes, I am certain there are symptoms of pulmonary tuberculosis. Haven't time now to go into extended diagnosis—call around this evening."

Doctor Begosh was so overcome that it was all he could do to walk to McSwat's office. He found that learned man in deep discussion with Doctor Cardiac, from Boston.

"Begosh, happy to see you — Cardiac — Begosh. What! not sick? Well, well! Let me see your tongue. Pulse. Hum — haw! Well, really, it looks — I don't say it is — but it looks like cirrhosis."

"What!" gasped poor Begosh.

"Very much like cirrhosis," said McSwat, complacently. "What is your opinion Cardiac?"

"You're right," said Cardiac. "But, don't you think" — walks twice around Begosh — "don't you think there are symptoms of Bright's disease?"

"Well — hum — haw — yes," said McSwat, courteously agreeing in his turn. "If I were you Begosh ——"

But Begosh had seized his hat and fled.

"Blast it all!" he exclaimed, resentfully; "I can't have had *all* those fatal diseases and not know anything about it until to-day. Yet, I can't deny that I *do* feel very queer all over ——"

"Hello, Begosh!" cried a young man, saluting him with a heavy, hearty slap on the back. "Well, you did yourself proud at the feed last night. By jove, how eloquent you were after that second bowl of punch!"

"Don't!" said Begosh appealingly. "It makes me shudder to talk of festivities. If you knew what was the matter with me, Carver, you'd ——"

"I *do* know," replied Doctor Carver, promptly. "I've been there lots of times."

"Eh?" said Begosh. "Aneurism, cirrhosis, Bright's disease ——"

"What!" roared Carver. "Why, old man, you've simply been having a jag on you, and what you want is a cocktail, or gin-fizz. What shall it be?"

Thirty minutes later, Doctors Begosh and Carver were manipulating the ivories on a green cloth, and Begosh was explaining that if the history of his case was published it would ruin the profession.

But it won't.

HERBERT L. S. MONTAGUE SWELL, M. D.

Fashionable Physician (office hours from 9 to 10:30 A. M.)—"Buttons, is the new coachman below?"

Buttons—"Yes, sir."

Physician—"Tell him to have the coupé before the door at 10:30. Walk the horses up and down the block, stopping occasionally before the door till I come out."

Buttons—"Yes, sir."

Physician—"Who are outside?"

Buttons—"Two men, a woman, and a lady, sir! Here's her card!"

Physician—"Show her in!"

. . . . . .

Physician (rising)—"My dear Mrs. Hysteria, I should be delighted to see you this morning, if I did not fear that your call means a return of your old enemy. Yes? I thought so, and I may say that I have expected it! I noticed at the Meredith dinner, last week, how very fragile you were looking. You are not the woman, physically, to be the society leader that you are. Your temperament is too sensitive, your nervous system too delicately organized to stand the strain. Other women do it? Of course they do, my dear madam, but other women are not you! We do not expect the same wear from a delicate piece of Sèvres porcelain that we do from Ohio delf. You must take care of yourself! I've written out a prescription, a light tonic, which I want you to take every day, at eleven and three, in a glass of old Port. Don't come out in such inclement weather again! I will stop to-morrow as I drive by, and next week, if you are not stronger, I shall send you to Hollywood or Old Point. Good morning; remember to take care of yourself!"

. . . . . .

Physician — "Next card, Buttons! Ah, yes; show the young man in! (Remains seated.) Ah, from the *Daily Bulletin*, to inquire after Mr. Trillion? Yes? Just sit down a moment, please, and I'll write you what I wish said. A physician is quite apt to be misquoted. (Writes a few moments.) There — this is all that is necessary. (Reads.) 'A reporter of the *Daily Bulletin* visited Dr. Swell this morning, to obtain the latest and most authentic report of the Hon. A. B. C. Trillion's condition. The eminent physician was found at his home, No. 3 West —— th Street, taking a brief rest after his long vigil, nearly the whole of the preceding night having been passed at the bedside of his distinguished patient. He left him resting easy, pulse and respiration nearly normal, the remedies used during the night having produced the expected beneficial result. Dr. Swell does not deny that the situation is extremely critical, and one calling for the most assiduous skill, but he is of the opinion that unless some serious complications develop, Mr. Trillion's malady will be controlled by medical science.' That gives a correct idea of the situation. See that it goes in as written. Good morning!"

. . . . . .

Physician (remains seated) — "Well, my good woman what is it? H'm yes; yours is a hospital dispensary case. I am a specialist, not a general practitioner, and I really can do nothing for you. Go to 450 West —— th Street, and you can get some remedies for your child. Good morning!"

. . . . . .

Physician (taking another card from Buttons) — "Show the lady in at once! (Rises and crosses room to meet her.) My dear Miss Budrose, this is indeed a pleasure! Take this chair — no, not that one; this low one near the fire. How very nice of you to pay me this morning call! Don't tell me you have come professionally; you are

quite too blooming for that! No, indeed! I thought not. If ever you are ill, don't send for me! I really could n't come you know! The responsibility would be too great. I should have all New York clubdom besieging my doors! What's that? — stop my nonsense and listen to you seriously? Why, my dear Miss Violet, of course I will; what can I do for you? Oh, what a noble scheme! And you young ladies are really undertaking, quite by yourselves, to establish a fund to erect a cupola over the Heel and Toe Hospital? Indeed, you must let me put my name down for fifty dollars, at least! Must you go so soon? My regards to dear Mrs. Budrose! Is her neuralgia less severe? No? I had better stop a moment as I pass to-day! Coming to your ball to-morrow night? Of course I am; and beware how you fill up your card before I see it! Good morning Miss Violet; so charmed to see you! Good morning."

. . . . . .

PHYSICIAN (to next visitor). — "Why Goldspoon, my dear fellow, how are you? Not very well? Oh, I guess not; a little overworked, that 's all! You'll have to put on the brakes for a while! It's all very well to be a brilliant young lawyer; but it's all very ill to be a brilliant young lawyer at the expense of your health. Think you smoke too much? How many? Fifteen cigars a day, with cigarettes between? Well, you might cut down that allowance somewhat; but what you really need is less brain toil! It would be a good thing to take a run over to the Riviera, or South. I shall be near your father's house, to-day, and I'll drop in and see him a few minutes. Between us, I guess we can patch you up. Good morning!"

. . . . . .

PHYSICIAN — "Eleven o'clock! I must be off! Buttons, my overcoat and case of instruments! See if Michael is at the curb! Say to any who calls

to-day that I am detained at the Trillion residence! (Darts out in great haste.) Drive very rapidly, Michael, to —— Fifth Avenue."

(Jumps into coupé, and the horses clatter down the block with such a noise and dash that half the neighbors are brought to their windows — desired effect.)

—*Philip H. Welch.*

A RATHER SMALL PRACTICE

Young Doctor — "Yes, I expect it will go pretty slow when I first open an office until I get started a little."

Old Doctor — "Well, you bet it will. Why, when I first hung out my shingle I sat in my office for three months, and only had one case."

Young Doctor — "Whew! That was pretty tough wasn't it? Only *one* case; and what was that a case of?"

Old Doctor — "A case of instruments."

A DESPERATE CASE

Old Practitioner (to young M. D.) — "I hear that you have been called to attend Mr. B., who is so desperately ill."

Young M. D. (proudly) — "Yes, that's a fact; and I think I'll pull him through."

Old M. D. — "Another proof of the truth of the adage: 'Desperate diseases require desperate remedies.'"

Dr. Squylles — "Why don't you order that Mrs. Fayling to go to California? She could afford to go."

Dr. Pylles — "Yes; but I couldn't afford to let her go."

HAPPY DISPATCH

First Eminent Physician—"I have always remembered my first patient."

Second Ditto—"I trust he remembered you."

First E. P.—"He would have done so, no doubt, but he hadn't time to make a will."

NO REASON AT ALL

THE doctors were having one of their pleasant little dinners, wherein they strive to forget the cares of their profession. A certain mineral water falling under discussion, one of the sons of Æsculapius observed that for *bon vivant* it was the best medicine he knew of.

"But," said his neighbor, "why should a good liver be dosed?"

Old Doctor—"No, sir. I never have a patient die on my hands—never."

Young Doctor—"How do you manage it?"

Old Doctor—"When I find a man is going to die I get him to call a specialist."

"GENTLEMANS," said the chairman of the district council, a great sanitary authority, who had a reputation for eloquence both in Welsh and English, "It shall be quite plain to you that the death-rate haf been very busy among us. If it was not for that and the statistics that play havoc with the vitals, perhaps we should feel pretty well. But I must tell you that during the past year people haf been dying throughout the district, as never died before in any year whateffer. Well," cheerfully, "we must take care that they neffer shall died so much again."

THE WAY HE LOST THEM

"I HAVE never yet lost a patient," said young Dr. Doce, proudly.

"I can't say that much," replied Dr. Paresis. "I often have a patient get well."

AN IMPORTANT DISTINCTION

Old Doctor—"If you can manage it, get your name in the papers."

Young Doctor—"But etiquette forbids a physician to advertise."

Old Doctor—"Yes; but not to be advertised."

IN A general way medical folk are not apt to be jocose. Is it because daily duty compels them to look upon sickness and suffering? Now and then, however, some reckless practitioner, impatient of pulse-feeling, demands a guffaw from his brethren, and has sufficient astuteness to know that the pleasantest and easiest way of obtaining it is to have a little supper. On such occasions the medicos are not more ready to tap the jocular vein than they are to tap the *jug*ular.

At one time the members of the New York Medical Club were summoned to attend a regular meeting at the residence of Doctor Paine, in West Fourteenth Street, and the notice ran in the following classic style:

"SCIENS, SOCIALITE, SOBRIETE."

Doctores! Ducum nex mundi nitu Panes: triticum at ait. Expecto meta fumen tu te & eta beta pi, Super at TEN to uno, Dux, hamor clam pati, sum parates, homine, ices, jam, etc. Sideror Hoc

"*Festo Resonan Floas Sole.*"

Nov. Ebor. Sep. 20, 1867.

ON THE death of a celebrated French journalist the following story was related of him.

He was once very sick and the visiting physician gave him up as lost. "I cannot do anything for you," he said, "you must die."

Another doctor was, however, called in, who succeeded in curing him.

The first time the convalescent took a stroll he met his first doctor, who, greatly surprised, said he thought him no more among the living.

"Well, you see," said the patient, "when you left, Dr. V. was called in and he succeeded in building me up again."

"Oh! well! well! A man whom I thought my friend! Really it was not at all nice of him."

DR. —— —— had a valuable cow, which became sick and seemed likely to die. After inquiry of his servants he sent for Jemmy Lafferty, who, they said, "could cure any cow in the wurruld." The cow doctor accordingly came, drenched and physicked the animal for four or five days, in the lapse of which time he waited on the doctor and pronounced her cured.

The doctor, greatly delighted, put his hand to his pocketbook. "Well, Lafferty, what do I owe you?"

"Owe me!" replied Jemmy, drawing himself up with great dignity, "sorra the penny! We doctors never take money of one another."

"TELL me, doctor," asked the ambitious young disciple of Galen, eagerly, "what was the most dangerous case you ever had?" "In confidence, now that I am about to retire from practice," answered the veteran physician, frankly, "I will confess that it was my medicine case."

A LITTLE OF BOTH

A FAMOUS physician, at a dinner party, who thought he had a fine voice, after singing a song, remarked that when he was young he was quite undecided whether to choose medicine or music as a profession.

A friend replied, promptly, "Frank, your voice is physic."

PROFESSIONAL AMENITIES

Dr. Kilsome—"A man must be tired of life when he calls you in."

Dr. Curenone—"Well, as soon as an insurance company find out that you are treating one of their clients they send an agent to cancel the policy."

"TRUTH compels me to state," said the presiding officer of a medical congress, "that upon that list of physicians present just read there is one that is no gentleman." A stir of surprise passed over the assemblage at this, and one man, upon whose foot, as the presiding officer said afterward, the shoe seemed to be a perfect fit, half rose from his seat; but in another moment a woman's voice from the back part of the hall made itself heard. "I quite agree with Dr. Blank," said the voice, "for I am that physician. In my turn I must say, however, that Dr. Blank is no lady."

"I AM going to write a work on Popular Ignorance," said a young physician.

"I am glad of it," said a doctor, "for I know no one more competent for the task."

Shall I go on? Or have I said enough?
—Milton.

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